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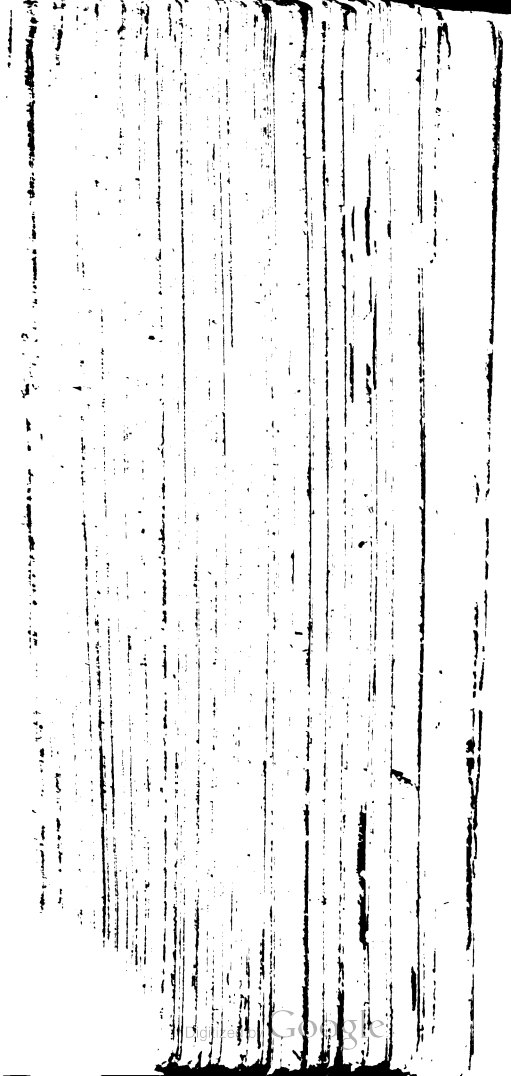

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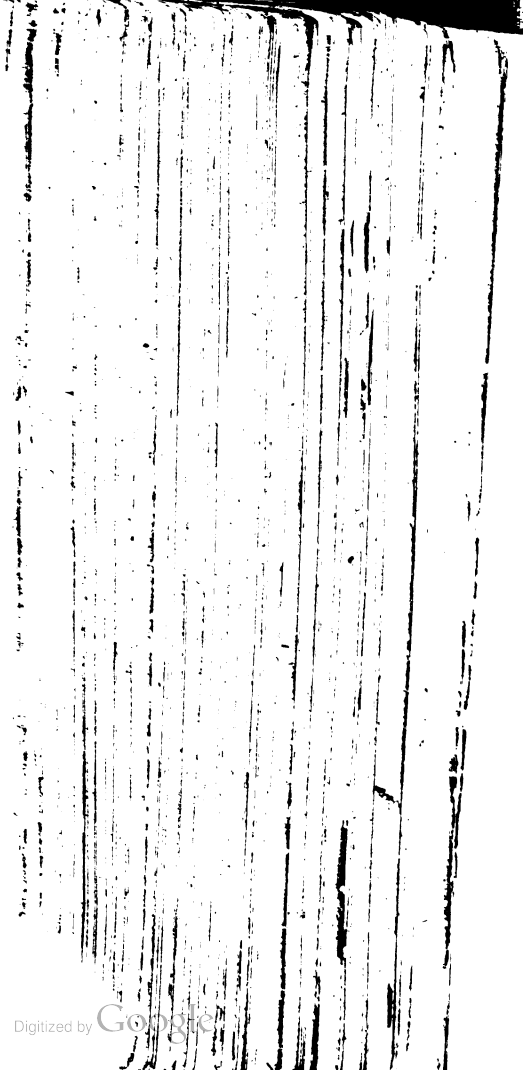
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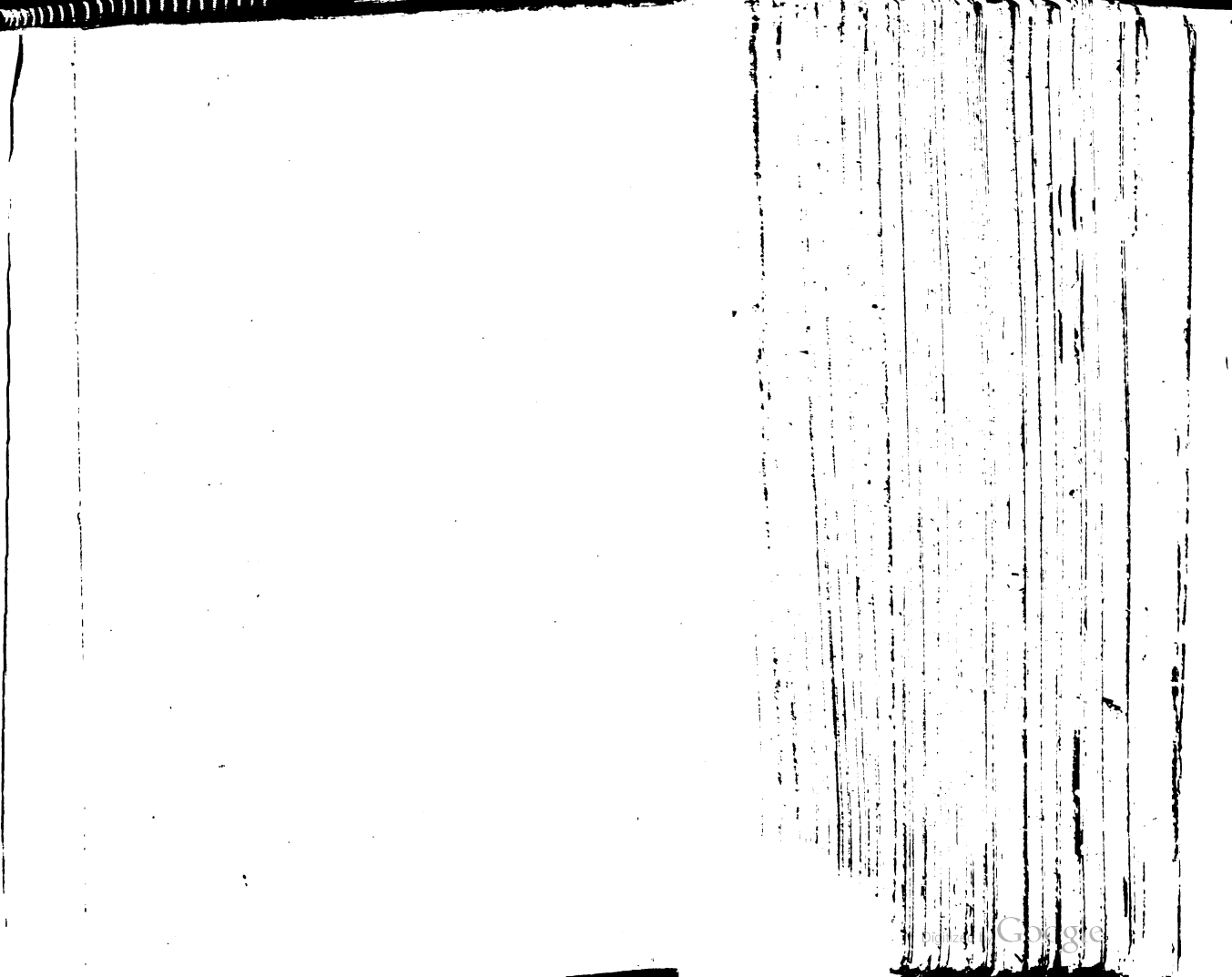

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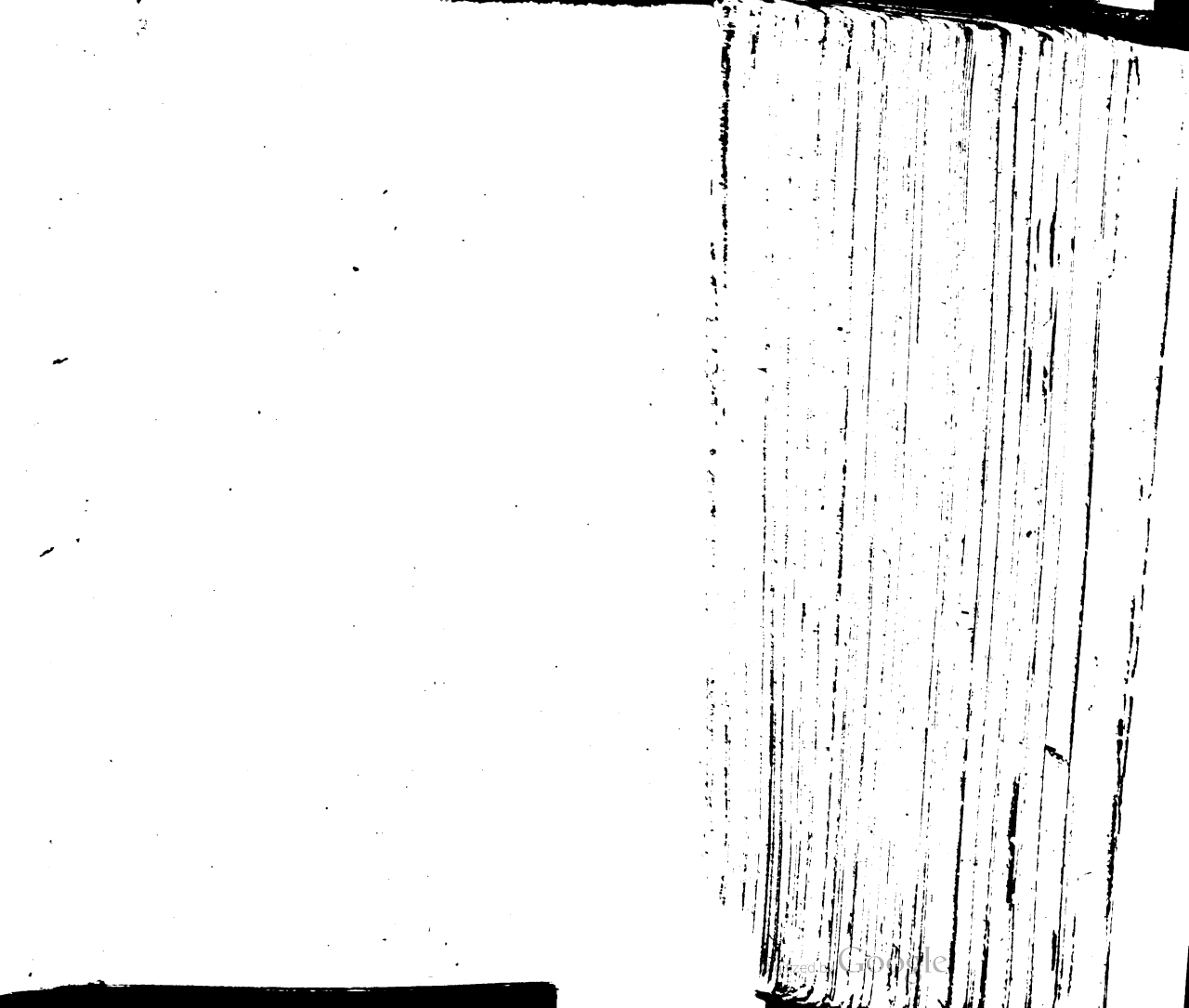

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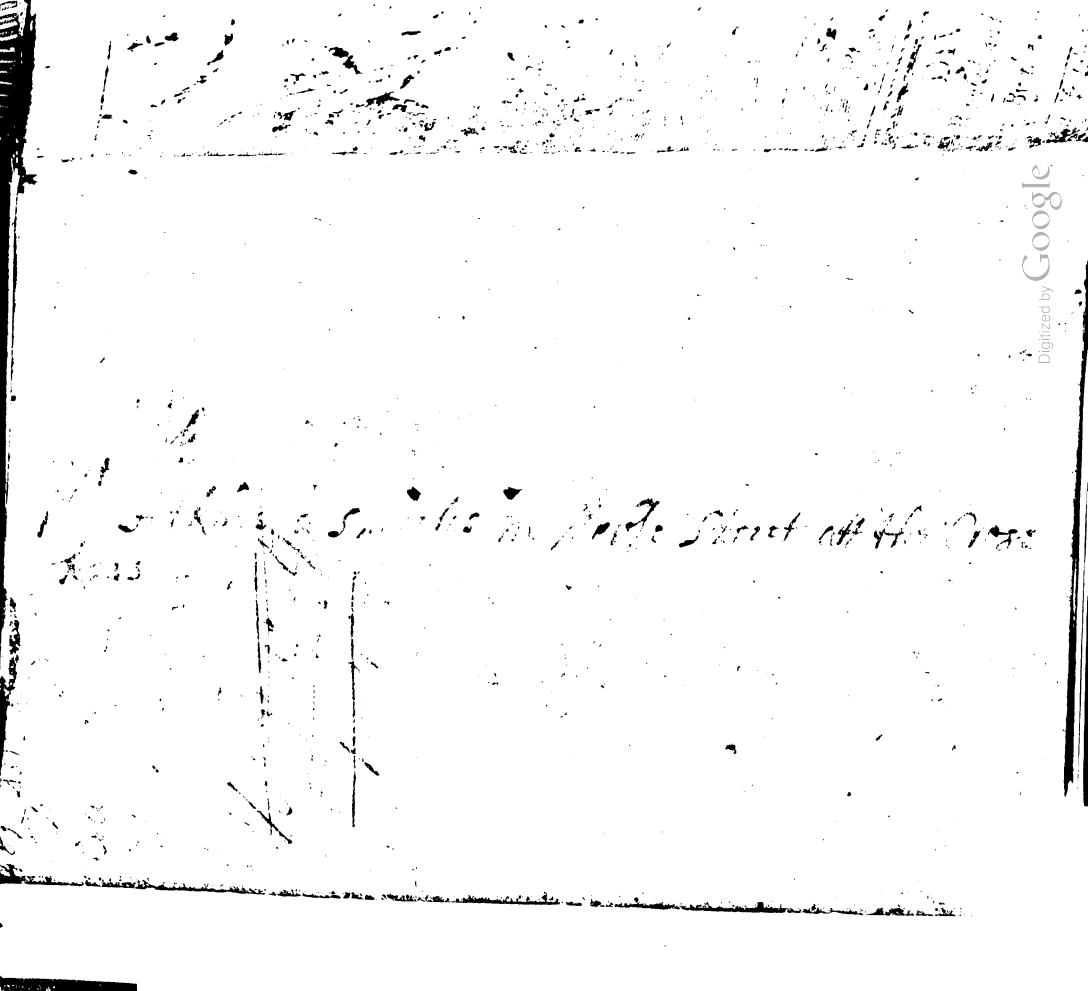

DIVINE POEMES

Reuised, and Corrected with Additions

By the Author Fra: Quarles.

[illegible] for John Marriott in St Dunstons Church, [illegible]
Fleetstreet. 1670.

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DIVIN

POE

Contain

The History of

SIONS

Written and

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Printed by M.

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DIVINE POEMS:

Containing

The History of { JONAH. / ESTER. / JOB. / SAMPSON. }

SIONS { SONETS. / ELEGIES. }

Written and newly augmented,
BY
FRA: QUARLES.

LONDON,
Printed by *M.F.* for I. MARRIOT, and are to be sold at his shop in S^t. *Dunstans* Church-yard in *Fleet-street*.
1634.

THE

MAI

ALL.

ſeverall Poem.
your Nobility, w
So that the Ma
give honour
for the King, wh
gether, and pro
your Sacred Maj
formerly dedica
ſelfe. So that no
yours, both by E

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TO THE SACRED MAIESTIE of King CHARLES.

SIR,

WHEN your Landed Subject dyes, and leaves none of his Blood to inherite, the Lawes of this your Kingdome finds the King heyre: In this Volume are contained severall Poems lately dedicated to divers of your Nobility, whom they have out-lived; So that the Muses (who seldome or never give honour for lives) have found them all for the King, which I have here gathered together, and prostrated before the feet of your Sacred Majesty. Indeed one of them I formerly dedicated and presented to your selfe. So that now they are become doubly yours, both by Escheate, and as Survivour.

And if you please to owne mee as your servant, your Majestie hath another Title good, by which I most desire they should be knowne yours: I will not sinne against the common good, so much as to expect your Majesties serious eye upon them: If when your Crowne shall bee most favourable to your Princely browes, you please to afford a gracious hearing, they will with the helpe of some benevolous Reader, and your Royal acceptance (I hope) relish in your sacred eares, and receive honour from your accustomed goodnesse, farre above their merits, or the expectation of

Your true-hearted and

loyall Liegeman

FRA: QUARLES.

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What heere wee see is but a Graven face,
Onely the shadow of that brittle case
Wherein were treasurd vp those Gems which he
Hath left behind him to Posterity.

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John Bowler

1752

The Minde of the Frontispice.

This Naked Pourtraiture before thine Eye,
Is Wretched, helpleſſe MAN, MAN borne to dye:
On either ſide an ANGEL doth protect him:
As well from EVILL, as to GOOD direct him:
Th'one points to Death, the other to a Crowne;
Who THIS attaines, muſt treade the OTHER downe:
All which denotes the Briefe of Mans eſtate,
That HE'S to goe from HENCE, by THIS, to THAT.

John Bowler

1752

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To the READER.

I *List not to tyre thy patient eares with unnecessary* Language, *(the abuse of Compliment,) My mouth's no* Dictionary: *it onely serves as the needfull* Interpreter *of my Heart.*

I have sent thee the first fruits *of an abortive* Birth. *It is a dainty* Subject, *not Fabulous, but* Truth *it selfe.*

Wonder not at the Title (A FEAST FOR WORMES:) *for it is a* Song *of* Mercie: *What greater* FEAST *than* Mercy? *And what are* Men *but* WORMES.

Moreover, I have gleaned some few Meditations, *obvious to the* Hiſtory; *Let*

Let mee advise thee to keepe the Taste *of the one, whilest thou readest the other, and that will make thee relish both, the better.*

Understanding Reader, favour mee: Gently expound, what it is too late to correct,

He leva le Golpe, Dios sea con ella.

Farewell.

THE

THE PROPOSITION of this first Worke.

Tis not the Record of great Hectors *glory,*
Whose matchlesse Valour *makes the* World *a* (*Story;*
Nor yet the swelling of that Romans *name,*
That onely Came, *and* Look'd, *and* Overcame;
Nor One, *nor* All, *of those brave* Worthies *nine,*
(*Whose Might was great, and Acts almost divine,*
That liv'd like Gods, *but dy'd like* Men, *and gone*)
Shall give my Pen *a Taske to treat upon:*
I sing the praises of the KING *of Kings.*
Out of whose mouth a two-edg'd Smiter *springs,*
Whose Words *are* Mystery, *whose* Works *are* Wōder
Whose Eyes *are* lightning, *&* *whose* Voice *is* Thūder;
Who like a Curtaine *spreads the* Heavens *out,*
Spangled with Starres, *in Glory round about:*
'Tis He *that cleft the furious waves in twaine,*
Making a High-way passage *through the* Maine,
'Tis He, *that turn'd the waters into* Blood,
And smote the Rocky stone, *and caus'd a* Flood;
'Tis He, *that's justly armed in his* Ire,
Behinde with Plagues, *before with* flaming fire;
More bright than mid-day Phœbus, *are his* Eyes,
And whosoever sees his Visage, dyes.
I sing the Praises of Great Judahs Lyon,
The fragrant Flowre *of* Jesse, *the* Lambe *of* Sion,

Whose

Whose Head *is whiter than the driven* Snow,
Whose Visage *doth like flames of* Fier *glow:*
His Loynes *begirt with golden* Belt, *his* Eyne
Like Titan, *riding in his Southerne* Shine,
His Feet *like burning* Brasse, *and as the noise*
Of surgie Neptunes *roaring in his* Voyce,
This is that Paschall Lambe *whose dearest* blood,
Is soveraigne Drinke, *whose* Flesh *is saving* Food:
His precious Blood, *the Worthies of the* Earth
Did drinke, which (though but borne of mortall *birth)*
Return'd them Deities: *For who drinkes* This,
Shall be receiv'd into Eternall Blisse;
Himselfe's the Gift, *which* He *himselfe did give,*
His Stripes *heale us, and by* His Death *we live;*
He *acting* God *and* Man, *in double Nature,*
Did reconcile Mankinde, *and* Mans Creator.
I, heere's a Taske *indeed; If* Mortals *could*
Not make a Verse, yet Rocks *and* Mountains *would:*
The Hils *shall dance, the* Sunne *shall stop his Course,*
Hearing the Subject *of this* high *Discourse:*
The Horse, *and* Gryphin, *shall together* sleepe,
The Wolfe *shall fawne upon the silly* Sheepe,
The crafty Serpent, *and the fearefull* Hart,
Shall joyne in Consort, *and each beare a part,*
And leape for Ioy; *when my* Vrania *sings,*
She *sings the praises of the* King of Kings.

The

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The Introduction.

¶ THat Ancient Kingdome, that old *Assur* swayd,
Shew'd two great Cities: Ah! but both decay'd,
Both mighty Great, but of unequall growth;
Both great in People, and in Building, both;
But ah! What hold is there of earthly good?
Now grasse growes there, where these brave Cities stood.
The name of one, great *Babylon* was hight,
Through which the rich *Euphrates* takes her flight
From high Armenia to the ruddy Seas,
And stores the Land with rich Commodities.
¶ The other *Ninus*, Nineveh the *Great*;
So huge a Fabricke, and well-chosen Seat,
Don *Phœbus* fiery Steeds (with Maines becurl'd,
That circundates in twice twelve houres the world)
Ne'r saw the like: By great King *Ninus* hand,
'Twas rais'd and builded in th' *Assyrians* Land.
On one hand, Lycus wash'd her fruitfull sides,
On t'other, Tygris with her hasty Tydes.
Begirt she was with wals of wondrous might,
Creeping twice fiftie foot in measur'd height.
Vpon their bredth (if ought we may relie
On the report of Sage Antiquitie,)
Three Chariots fairely might themselves display,
And ranke together in a Battell-ray:
The Circuit that her mighty Bulke imbraces
Containes the mete of sixty thousand paces:
Within her well-fenc'd wals you might discover
Five hundred stately Towers, thrice told over;
Whereof the highest draweth up the eye,
As well the low'st, an hundred Cubits hie;

all

All rich in those things which to state belong,
For beauty *brave*, and for munition *strong*:
Duly, and daily this *great Worke* was tended
With *ten thousand workmen*, begun and ended
In *eight yeares space*: How beautifull! how faire
Thy Buildings! And how foule thy *Vices* are!
¶ Thou land of *Assur*, double then thy pride,
And let thy Wells of *Joy* be never dry'd,
Thou hast a *Palace*, that's renown'd so much,
The like was never, is, nor will be such.
¶ Thou Land of *Assur*, treble then thy *Woe*,
And let thy *Teares* (doe as thy *Cups*) o'reflow;
For this thy *Palace* of so great renowne,
Shall be destroy'd, and sackt, and batter'd downe.
But cheere up, *Nineveh*, thine inbred might
Hath meanes enough to quell thy *Foe-mans* spite:
Thy Bulwarkes are like *Mountaines*, and thy Wall
Disdaines to stoope to thundring *Ordnance* call:
Thy watchful *Towers* mounted round about,
Keepe thee in safety, and thy *Foe-men*, out:
I, But thy *Bulwarkes* aid cannot withstand
The direfull stroake of the *Almighties* hand;
Thy Water-walls at dread *Jehovahs* blast
Shall quake, and quiver, and shall downe be cast:
Thy watchfull *Towers* shall asleepe be found,
And nod their drowsie *heads* downe to the ground:
Thy Bulwarks are not *Vengeance*-proofe; thy Wall,
When *Justice* brandisheth her Sword, must fall:
Thy lofty *Towers* shall be dumbe, and yeeld
To high *Revenge*; *Revenge* must win the field;
Vengeance cryes loud from heaven, she cannot stay
Her *Fury*, but (impatient of delay)
Hath brimm'd her *Vialls* full of deadly *Bane*:
Thy *Palace* shall be burnt, thy *People* slaine;

Thy

Thy *Heart* is hard as *Flint*, and swolne with pride,
Thy murth'rous *Hands* with guiltlesse *blood* are dy'd;
Thy silly *Babes* doe starve for want of *Food*:
Whose tender *Mothers* thou hast drencht in *Blood*:
Women with childe, lie in the streets about,
Whose *Braines* thy savage hands have dashed out;
Distressed *Widowes* weepe, (but weepe in vaine)
For their deare *Husbands*, whom thy *hands* have slaine.
By one mans *Force*, another man's devour'd,
Thy *wives* are ravisht, and thy *Maids* deflowr'd;
Where *Justice* should, there *Tort* and *Bribes* are plac't,
Thy' *Altars* defil'd, and *holy things* defac't;
Thy *Lips* have tasted of proud *Babels* Cup,
What *thou* hast left, thy *Children* have drunke up.
Thy blooy *sins*, thine *Abels* guiltlesse *blood*,
Cryes up to heaven for *vengeance*, cryes aloud;
Thy *sinnes* are *seire*, and ready for the fire,
Heere rouze, (my *Muse*) and for a space, respire.

TO

TO THE MOST HIGH, HIS HVMBLE SERVANT IMPLORES HIS FAVOrable Assistance.

O All-sufficient GOD, *great* LORD *of Light,*
Without whose gracious aide, & constant sprite,
No labours prosper, (howsoe're begun)
But flie like Mists before the morning Sunne:
O raise my thoughts, and cleare my Apprehension,
Infuse thy Spirit into my weake invention:
Reflect thy Beames upon my feeble Eyes,
Shew me the Mirrour of thy Mysteries;
My Art-lesse Hand, my humble Heart inspire,
Inflame my frozen tongue with holy fire:
Ravish my stupid Senses with thy Glory;
Sweeten my Lips with sacred Oratory:
And (thou O FIRST *and* LAST*) assist my Quill,*
That first and last I may performe thy will:
My sole intent's to blazon forth thy Praise;
My ruder Pen expects no crowne of Bayes.
Sufficeit then, Thine Altar I have kist:
Crowne me with Glory, Take the Bayes that list.

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A FEAST FOR VVORMES.

By *Fra: Quarles.*

LONDON,

Printed for IOHN MARRIOT.

1634.

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A

FEAST

FOR

WORMS.

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A FEAST FOR WORMES.

THE ARGVMENT.

The word of God to Jonah *came,*
Commanded Jonah *to proclame*
The vengeance of his Majestie,
Against the sinnes of Ninivie.

Stan. 1.

TH' Eternall Word of God, whose high Decree
Admits no change, and cannot frustrate bee,
Came downe to *Ionah*, from the heavens above,
Came downe to *Ionah*, heavens anointed Dove;
Ionah, the flowre of old *Amittai's* youth,
Ionah, the Prophet, Sonne, and Heire to Truth,
The blessed Type of him, that ransom'd us,
That Word came to him, and bespake him thus:
"*Arise, trusse up thy loynes, make all things meet,*
"*And put thy Sandals on thy hasty feet,*
"*Gird up thy reines, and take thy staffe in hand,*
"*Make no delay, but goe, where I command;*
"*Mee pleases not to send thee* (Jonah) *downe,*
"*To sweet Gath-Hepher, thy deare native Towne;*
"*Whose tender paps, with plenty overflow;*
"*Nor yet unto thy brethren shalt thou goe,*

« Amongſt the Hebrewes, where thy ſpredden fame
« Fore-runnes the welcome of thine honour'd name.
« No, Ile not ſend thee thither: Vp, ariſe,
« And goe to Niniveh, where no Allies,
« Nor conſanguinitie preſerves thy blood,
« To Niniveh, where ſtrangers are withſtood:
« To Niniveh, A Citie ſcarre remov'd
« From thine acquaintance, where th'art not belov'd:
« I ſend thee to Mount Sinai, not Mount Sion,
« Not to a gentle Lambe, but to a Lyon:
« Nor yet to Lydia, but to bloody Aſſhur,
« Not to the Land of Canaan, but of Aſſhur,
« Whoſe language will be riddles to thine eares,
« And thine againe will be as ſtrange to theirs;
« I ſay, to Niniveh, the worlds great Hall,
« The Monarchs ſeat, high Court Imperiall.
« But terrible mount Sinai will affright thee,
« And Aſſhurs heavy hand is bent to ſmite thee:
« The Lyons roare, the people's ſtrong and ſtout,
« The Bulwarkes ſtand affront to keepe thee out.
« Great Aſſhur minaces with whip in hand,
« To entertaine thee (welcome) to his Land.
« What then? Ariſe, be gone; ſtay not to thinke:
« Bad is the cloth, that will in wetting ſhrinke.
« What then, if cruell Aſſhur heape on ſtreakes?
« Or Sinai blaſt thee with her ſulph'rous ſmokes?
« Or Aſſhur whip thee? or the Lyons rent thee?
« Piſh, on with courage; I, the Lord have ſent thee:
« Away, away, lay by thy fonliſh pitie,
« And goe to Niniveh, that mighty City:
« Cry loud againſt it, let thy dreadfull voyce
« Make all the Citie echo with the noiſe:
« Not like a Dove, but like a Dragon goe,
« Pronounce my Judgement, and denounce my Woe:

« Make

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« Make not thy bed a fountaine full of teares,
« To weepe in secret for her sinnes. Thine eares
« Shall heare such things will make thine eyes run over,
« Thine eyes shall smart with what they shall discover:
« Spend not in private those thy zealous drops,
« But hew, and hacke, spare neither trunke nor tops:
« Make heaven, and earth rebound, when thou discharges,
« Plead not (like Paul) but roare (like Roanarges)
« Nor let the beauty of the buildings bleare thee,
« Let not the terrours of the Rampiers feare thee;
« Let no man bribe thy fist, (I well advise thee)
« Nor foule meanes force thee, nor let faire entice thee:
« Ramme up thine eares: Thine heart of stone shall bee;
« Be deafe to them, as they are deafe to me:
« Goe, crie against it. If they aske thee why?
« Say, heavens great Lord commanded thee to cry:
« My Altars cease to smoake; their holy fires
« Are quencht, and where prayers should; their sinne aspires;
« The fatnesse of their fornication fries
« On coales of raging lust, and upward flies,
« And makes me sicke: I heare the mournfull groanes,
« And heavie sighes of such whose aking bones
« Th'oppressor grindes: Alas, their griefe implores me,
« Their Pray'rs, prefer'd with teares, plead loud before me:
« Behold, my sonnes, they have oppress, and kill'd,
« And bath'd their hands within the blood they spill'd:
« The streame of guiltlesse blood makes suit unto me,
« The voyce of many bloods is mounted to me;
« The vile prophaner of my sacred Names;
« He teares my titles, and my honour maimes,
« Makes Rhet'rick of an oath, sweares and forsweares,
« Recks not my Mercy, nor my Judgement feares:
« They eate, they drinke, they sleepe, they tire the night
« In wanton dalliance, and uncleane delight.

« *Heavens winged Herald Ionas, up and goe*
« *To mightie Niniveh, Denounce my woe.*
« *Advance thy voyce, and when thou hast advanc't it,*
« *Spare Shrub, nor Cedar, but cry out against it:*
« *Hold out thy Trumpet, and with louder breath,*
« *Proclame my sudden comming, and their death.*

The Authors Apology.

IT was my morning Muſe; A Muſe whoſe ſpirit
Tranſcends (I feare) the fortunes of her merit;
Too bold a Muſe, whoſe feathers (yet in blood)
Shee never bath'd in the *Pyrenean* Flood;
A Muſe unbreath'd, unlikely to attaine
An eaſie honour, by ſo ſtout a Traine;
Expect no lofty *Hagard*, that ſhall flie
A leſſning pitch, to the deceived eye;
If in her Downy Soreage, ſhe but ruffe
So ſtrong a Dove, may it bee thought enough;
Beare with her, Time and Fortune may requite
Your patient ſufferance, with a fairer flight.

The generall Application.

TO thee (*Malfido*) now I turne my Quill;
That God is ſtill that God, and will be ſtill.
The painfull Paſtors take up *Ionah*'s roome:
And thou the Ninivite, to whom they come.

Meditat. 1.

HOw great's the love of God unto his creature?
Or is his Wiſedome, or his Mercy greater?

I know

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I know not whether: O th'exceeding love
Of higheſt God, that from his Throne above
Will ſend the brightneſſe of his grace to thoſe
That grope in darkneſſe, and his grace oppoſe:
He helps, provides, inſpires, and freely gives,
As pleas'd to ſee us ravell out our lives;
He gives us from the heape, he meaſures not,
Nor deales (like *Manna*) each his ſtinted lot,
But daily ſends the Doctors of his Spouſe,
(With ſuch like oyle as from the Widowes Cruſe
Did iſſue forth) in fulneſſe without waſting,
Where plenty ſtill was had, yet plenty laſting.
I, there is care in heaven, and heavenly ſprights,
That guides the world, and guards poore mortall wights,
There is; elſe were the miſerable ſtate
Of man, more wretched and unfortunate
Than ſavage beaſts: But O th'abounding love
Of higheſt God! whoſe Angels from above
Diſmount the Towre of Bliſſe, flie too and fro,
Aſſiſting wretched man, their deadly foe.
What thing is Man, that Gods regard is ſuch?
Or why ſhould heaven love rechleſſe Man ſo much?
Why? what are men? but quickned lumps of earth?
A feaſt for Wormes; a bubble full of breath;
A Looking-glaſſe for griefe; A flaſh; A minute;
A painted Toombe, with putrifaction in it;
A mappe of Death; A burthen of a ſong;
A winters Duſt; A worme of five footlong:
Begot in ſinne; In darkneſſe nouriſht; Borne
In ſorrow; Naked; Shiftleſſe and forlorne:
His firſt voyce (heard) is crying for reliefe;
Alas! He comes into a world of griefe:
His Age is ſinfull, and his Youth is vaine;
His Life's a puniſhment; His Death's a paine;

His Life's an houre of Ioy, a world of Sorrow;
His death's a winters night, that findes no morrow:
Mans Life's an Hower-glasse, which being runne,
Concludes that houre of joy, and so is done.
Ionah must goe, nor is this charge confinde
To *Ionah*, but to all the world injoyn'd;
You Magistrates, arise, and take delight,
In dealing Iustice, and maintaining right;
There lies your Niniveh: Merchants arise,
And mingle conscience with your Merchandise:
Lawyers arise, make not your righteous Lawes
A tricke for gaine; Let Iustice rule the cause:
Tradesmen arise, and plie your thriving shops,
With truer hands, and eate yout meat with drops:
Paul to thy Tents, and *Peter* to thy Net,
And all must goe that course, which God hath set.
¶ Great God awake us, in these drowsie times,
Lest vengeance finde us sleeping in our Crimes,
Encrease succession in thy Prophets kew,
For loe, thy Harvest's great, and workmen few.

THE ARGVMENT.

But Ionah *toward Tharsis went,*
A Tempest doth his course prevent:
The Mariners are sore oppress,
While Ionah *sleepes and takes his rest.*

Sect. 2.

BVt *Ionah* thus bethought: *The Citie's great,*
And mighty Ashur *stands with deadly threat;*

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Thei

Their hearts are hardned, that they cannot heare:
Will greene-wood burn, when so mapt's the seire?
Strange is the charge: Shall I goe to a place
Vnknowne and forraigne? Aye me! hard's the case,
That righteous Isr'el must be thus neglected,
When miscreants and Gentiles are respected:
How might I hope my words should there succeed,
Which thrive not with the flockes I daily feed?
I know my God is gentle, and enclin'd
To tender mercie, apt to change his minde
Vpon the least repentance: Then shall I
Be deem'd as false, and shame my Propheſie.

O heavy burthen, of a doubtfull minde!
Where shall I goe, or which way shall I winde?
My heart like Ianus, *looketh too and fro;*
My credit bids me, Stay; my God bids, Goe:
If Goe, my labour's loſt, my shame's at hand:
If stay, Lord! I transgreſſe my Lords command:
If goe; from bad eſtate, to worſe, I fall.
If stay, I slide from bad, to worſt of all.
My God bids goe, my credit bids mee stay:
My guilty feare bids flie another way.

So *Ionah* straight aroſe, himſelfe bedight
With fit acoutrements for haſty flight:
In ſtead of ſtaffe, he tooke a ſheepmans weede;
In ſtead of going, loe, he flies with ſpeed,
Like as a Hawke (that overmacht with might)
Doing ſad penance for th'unequall fight,
(Anſw'ring the Falkners ſecond ſhout) does flee
From fiſt, turnes taile to foule, and takes a tree,
So *Ionah* baulkes the place where he was ſent,
(To Nineveh) and downe to Iaffa went:

He ſought, enquired, and at laſt, he found
A welcome Ship, that was to Tharſis bound,
Where he may flie the preſence of the Lord:
He makes no ſtay, but ſtraightway goes aboord,
His haſty purſe for bargaine findes no leiſure,
(Where ſin delights, there's no account of treaſure)
Nor did he know, nor aske, how much his Fare:
He gave: They tooke: all parties pleaſed are:
(How thriftleſſe of our coſt, and paines, are we,
Great God of heaven, and earth, to flie from thee!)
Now have the Sailors drunke their parting cup,
They goe aboord, the Sailes are hoyſting up;
The Anchor's way'd; the Keele begins t'obey
Her gentle Rudder; leaves her quiet Key,
Divides the ſtreames, and without winde or oare,
She eaſly glides along the moving ſhore:
Her ſwelling Canvas gives her nimbler motion,
Sh'outſtrips the Tide, and hies her to the Ocean:
Forth to the deepe ſhe launches, and outbraves
The prouder Billowes, rides upon the Waves: (her,
She plies that courſe, her Compaſſe hath enjoyn'd
And ſoone hath left the leſſned land behind her;
By this, the breath of heaven began to ceaſe;
Calme were the Seas; the Waves were all at peace;
The flagging Mainſaile flapt againſt her Yard,
The uſeleſſe Compaſſe, and the idle Card
Were both neglected: Vpon every ſide
The gameſome Porpiſe tumbled on the Tide.
Like as a Maſtiffe, when reſtrain'd a while,
Is made more furious, and more apt for ſpoile,
Or when the breath of man being bard the courſe,
At length breakes forth with a farre greater force;
Even ſo the milder breath of heaven, at laſt,
Lets flie more fierce, and blowes a ſtronger blaſt:

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All

All on a ſudden darkned was the Skie
With gloomy clouds; heavens more refulgent eye
Was all obſcur'd: The aire grew dampe and cold,
And ſtrong mouth'd *Boreas* could no longer hold:
Æolus lets looſe his uncontrouled breath,
Whoſe language threatens nothing under death:
The Rudder failes; The ſhip's at random driven;
The eye no object ownes, but Sea and Heaven:
The Welkin ſtormes, and rages more and more,
The raine powres downe; the heaven begins to rore,
As they would ſplit the maſſie Globe in ſunder,
From thoſe that live above, to thoſe live under;
The Pilot's frighted; knowes not what to doe,
His Art's amaz'd, in ſuch a maze of woe;
Faces grow ſad: Prayers and complaints are rife;
Each one's become an Orator for life:
The Windes above, the waters underneath,
Ioyne in rebellion, and conſpire death.
The Seamens courage now begins to quaile,
Some ply the Pump, whil'ſt others ſtrike the Saile,
Their hands are buſie, while their hearts deſpaire,
Their feares and dangers move their lips to prayer:
They praid, but winds did ſnatch their words away,
And let's their pray'rs not goe to whom they pray:
But ſtill they pray, but ſtill the winde and weather
Do turn both ſhip & prai'rs they know not whither,
Their gods were deafe, their danger waxed greater;
They caſt their wares out, and yet ne'r the better:
But all this while was *Jonah* drown'd in ſleepe,
And in the lower decke was buried deepe.

Medita,

Meditat. 2.

BVt stay: this was a strange and uncouth word:
Did *Ionah* flie the presence of the Lord?
What mister word is that? He that repleats
The mightie Vniverse, whose loftie seat's
Th'imperiall Heaven, whose footstoole is the face
Of massie earth? Can he from any place
Be barr'd? or yet by any meanes, excluded,
That is in all things? (and yet not included)
Could *Ionah* finde a resting any where
So void, or secret, that God was not there?
I stand amaz'd, and frighted at this word:
Did *Ionah* flie the presence of the Lord?
Mount up to heaven, and there thou shalt discover
The exc'lent glory of his Kingly power:
Bestride the earth beneath (with weary pace)
And there he beares the Olive branch of Grace:
Dive downe into th'extreame Abysse of Hell,
And there in Iustice doth th'Almightie dwell.
What secret Cloyster could there then afford
Screene 'twixt faithlesse *Ionah*, and his Lord?
¶ *Ionah* was charg'd to take a charge in hand;
But *Ionah* turn'd his backe on Gods command;
Shooke off his yoke, and wilfully neglected,
And what was strictly charg'd, he quite rejected:
And so he fled the power of his Word;
And so he fled the presence of his Lord.
¶ Good God! how poore a thing is wretched man?
So fraile, that let him strive the best he can,
With every little blast hee's overdon:
If mighty Cedars of great *Lebanon*,
Cannot the danger of the Axe withstand,
Lord! how shall we that are but bushes, stand?

How

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How fond, corrupt, how senseleſſe is mankinde?
How faining deafe is he? how wilfull blinde?
He ſtops his eares, and ſinnes: he ſhuts his eyes,
And (blindefold) in the lap of danger flies:
He ſinnes, deſpaires; and then to ſtint his griefe,
He chuſes death, to baulke the God of life.
¶ Poore wretched ſinner, travell where thou wilt,
Thy travell ſhall be burthen'd with thy guilt:
Climbe tops of hils, that proſpects may delight thee,
There will thy ſins (like wolves & bears) affright thee,
Flie to the vallies, that thoſe frights may ſhun thee,
And there (like Mountains) they will fall upon thee;
Or to the raging Seas, (with *Ionah*) goe;
There will thy ſinnes like ſtormy Neptune flow.
Poore ſhiftleſſe Man! what ſhall become of thee?
Where'ere thou fly'ſt, thy griping ſinne will flee.
¶ But all this while, the ſhip where *Ionah* ſleepes,
Is toſt, and torne, and batter'd on the deepes,
And well-nigh ſplit upon the threatning Rocke,
With many a boyſtrous bruſh, and churley knocke;
God helpe all deſp'rate voyagers, and keepe
All ſuch, as feele thy wonders on the deepe.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Pilot thumps on Ionah's *breaſt,*
And rouzeth Ionah *from his reſt:*
They all caſt Lotts, (being ſore affrighted)
The ſacred Lott on Ionah *lighted.*

Sect. 2.

THe amazed Pilot finding no ſucceſſe,
(But that the ſtorme grew rather more than leſſe,
For

For all their toyleſome paines, and needleſſe prayers;
Deſpairing both of life and goods) repaires
To *Ionah's* drowſie Cábbin; mainly cals;
Cals, *Ionah, Ionah*; and yet lowder yawles;
Yet *Ionah* ſleepes; and gives a ſhrug, or two,
And ſnores, (as greedy ſleepers uſe to doe.)
The wofull Pilot jogs him, (but in vaine.)
(Perchance he dreames an idle word, or twaine;)
At length he tugs and puls his heavy coarſe,
And thunders on his breaſt with all his force:
But (after many yawnes) he did awake him,
And (being both affrighted) thus beſpake him:

« *Ariſe, O Sleeper, O ariſe and ſee,*
« *There's not a twiny thred 'twixt death, and thee:*
« *This darkeſome place (thou meaſur'ſt) is thy grave,*
« *And ſudden Death rides proud on yonder wave;*
« *Ariſe, O ſleeper, O ariſe, and pray;*
« *Perhaps thy God will heare, and not ſay, Nay:*
« *Repaire the loſſe of theſe our ill ſpent houres,*
« *Perchance thy God's more powerfull than ours;*
« *Heavens hand may ceaſe, and have compaſſion on us,*
« *And turne away this miſchiefe it hath done us.*

The ſturdy Sailors (weary of their paine)
Finding their bootleſſe labour loſt, and vaine,
Forbare their toileſome taske, and wrought no more,
Expecting death, for which they lookt before;
They call a parley, and conſult together,
They count their ſinnes, accuſing one another)
That for his ſinne, or his, this ill was wrought:
In fine, they all proove guilty of the fault:
But yet the queſtion was not ended ſo:
One ſayes, *'Twas thine offence; but he ſayes, No,*
But 'twas for thy ſake, that accuſes me;
Ruſht forth a third (the worſer of the three)

And

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And swore it was anothers, which (he hearing)
Deny'd it flat, and said 'Twas thine for swearing:
In came a fift, accusing all; (replying
But little else) they all chid him for lying;
One said it was, another said 'twas not:
So all agreed, to stint the strife by Lott:
Then all was whist, and all to prayer went;
(For such a bus'nesse a fit complement)
The Lott was cast; 't pleas'd God by Lotts to tell,
The Lott was cast; the Lott on *Ionah* fell.

Medita. 3.

O Sacred subject of a Meditation!
Thy Workes (O Lord) are full of Admiration,
Thy judgements are all just, severe, and sure,
They quite cut off, or else, by lancing, cure
The festring sore of a rebellious heart,
Lest foule infection taint th'immortall part.
How deepe a Lethargy doth this disease
Bring to the slumbring soule, through careless ease!
Which once being wak't, (as from a golden dreame)
Lookes up, and sees her griefes the more extreame.
How seeming sweet's the quiet sleepe of sin?
Which when a wretched man's once nuzzled in,
How soundly sleeps he, without feare, or wit?
No sooner doe his armes infolded knit
A drowzy knot upon his careless brest,
But there he snorts, and snores in endlesse rest;
His eyes are closed fast, and deafe his eares,
And (like *Endymion*) sleepes himselfe in yeares;
His sense-bound heart relents not at the voyce
Of gentle warning, neither does the noyse

Of

Of strong reproofe awake his sleeping eare,
Nor louder threatnings thunder makes him heare;
So deafe's the sinners eare, so numb'd his sense,
That sinne's no corrosive, breeds no offence;
For custome brings delight, deludes the heart,
Beguiles the sense, and takes away the smart.
¶ But stay; Did one of Gods elected number (ber)
(Whose eyes should never sleep, nor eye-lids slum-
So much forget himselfe? Did *Ionah* sleepe,
That should be watchfull, and the Tower keepe?
Did *Ionah* (the selected mouth of God)
Instead of roaring judgements, does he nod?
Did *Ionah* sleepe so sound? Could he sleepe then,
When (with the sudden sight of death) the men
(So many men) with yelling shrikes, and cries,
Made very heaven report? Were *Ionah*'s eyes
Still clos'd, and he, not of his life bereaven?
Hard must he wink that shuts his eyes from heaven.
O righteous *Isr'el*, where, O, where art thou?
Where is thy Lampe? thy zealous shepheard now?
Alas! the rav'nous Wolves will worr' thy sheepe;
Thy Shepheard's careleſſe, and is falne asleepe;
Thy wandring flockes are frighted from their fold,
Their Shepheard's gone, and Foxes are too bold:
They, they whose smooth-fac'd words become the
Their workes dissent, & first begin to faulter, (altar
And they that should be watchlights in the Temple
Are snuffes, and want the oyle of good example;
The chosen Watch-men, that the tow'r should keep
Are waxen heavy-ey'd, and falne asleepe.
¶ Lord, if thy watchmen wink too much, awake the;
Although they slumber, doe not quite forsake them;
The flesh is weake, say not (if dulneſſe seize
Their heavy eyes) sleep hence forth: take your ease:

And

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And we poore weaklings, when we sleepe in sin,
Knocke at our drowzy hearts; and never lin,
Till thou awake, our sin-congealed eyes;
Lest (drown'd in sleepe) we sinke and never rise.

THE ARGVMENT.

They question Ionah *whence he came,*
His Country, and his peoples Name.
He makes reply: They mourne their woe,
And aske his counsell what to doe.

Sect. 4.

AS when a Theefe's appr'hended on suspect,
And charg'd for some supposed malefact,
A rude concourse of people, straight accrewes,
Whose itching eares even smart to know the newes;
The guilty pris'ner (to himselfe betraide)
He stands dejected, trembling and afraid:
So *Ionah* stood the Sailers all among
Inclosed round amid the ruder throng.
As in a Summers evening you shall heare
In Hives of Bees (if you lay close your eare)
Confused buzzing, and seditious noyse,
Such was the murmure of the Sailers voyce.

« *What was thy sinfull act that causes this,*
« (*Sayes one*) *wherein hast thou so done amisse?*
« *Tell us, what is thine Art* (*another sayes*)
« *That thou profess'st? Speake man, Whence awayes,*
« *From what Confines cam'st thou?* (*A third replies*)
« *What is thy Country? And of what allies?*
« *What, art thou borne a Iew? or Gentile? Whether?*
« (*Ere he could lend an answer unto either*)

« *A fourth*

" *A fourth demands; where hath thy breeding beene?*
All what they askt, they all askt o're agen:
In fine, their eares (impatient of delay)
Becalm'd their tongues to heare what he could say.
So *Ionas* (humbly rearing up his eyes)
Breaking his long-kept silence, thus replies:

" *I am an Hebrew, sonne of* Abraham,
" *From whom my Land did first derive her name,*
" *Within the Land of* Iury *was I borne,*
" *My name is* Ionah, *reteblesse and forlorne:*
" *I am a Prophet: ah! but woe is me,*
" *For from before the face of God I flee;*
" *From whence (through disobedience) I am driven:*
" *I feare* IEHOVAH, *the great God of Heaven:*
" *I feare the Lord of Hosts, whose glorious hand*
" *Did make this stormy Sea, and missie Land.*

So said, their eares with double ravishment,
Still hung upon his melting lips, attent,
Whose dreadful words their hearts so near impierc't,
That from themselves, themselves were quite divers't:
As in a sowltry Summers eveningtide,
(When lustfull *Phœbus* re-salutes his Bride,
And *Philomela* 'gins her caroling)
A Herd of Deere are browzing in a Spring,
With eager appetite, misdeeming nought,
Nor in so deepe a silence fearing ought:
A sudden crack, or some unthought-of sound,
Or bounce of Fowlers Peece, or yelpe of Hound,
Disturbs their quiet peace with strange amaze (gaze:
Where (senslesse halfe) through feare, they stand at
So stand the Sea-men, (as with Ghosts affrighted,)
Entraunc'd with what this man of God recited:
Their tyred limbes doe now waxe faint, and lither,
Their hearts did yern, their knees did smite together:

Congea-

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Congealed blood vsurpe their trembling hearts,
And left a faintnesse in their feeble parts:
Who (trembling out distracting language,) thus:

Why hast thou brought this mischiefe upon us?
What humour led thee to a place unknowne,
To seeke out forraigne Land, and leave thine owne?
What saith hadst thou, by leaving thine abode,
To thinke to flie the presence of thy God?
Why hast thou not obey'd (but thus transgrest)
The voyce of God, whom thou acknowledgest?
Art thou a Prophet and dost thou amisse?
What is the cause, and why hast thou done this?
What shall we doe? The tempest lends no ease
To fruitlesse chat, nor doe the billowes heave,
Or marke our language: Waves are not attent:
Our goods they float, our needlesse paines are spent,
Our Barke's not weather proofe: no Fort's so stout,
To keepe continuall siege and battry out.
The Lott accuses thee, thy words condemne thee,
The waves (thy deaths men) strive to overwhelme thee:
What shall we doe? Thou Prophet, speake, we pray thee:
Thou feer'st the Lord; Alas! we may not slay thee:
Or shall we save thee? No, for thou dost flie
The face of God, and so deserv'st to die:
Thou Prophet, speake, what shall be done to thee,
That angry Seas may calme and quiet be?

Meditat. 4.

GIve leave a little to adjourne your text,
And ease my soule, my soule with doubts perplext.
Can he be said to feare the Lord, that flies him?
Can word confesse him, when as deed denies him?

My sacred Muse hath rounded in mine eare,
And read the mysterie of a twofold feare:
The first, a servile feare, for judgements sake;
And thus hels Fire-brands doe feare and quake.
Thus *Adam* fear'd, and fled behinde a tree:
And thus did bloody *Cain* feare and flee.
Vnlike to this there is a second kinde
Of feare, extracted from a zealous minde,
Full fraught with love, and with a conscience cleare
From base respects: It is a filiall feare;
A feare whose ground would just remain, and level,
Were neither Heaven, nor Hell, nor God, nor devil.
Such was the feare that Princely *David* had;
And thus our wretched *Ionah* fear'd, and fled:
He fled asham'd, because his sinnes were such;
He fled asham'd, because his feare was much.
He fear'd *Iehovah*, other fear'd he none:
Him he acknowledg'd; him he fear'd alone:
Vnlike to those (who being blinde with errour)
Frame many gods, and multiply their terrour.
Th' *Ægyptians*, god *Apis* did implore,
God *Asses* the *Chaldeans* did adore:
Babel to the *Devouring Dragon* seekes;
Th' *Arabians*, *Astaroth*; *Iuno* the *Greekes*;
The name of *Belus*, the *Assyrians* hallow,
The *Troians*, *Vesta*; *Corinth*, wife *Apollo*;
Th' *Arginians* sacrifice unto the *Sunne*;
To light-foot *Mercury* bowes *Macedon*;
To god *Volunnus*, Lovers bend their knee:
To *Pavor*, they that faint and fearefull bee:
Who pray for health, & strength, to *Murcia* those,
And to *Victoria*, those that feare to lose:
To *Muta*, they that feare a womans tongue:
To great *Lucina*, women great with young:

To

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To *Esculapius*, they that live oppreſt,
And ſuch to *Quies* that deſier reſt.
O blinded ignorance of antique times,
How blent with errour, and how ſtuft with crimes
Your Temples were! And how adulterate!
How clogg'd with needleſſe gods! How obſtinate!
How void of reaſon, order, how confuſe!
How full of dangerous and foule abuſe!
How ſandy were the grounds, and how unſtable!
How many Deities! yet how unable!
Implore theſe gods that liſt to houle and barke,
They bow to *Dagon*, *Dagon* to the Arke:
But hee to whom the ſeale of mercy's given,
Adores *Iehovah* the Great God of Heaven:
Vpon the mention of whoſe ſacred Name,
Meek Lambs grow fierce, and the fierce Lions tame:
Bright *Sol* ſhall ſtop, & heavé ſhall turne his courſe;
Mountains ſhall dance, and *Neptune* ſlake his force:
The Seas ſhall part, the fire want his flame,
Vpon the mention of *Iehovah's* Name:
A Name that makes the roofe of Heaven to ſhake,
The frame of Earth to quiver, Hell to quake:
A Name, to which all Angels blow their Trumps:
A Name puts frolicke man into his dumps;
(Though ne'r ſo blythe) A Name of high renown:
It mounts the meeke, and beats the lofty downe;
A Name, divides the marrow in the bone;
A Name, which out of hard and flinty ſtone
Extracteth hearts of fleſh, and makes relent,
Thoſe hearts that never knew what mercy ment.
O Lord! how great's thy Name in all the Land?
How mighty are the wonders of thy hand?
How is thy glory plac't above the Heaven?
To tender mouthes of Suckling thou haſt given

Coercive pow'r, and boldneſſe to reproove,
When elder men doe what them not behoove.
O Lord! how great's the power of thine hand?
O God! how great's thy Name in all the Land!

THE ARGVMENT.

The Prophet doth his fault diſcover,
Perſwades the men to caſt him over:
They row, and toyle, but doe no good,
They pray to be excus'd from blood.

Sect. 5.

SO Ionah fram'd this ſpeech to their demand,
« *Not that I ſeeke to traverſe the command*
« *Of my deare Lord, and out of minde perverſe,*
« *T'avoid the* Ninivites, *doe I amerce*
« *My ſelfe: Nor that I ever heard you threat,*
« *(Vnleſſe I went to* Niniveh *(the great)*
« *And doe the meſſage ſent her from the Lord)*
« *That you would kill, or caſt me over-boord,*
« *Doe I doe this; 'Tis my deſerved fine:*
« *You all are guiltleſſe, and the fault is mine:*
« *'Tis I, 'tis I alone, 'tis I am hee:*
« *The tempeſt comes from heaven, the cauſe from me;*
« *You ſhall not loſe a haire for this my ſin,*
« *Nor periſh for the fault that mine hath bin;*
« *Loe, I the man am here: Lo, I am he,*
« *The root of all; End your revenge on me;*
« *I fled th' Eternall God; O, let me then*
« *(Becauſe I fled my God) ſo flie from men:*
« *Redeeme your lives with mine; Ah, why ſhould I,*
« *Not guiltleſſe, live, and you not guilty, die?*

« *I Am*

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« I am the man, for whom these billowes dance,
« My death shall purchase your deliverance;
« Feare not to cease your feares; but throw me in;
« Alas! my soule is bin then'd with my sinne,
« And God is just, and bent to his Decree,
« Which certaine is, and cannot alter'd be;
« I am proclaim'd a Traitor to the King
« Of heaven and earth: The winds with speedy wing
« Acquaint the Seas: The Seas mount up on high,
« And cannot rest untill the Traitor die;
« Oh, cast me in, and let my life be ended;
« Let Death make Iustice mends, which life offended;
« Oh, let the swelling waters me enbalme;
« So shall the waves be still, and Sea be calme.

So said, th'amazed Mariners grew sad,
New Love abstracted, what old feare did adde;
Love called Pity: Feare call'd Vengeance in;
Love view'd the Sinner, Feare beheld the Sinne;
Love cry'd out, Hold; for better sav'd than spil'd;
But Feare cry'd, Kill; O better kill than kill'd:
Thus plung'd with Passions they distracted were
Betwixt the hopes and doubts of Love and Feare;
Some cry'd out, Save: if this foule deed we doe,
Vengeance that haunted him, will haunt us too:
Others cry'd, No; May rather death befall
To one (that hath deserv'd to die) than all:
Save him (sayes one) Oh save the man that thus
His deerest blood hath profer'd to save us;
No, (sayes another) Vengeance must have blood,
And Vengeance strikes most hard, when most with-
In fine (say all:) Then let the Prophet die, (stood.
And we shall live; For Prophets cannot lie.
Loth to be guilty of their owne, yet loth
To hast poore *Ionahs* death, with hope, that both

Th' approaching evils might be at once prevented,
With prayers, and paines reutter'd, reattended,
They try'd new wayes despayring of the old,
Love quickens courage, makes the spirits bold;
They strove, in vaine, by toyle to win the shore,
And wrought more hard than e're they did before:
But now, both hand and hearts begin to quaile,
(For bodies wanting rest, must faint and faile;)
The Seas are angry, and the waves arise,
Appeas'd with nothing but a Sacrifice;
Gods vengeance stormeth like the raging Seas,
Which nought but *Ionah* (dying) can appease:
Fond is that labour, which attempts to free,
What Heaven hath bound by a divine decree:
Ionah must die; Heaven hath decreed it so,
Ionah must die, or else they all die too;
Ionah must die, that from his Lord did flie;
The Lott determines *Ionah* then must die;
His guiltie word confirmes the sacred Lott,
Ionah must die then, if they perish not.

« *If Iustice then appoint (since he must die,*
« *Sad they as Actors of his Tragedy,*
« *(We beg not (Lord) a warrant to offend)*
« *O, pardon blood-shed, that we must intend;*
« *Though not our hãds, yet shall our hearts be clear;*
« *Then let not stainlesse consciences beare*
« *The pond'rous burden of a Murders guilt,*
« *Or pay the price of blood that must be spilt;*
« *For loe, (deare Lord) it is thine owne decree,*
« *And we sad ministers of Iustice be.*

Medita.5.

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Meditat. 5.

BVt ſtay a while; this thing would firſt be known:
Can *Ionah* give himſelfe, and not his owne?
That part to God, and to his Country this
Pertaines, ſo that a ſlender third is his;
Why then ſhould *Ionah* doe a double wrong,
To deale himſelfe away, that did belong
The leaſt unto himſelfe? or how could hee
Teach this, (*Thou ſhalt not kill*) if *Ionah* be
His lifes owne Butcher? What, was this a deed
That with the calling he profeſt, agreed?
The purblinde age (whoſe workes (almoſt divine),
Did meerely with the oyle of Nature ſhine,
That knew no written Law, nor Grace, nor God,
To whip their conſcience with ſteely rod,)
How much did they abhorre ſo foule a fact?
When led by Natures glimpſe, they made an act,
Selfe-murderours ſhould be deny'd to have
The charitable honour of a Grave:
Can ſuch doe ſo, when *Ionah* does amiſſe?
What, *Ionas*, *Iſr'els* Teacher! and doe this?
The Law of Charity doth all forbid,
In this thing to doe that which *Ionah* did;
Moreo'r, in charity, 'Tis thy beheſt,
Of dying men to thinke and ſpeake the beſt;
The mightie *Sampſon* did as much as this;
And who dare ſay, that *Samſon* did amiſſe,
If heavens high Spirit whiſperd in his eare
Expreſſe comand to doe't? No wavering feare
Drew back the righteous *Abram's* armed hand
From *Iſaacks* death, ſecur'd by heavens command.
¶ Sure is the knot that true Religion tyes,
And Love that's rightly grounded, never dies;

It seemes a paradoxe beyond beliefe,
That men in trouble should prolong reliefe;
That Pagans (to withstand a Strangers Fate)
Should be neglective of his owne estate.
Where is this love become in later age?
Alas! 'tis gone in endlesse pilgrimage
From hence, and never to returne (I doubt)
'Till revolution wheele those times about:
Chill breasts have starv'd her here, and she is driven
Away; and with *Astræa* fled to heaven.
Poore Charity, that naked Babe is gone;
Her honey's spent, and all her store is done;
Her wingleſſe Bees can finde out ne'r a bloome,
And crooked *Ate* doth usurpe her roome:
Nepenthe's dry, and Love can get no drinke,
And curs'd *Ardenne* flowes above the brinke.
Brave Mariners, the world your name shall hallow,
Admiring that in you, that none dare follow;
Your friendship's rare, and your conversion strange,
From Paganisme to zeale? A sudden change!
Those men doe now the God of heaven implore,
That bow'd to Puppets but an houre before;
Their zeale is fervent, (though but new begun)
Before their Egge-shels were done off, they runne:
As when bright *Phœbus* in a Summer tide,
(New risen from the bosome of his Bride)
Enveloped with misty fogs, at length (strength;
Breakes forth, displayes the mist, with Southerne
Even so these Mariners (of peerlesse mirrour)
Their faith b'ing veil'd within the mist of errour,
At length their zeale chac'd ignorance away,
They left their Puppets, and began to pray.
¶ Lord, how unlimited are thy confines,
That still pursu'st man in his good designes!

Thy

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Thy mercy's like the dew of *Hermon* hill,
Or like the Ointment, dropping downward ſtill
From *Aarons* head, to beard; from beard to foote:
So doe thy mercies drench us round about:
Thy love is boundleſſe; Thou art apt and free,
To turne to Man, when Man returnes to thee.

THE ARGVMENT.

They caſt the Prophet ouer Board:
The ſtorme allay'd: They feare the Lord;
A mighty Fiſh him quicke devoures,
Where he remained many houres.

Sect. 6.

EVen as a member, whoſe corrupted ſore
Infeſts, and rancles, eating more and more,
Threatning the bodies loſſe (if not prevented)
The wiſe Chirurgion (all faire meanes attented)
Cuts off, and with adviſed skill doth chooſe,
To loſe a part, than all the body loſe;
Even ſo the feeble Sailors that addreſſe
Their idle armes, where heaven denies ſucceſſe)
Forbeare their thriveleſſe labours, and deviſe
To roote that evill, from whence their harmes ariſe:
Treaſon is in their thoughts, and in their eares
Danger revives the old, and addes new feares;
Their hearts grow fierce, and every ſoule applies
T'abandon mercy from his tender eyes:
They ceaſe t'attempt what heavé ſo long withſtood,
And bent to kill, their thoughts are all on blood:
They whiſper oft, each word is Deaths Alarme;
They hoyſt him up, Each lends a buſie arme,

And

And with united powers they entombe
His out-cast body in *Thetis* angry wombe:
Whereat grim *Neptune* wip't his fomy mouth,
Held his tridented Mace upon the South:
The windes were whift, the billows danc't no more,
The ſtorme allay'd, the Heavens left off to rore,
The waves (obedient to their pilgrimage)
Gave ready paſſage, and ſurceaſt their rage,
The skie grew cleare, and now the welcome light
Begins to put the gloomy clouds to flight:
Thus all on ſudden was the Sea tranquill,
The Heav'ns were quiet, and the waves were ſtill.
As when a friendly Creditor (to get
A long forborne, and much concerning debt)
Still plies his willing debtor with intreats,
Importunes daily, daily thumps, and beates
The batter'd portals of his tyred eares,
Bedeafing him with what he knowes and heares;
The weary debter, to avoid the ſight
He loathes, ſhifts here and there, and ev'ry night
Seekes out Protection of another bed,
Yet ne'rtheleſſe (purſu'd and followed)
His eares are ſtill laid at with lowder volley
Of harder Dialect; He melancholy,
Sits downe, and ſighs and after long foreſlowing,
(T'avoid his preſence) payes him what is owing;
The thankfull Creditor is now appeas'd,
Takes leave, and goes away content, and pleas'd:
Even ſo theſe angry waves, with reſtleſſe rage,
Accoſted *Ionas* in his pilgrimage,
And thundred Iugdement in his fearfull eare,
Preſenting *Hubbubs* to his guilty feare:
The waves roſe diſcontent, the Surges beat,
And every moments death, the billowes threat,

The

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The weather-beaten Ship did every minuit
Await deſtruction, while he was in it:
But when his (long expected) corps they threw
Into the deepe, (a debt, through treſpaſſe, due)
The Sea grew kinde, and all her frownes abated,
Her face was ſmooth to all that navigated.
'Twas ſinfull *Ionah* made her ſtorme and rage,
'Twas ſinfull *Ionah* did her ſtorme aſſwage.
With that the Mariners aſtoniſht were,
And fear'd *Iehovah* with a mighty feare,
Offring up Sacrifice with one accord,
And vowing ſolemne vowes unto the Lord.
But he whoſe word can make the earth's foundation
Tremble, and with his word can make ceſſation,
Whoſe wrath doth mout the waves, & toſſe the ſeas,
And make thé calme & ſmooth, whé e'r hee pleaſe:
This God, (whoſe mercie runnes on endleſſe wheele,
And puls (like *Iacob*) Iuſtice by the heele)
Prepar'd a Fiſh, prepar'd a mighty Whale,
Whoſe belly was both priſon-houſe, and baile,
For rechleſſe *Ionah*. As the two leaf'd docre
Opens, to welcome home the fruitfull ſtore,
Wherewith the harveſt quites the Plowmans hope,
Even ſo the great *Leviathan* ſet ope
His beamelike Iawes, (prepar'd for ſuch a boone)
And at a morſell ſwallowed *Ionah* downe,
'Till dewy-cheek't *Aurora's* purple die
Thrice dappell'd had the ruddy morning skie,
And thrice had ſpred the Curtaines of the morne,
To let in *Titan*, when the day was borne,
Ionah was tenant to this living Grave,
Embowel'd deepe in this ſtupendious Cave.

Meditat.

Meditat. 6.

LO, Death is now, as alwayes it hath bin,
The just procured stipend of our sinne:
Sinne is a golden Cause, and a Road
Garnisht with joyes, whose pathes are evē & broad,
But leads at length to death, and endlesse griefe,
To torments, and to paines without reliefe.
Iustice feares none, but maketh all afraid,
And then fals hardest, when 'tis most delaid.
But thou reply'st, thy sinnes are daily great,
Yet thou sitt'st uncontrold upon thy seat;
Thy wheat doth flourish, and thy barnes doe thrive,
Thy sheep encrease, thy sonnes are all alive,
And thou art buxom, and hast nothing scant,
Finding no want of any thing, but want, (holy,
Whil'st others, whom the squint-ey'd world counts
Sit sadly drooping in a Melancholy,
With brow dejected, and downe-hanging head,
Or take of almes, or poorely begge their bread:
But young man, know there is a Day of doome,
The Feast is good, untill the reck'ning come.
The time runnes fastest, where is least regard,
The stone that's long in falling, falleth hard;
There is a dying day, (thou prosp'rous foole)
When all thy laughter shall be turn'd to Doole,
Thy roabes to tort'ring plagues, and fell tormenting;
Thy whoops of joy, to howles of sad lamenting:
Thy tongue shall yell, and yawll, and never stop,
And with a world to give for one poore drop,
To flatter thine intolerable paine;
The wealth of *Pluto* could not then obtaine

A

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A minutes freedome from that helliſh rout,
Whoſe fier burnes, and never goeth out:
Nor houſe, nor land, not meaſur'd heapes of wealth,
Can render to a dying man, his health:
Our life on earth is like a thred of flax,
That all may touch, and being touch't, it cracks.
¶ As when an Archer ſhooteth for his ſport,
Sometimes his ſhaft is gone, ſometimes 'tis ſhort,
Sometimes o'th' left hād, wide, ſometimes o'th' right,
At laſt, (through often tryall) hits the White;
So death ſometimes with her uncertaine Rover,
Hits our Superiours (and ſo ſhoots over)
Sometimes for change ſhe ſtrikes the meaner ſort,
Strikes our Inferiours (and then comes ſhort)
Sometimes upon the left hand wide ſhe goes,
And ſo (ſtill wounding ſome) ſhe ſtrikes our foes;
And ſometimes wide upon the right hand bends,
There with Imperiall ſhafts ſhe ſtrikes our friends;
At length (through often tryall) hits the White,
And ſo ſtrikes us into eternall night.
¶ Death is a Kalender compos'd by Fate,
Concerning all men, never out of Date:
Her dayes Dominicall are writ in blood;
She ſhewes more bad dayes then ſhe ſheweth good:
She tels when dayes and monthes, & termes expire,
Meas'ring the lives of mortals by her ſquire.
¶ Death is a Purſuivant, with Eagles wings,
That knocks at poore mens doores, & gates of Kings.
Worldling, beware betime; death ſculks behind thee,
And as ſhe leaves thee, ſo will judgement finde thee.

THE

THE ARGVMENT.

Within the bowels of the Fish,
Ionah *laments in great anguish;*
God heard his pray'r, at whose command,
The fish digorg'd him on the Land.

Sect. 7.

THen *Ionah* turn'd his face to heav'n, and pray'd
Within the bowels of the Whale, and said,

« *I cry'd out of my balefull misery;*
« *Vnto my God, and he hath heard my cry;*
« *From out the paunch of hell I made a noyse,*
« *And thou hadst answer'd me and heard my voyce:*
« *Into the Deepes and bottome thou hast throwne me,*
« *Thy Surges and thy waves have past upon me:*
« *Then Lord (said I) from thy resulgent sight*
« *I am expell'd, I am forsaken quite,*
« *Nay' theless, while these my wretched eyes remain',*
« *Vnto thy Temple will I looke againe.*
« *The boystrous waters compass me about,*
« *My body threats to let her guts out,*
« *The boundlesse depth enclos'd me, (almost dead)*
« *The weeds are wrapt about my fainting head,*
« *I liv'd on earth rejected at thine hand,*
« *And a perpetuall pris'ner in the Land:*
« *Yet thou wilt cause my life t' ascend at length,*
« *From out this pit, O Lord, my God, my Strength,*
« *When as my soule was over-whelm'd and faint,*
« *I had recourse to thee, did thee acquaint*
« *With the condition of my woefull case,*
« *My cry came to thee in thine holy Place.*

Whose

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« *Who ſo to Vanities themſelves betake,*
« *Renounce thy mercies, and thy love forſake:*
« *To thee I'le ſacrifice in endleſſe dayes,*
« *With voyce of thanks, and ever ſounding praiſe:*
« *I'le pay my vowes, for all the world records*
« *with one conſent,* Salvation is the Lords.

But he (whoſe word's a deed, whoſe breath's a law,
Whoſe juſt command implyes a dreadfull awe,
Whoſe Word prepar'd a Whale upon the Deepe,
To tend and wait for *Ionah's* fall, and keepe
His out-caſt body ſafe, and ſoule ſecure)
This very God, whoſe mercy muſt endure,
When heaven, & earth, when ſea, and all things faile)
Diſclos'd his purpoſe, and beſpake the Whale,
To redeliver *Ionah* to his hand;
Whereat the Whale diſgorg'd him on the land.

Medita. 7.

I Well record, a holy Father ſayes,
« He teaches to deny, that faintly prayes:
The ſuit ſurceaſes, when deſier failes,
But who ſo prayes with fervency, prevales;
For Prayr's the key that opes th' eternall gate,
And findes admittance, whether earl' or late;
It forces audience, it unlocks the eare (heare.
Of heavens great God (though deafe) it makes him
Vpon a time *Babel* the worlds faire Queene
Made drunk with choler, and enrag'd with ſpleene)
Through fell diſdaine, derraigned war gainſt them
That tender homage to *Ieruſalem*:
A maiden-fight it was, yet they were ſtrong
As men of Warre; The Battaile laſted long,

Much

Much blood was shed, and spilt on either side,
That all the ground with purple gore was dyde:
In fine, a souldier of *Ierusalem*,
Charissa hight (the Almner of the Realme)
Chill'd with an ague, and unapt to fight,
Into *Iustitia's* Castle tooke her flight,
Whereat great *Babel's* Queene commanded all,
To lay their siege against the Castle wall;
But poore *Tymissa* (not with warre acquainted)
Fearing *Charissa's* death, fell downe, and fainted;
Dauntlesse *Prudentia* rear'd her from the ground,
Where she lay (pale and senseleſſe) in a swound,
She rubd her temples, and at length awaking,
She gave her water, of *Fidissa's* making,
And said, Cheare up, (deare sister, though our foe
Hath tane us Captives, thus besieg'd with woe,
We have a King puissant, and of might,
Will see us take no wrong, and doe us right,
If we possesse him with our sad complaint:
Cheare up, wee'll send to him, and him acquaint.
Tymissa (new awak'd from swound, replies,
Our Castle is begirt with enemies,
And troops of armed men besiege our wals,
Then suer Death, or worse than death befals
To her, (who ere she be) that stirs a foot,
Or rashly dares attempt to venture out;
Alas! what hope have we to finde reliefe,
And want the meanes that may divulge our griefe?
Within that place a jolly Matron dwell'd,
Whose lookes were fixt and sad; her left hand held
A paire of equall ballances; her right
A two edg'd sword; her eyes were quick and bright
Not apt to squint, but nimble to discerne;
Her visage lovely was, yet bold and sterne;

Her

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Her name *Iuſtitia*; to her they make
Their moane; who, well advis'd, them thus beſpake:
Faire Maidens, more beloved than the light,
I rue the ſuffrance of your woefull plight,
But pitty's fond alone, retures no griefe,
But fruitleſſe fals, unleſſe it yeeld reliefe.
Cheare up, I have a Meſſenger in ſtore,
Whoſe ſpeed is much, but faithfull truſt is more;
Whoſe nimble wings ſhall cleave the flitting skies,
And ſcorne the terrour of your enemies,
Oratio hight, well knowne unto your King,
Your meſſage he ſhall doe, and tydings bring,
Provided that *Fidiſſa* travaile with her,
And ſo (on Chriſts name) let them goe together.
With that *Fidiſſa* having ta'n her errant,
And good *Oratio* with *Iuſtitia's* Warrant,
In ſilence of the midnight tooke her flight,
Arriving at the Court that very night;
But they were both as flames of fier hot,
For they did flie as ſwift as Canon ſhot,
But they (leſt ſudden cold ſhould doe them harme)
Together clung, and kept each other warme.
But now the kingly gates were ſparr'd, and lockt,
They call'd, but none made anſwer, then they knockt
Together, joyning both their force in one,
They knockt againe; Yet anſwer there was none;
But they that never learn'd to take deniall,
With opportunitie made further triall;
The King heard well, although he liſt not ſpeake,
Till they with ſtrokes the gate did well-nigh breake:
In fine, the brazen gates flew open wide;
Oratio mov'd her ſuite; The King replide,
Oratio was a faire and welcome gueſt;
So heard her ſuit, ſo granted her requeſt.

Fraile man, obserue; in thee the practice lies,
Let sacred meditation moralize:
Let Pray'r be fervent, and thy Faith entire,
And heaven at last will grant thee thy desire.

THE ARGVMENT.

The second time was Jonah *sent.*
To Niniveh: *now* Jonah *went:*
Against her crying sinnes he cry'd,
And her destruction propheſi'd.

Sect. 8.

ONce more the voice of heavens-high-Cõmander
(Like horrid claps of heav'ns-dividing thunder,
Or like the fall of waters breach (the noyse
B'ing heard farre distant off) such was the voyce)
Came down from heav'n to *Ionah*, new-borne-Man,
To re-baptized *Ionah*, and thus began;
« Am I a God? or art thou ought but Dust?
« More than a man? Or are my Lawes unjust?
« Am I a God, and shall I not command?
« Art thou a man, and dar'st my Lawes with-stand?
« Shall I (the motion of whose breath shall make
« Both earth, and Sea, and hell, and heaven quake)
« By thee (fond man) shall I be thus neglected;
« And thy presumption scape uncorrected?
« Thy faith hath sav'd thee (*Ionah*) Sinne no more,
« Left worse things happen after, than before;
« Arise; let all th'assembled pow'rs agree
« To doe th'Embassage I impose on thee;
« Trifle no more, and to avoid my sight,
« Thinke not to baulke me with a second flight.

Arise

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"Arise, and goe to *Niniveh* (the great)
"Where broods of Gentiles have ta'n up their seat,
"The great Queene regent mother of the Land,
"That multiplies in people like the sand;
"Away, with wings of time, (I'le not essoyne thee)
"Denounce these fiery Iudgements I enjoyne thee.
Like as a youngling that to schoole is sent,
(Scarce weaned from his mothers blandishment;
Where he was cockred with a stroking hand)
With stubborne heart denyes the just Command
His Tutor wils: But being once corrected,
His home-bred stomack's curb'd, or quite ejected:
His crooked nature's chang'd, and mollifi'd.
And humbly seekes, what stoutly hee deny'd:
So *Ionah*'s stout, perverse, and stubborne heart,
Was hardned once, but when it felt the smart
Of heav'ns avenging wrath, it straight dissolv'd;
And what it once avoided, now resolv'd,
T'effect with speed, and with a carefull hand
Fully repleniſh't with his Lords Command;
To *Niniveh* he flyeth like a Roe,
Each step the other strives to overgoe;
And as an Arrow to the marke does flie,
So (bent to flight) flies he to *Niniveh*.
¶ Now *Niniveh* a mighty City was,
Which all the Cities of the world did passe,
A City which o'r all the rest aspires
Like midnight-*Phœbe* 'mongst the lesser fires;
A City, which (although to men was given)
Better beseem'd the Majestie of Heaven:
A Citie Great to God, whose ample wall,
Who undertakes to mete with paces, shall
Bring *Phœbus* thrice to bed, ere it bee done,
(Although with dawning *Hesperus* begun.)

When *Ionas* hath approach't the Citie gate,
He made no ſtay to reſt, nor yet to ſuite,
No ſupple oyle his fainting head anoints,
Stayes not to bathe his weather-beaten joynts,
Nor ſmooth'd his countenance, nor ſlick' his skinne,
Nor craved he the Hoſtage of an Inne,
To eaſe his aking bones (with travell ſore)
But went as ſpeedy as he fled before;
The Cities greatneſſe made him not refuſe,
To be the trump of that unwelcome newes
His tongue was great with; But (like thunders noiſe)
His mouth flew ope, and out thereruſht a voyce.
« When dewy cheek't *Aurora* ſhall diſplay
« Her golden locks, and ſummon up the day,
« Twice twenty times, and reſt her drowzy head
« Twice twenty nights, in aged *Tithons* bed,
« Then *Nineveh* this place of high renowne,
« Shall be deſtroy'd, and ſack't, and batter'd downe.
He ſate not downe to take deliberation,
What manner people were they, or what Nation,
Or Gent', or Salvage; nor did he enquier
What place were moſt convenient for a Cryer,
Nor like a ſweet-lipt Oratour did ſteare,
Or tune his language to the peoples eare,
But bold, and rough, yet full of Majeſty,
Lift up his trumpet, and began to crie,
« When forty times Don Phœbus ſhall fulfill
« His Iournall courſe upon the Olympian Hill,
« Then *Nineveh* (the Worlds great wonder) ſhall
« Startle the Worlds foundation with her fall.
The diſmall Prophet ſtands not to admire,
The Cities pompe, or peoples quaint attire,
Nor yet (with fond affection) doth pitie
Th'approaching downfall of ſo brave a Citie,

But

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But dauntleſſe he his dreadfull voyce extends,
Reſpectleſſe, whom this bolder cry offends.
« When forty dayes ſhall be expir'd and runne,
« And that poore Inch of time drawne out and done,
« Then *Niniveh* (the Worlds Imperiall throne)
« Shall not be left a ſtone, upon a ſtone.

Media. 8.

BVt ſtay; Is God like one of us? Can hee
When he hath ſaid it, alter his Decree?
Can he that is the God of Truth, diſpence
With what he vow'd? or offer violence
Vpon his ſacred Iuſtice? Can his minde
Revolt at all, or vary like the winde?
How comes this alteration then, that Hee
Thus limiting th'effect of his Decree
Vpon the expiring date of forty dayes,
He then performes it not? But ſtill delayes
His plagues denounc't, and Iudgment ſtill forbeares,
And ſtead of forty dayes gives many yeares?
Yet forty dayes, and *Nineveh* ſhall periſh?
Yet forty yeares, and *Nineveh* doth flouriſh:
A change in man's infirme, in God 'tis ſtrange;
In God to change his Will, and will a Change,
Are divers things; When hee repents from ill,
He wils a change, he changes not his Will;
The ſubject's chang'd, which ſecret was to us,
But not the minde that did diſpoſe it thus;
Denounced Iudgement God doth oft prevent,
But neither changes counſell, nor intent:
The voyce of heaven doth ſeldome threat perdition
But with expreſſe, or an imply'd condition,

So that, if *Nineveh* returne from ill,
God turnes his hand; he doth not turne his Will.
¶ The ſtint of *Nineveh* was forty dayes,
To change the Byas of her crooked wayes:
To ſome the time is large; To others, ſmall;
To ſome 'tis many yeares; And not at all
To others; Some an houre have, and ſome
Have ſcarce a minute of their time to come:
Thy ſpan of life *(Malſido)* is thy ſpace,
To call for mercy, and to crie for grace,
¶ Lord! what is man, but like a worme that crawles,
Open to danger, every foot that fals?
Death creepes (unheard) and ſteales abroad (unſeen)
Her darts are ſudden, and her arrowes keene,
Vncertaine when, but certaine ſhe will ſtrike,
Reſpecting King and beggar both alike;
The ſtroke is deadly, come it ſoone, or late,
Which once being ſtrucke, repenting's out of date;
Death is a minute, full of ſudden ſorrow:
« Then live to day, as thou mayſt die to morrow.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Ninivites Beleeve the word,
Their hearts returne unto the Lord;
In him they put their onely truſt:
They mourne in Sackcloth, and in duſt.

Sect. 9.

SO ſaid; the *Ninivites* beleev'd the Word,
Beleeved *Ionas*, and beleev'd the Lord,
They made no pauſe, nor jeſted at the newes,
Nor ſlighted it becauſe it was a Iew's

De-

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Denouncement: No, nor did their gazing eyes
(As taken captive with such Novelties)
Admire the strangers garb, so quaint to theirs,
No idle chat possest their itching eares,
The whil'st he spake: nor were their tongues on fier
To raile upon, or interrupt the Cryer,
Nor did they question whether true the message,
Or false the Prophet were that brought th'embassage,
But they gave faith to what he said; relented,
And (changing their mis-wandred wayes) repented;
Before the searching Ayre could coole his Word,
Their hearts returned, and beleev'd the Lord;
And they, whose daintie lips were cloy'd while-ere
With cates, and viands, and with wanton cheare,
Doe now enjoyne their Palats not to taste
The offall bread, (for they proclaim'd a Fast)
And they, whose looser bodies once did lie
Wrapt up in Robes, and Silkes of Princely Dye,
Loe now, in stead of Robes, in rags they mourne,
And all their Silkes doe into Sackcloth turne,
They reade themselves sad Lectures on the ground,
Learning to want, as well as to abound;
The Prince was not exempted, nor the Peere,
Nor yet the richest, nor the poorest there;
The old man was not freed, (whose hoary age
Had even almost outworne his Pilgrimage;)
Nor yet the young, whose Glasse (but new begun)
By course of Nature had an age to runne:
For when that fatall Word came to the King,
(Convay'd with speed, upon the nimble wing
Of flitting fame) he straight dismouts his Throne,
Forsakes his Chaire of State he sate upon,
Disrob'd his body, and his head discrown'd,
In dust and ashes grov'ling on the ground,

And when he rear'd his trembling Corps againe,
(His haire all filthy with the dust he lay in)
He clad in Pensive sack-cloth, did depose
Himselfe from State Imperiall, and chose
To live a Vassall, or a baser thing;
Than to usurpe the Scepter of a King:
(Respectlesse of his pompe) he quite forgate
He was a Monarch, mindelesse of his State,
He neither sought to rule, or be obay'd,
Nor with the sword, nor with the Scepter sway'd.

Meditat. 9.

¶ IS fasting then the thing that God requires?
Can fasting expiate, or slake those fires
That sinne hath blowne to such a mightie flame?
Can Sackcloth clothe a fault? or hide a shame?
Can ashes cleanse thy blot, or purge thy offence?
Or doe thy hands make heaven a recompence,
By strowing dust upon thy briny face?
Are these the tricks to purchase heavenly grace?
No, though thou pine thy selfe with willing want;
Or face looke thinne, or Carkas nere so gaunt,
Although thou worser weeds than sackcloth weare:
Or naked goe, or sleepe in shirts of haire,
Or though thou chuse an ash-tub for thy bed,
Or make a daily dunghill on thy head,
Thy labour is not poys'd with equall gaines,
For thou hast nought but labour for thy paines;
Such holy madnesse God rejects, and loathes,
That sinkes no deeper than the skin, or clothes;
'Tis not thine eyes which (taught to weepe by art)
Looke red with teares (not guilty of thy heart)

'Tis

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'Tis not the holding of thy hands so high,
Nor yet the purer squinting of thine eye;
'Tis not your mimick mouthes, your antick faces,
Your Scripture phrases, or affected Graces,
Nor prodigall up-banding of thine eyes,
Whose gathfull bals doe seeme to pelt the skies;
'Tis not the strickt reforming of your haire
So close, that all the neighbour skull is bare;
'Tis not the drooping of thy head so low,
Nor yet the lowring of thy sullen brow,
Nor wolvish howling that disturbs the aire,
Nor repetitions or your tedious prayer;
No, no, 'tis none of this, that God regards;
Such sort of fooles their owne applause rewards,
Such puppet-plaies, to heaven are strange and quaint,
Their service is unsweet, and foully taint,
Their words fall fruitlesse from their idle braine;
But true repentance runnes in other straine;
Where sad contrition harbours, there the heart
Is truely'acquainted with the secret smart
Of past offences, hates the bosome sin
The most, which most the soule tooke pleasure in;
No crime unsifted, no sinne unpresented
Can lurke unseene; and seene, none unlamented;
The troubled soule's amaz'd with dire aspects
Of lesser sinnes committed, and detects
The wounded Conscience; it cries amaine
For mercy, mercy, cries, and cries againe;
It sadly grieves, and soberly laments,
It yernes for grace, reformes, returnes, repents;
I, this is incense, whose accepted savour
Mounts up the heavenly Throne, & findeth favour;
I, this is it, whose valour never failes:
With God it stoutly wrestles and prevailes:

I,

I; this is it, that pearces heaven above,
Never returning home (like *Noahs* Dove)
But brings an Olive leafe, or some increase,
That workes salvation, and Eternall Peace.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Prince and people fasts and prayes;
God heard, accepted, lik'd their wayes:
Upon their timely true repentance,
God reverst, and chang'd his sentence.

Sect. 10.

THen suddenly, with holy zeale inflam'd,
He caus'd a generall Act to be proclam'd,
By sage advice, and counsell of his Peeres;
"Let neither man, nor childe, of youth, or yeares,
"From greatest in the Citie, to the Least,
"Nor Herd, nor pining Flocke, nor hungry beast,
"Nor any thing that draweth ayre or breath,
"On forfeiture of life or present death,
"Presume to taste of nourishment, or food,
"Or move their hungry lips to chew the cud;
"From out their eyes let Springs of water burst,
"With teares (or nothing) let them slake their thirst:
"More o'r, let every man (what ere he bee)
"Of higher qualitie, or low degree,
"D'off all they weare (excepting but the same
"That nature craves, and that which covers shame)
"Their nakednesse with sackcloth let them hide,
"And mue the vest'ments of their Silken pride;
"And let the brave cariering Horse of Warre,
"(Whose rich Caparisons, and trappings are
"The glorious Wardrobe of a Victors show)
"Let him disrobe, and put on sackcloth too;

The

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« The Oxe (ordain'd for yoke) the Asse (for load)
« The Horse (as well for race, as for the roade)
« The burthen-bearing Camell (strong and great)
« The fruitfull Kine, and every kinde of Neate,
« Let all put sackcloth on, and spare no voyce,
« But crie aloud to heaven with mightie noyse;
« Let all men turne the byas of their wayes,
« And change their fiercer hands to force of praise:
« For who can tell, if God (whose angry face
« Hath long beene waining from us) will embrace
« This slender pittance of our best indeavour?
« Who knowes, if God will his intent persever?
« Or who can tell, if he (whose tender love
« Transcends his sharper Iustice) will remove
« And change his high Decree, and turn his sentence
« Vpon a timely and unfain'd repentance?
« And who can tell, if heaven will change the Lot,
« That we, and ours may live, and perish not?

So God perceiv'd their works, and saw their waies,
Approv'd the faith, that in their workes did blaze,
Approv'd their workes, approv'd their works the ra-
Becausse their faith & works wet both together: (ther
He saw their faith, becausse their faith abounded,
He saw their works, becausse on faith they grounded;
He saw their faith, their workes, and so relented,
H'approv'd their works, their faith, and so repented;
Repented of the plagues they apprehended;
Repented of the evill, that he intended:
So God the vengeance of his hand with-drew,
He tooke no forfeiture, although 'twere due;
The evill, that once he meant he now forgot,
Cancell'd the forfeit bond, and did it not.

Meditat. 10.

¶ SEe, into what an ebbe of low estate
The soule that seekes to bee regenerate,
Must first descend; before the ball rebound,
It must be throwne with force against the ground;
The seed increases not in fruitfull eares,
Nor can she reare the goodly stalke she beares,
Vnlesse bestrow'd upon a mould of earth,
And made more glorious by a second birth:
So man, before his wisedome can bring forth
The brave exploits of truly noble worth,
Or hope the granting of his sinnes remission,
He must be humbled first in sad contrition.
The plant (through want of skill, or by neglect)
If it be planted from the Sunnes reflect,
Or lacke the dew of seasonable showres,
Decayes, and beareth neither fruit nor flowres:
So wretched Man, if his repentance hath
No quickning Sun-shine of a lively Faith,
Or not bedew'd with showres of timely teares,
Or workes of mercy, (wherein Faith appeares)
His prayers and deeds, and all his forced groanes,
Are like the howles of dogs, and workes of Drones.
The wise Chirurgion, first (by letting blood)
Weakens his Patient ere he does him good;
Before the soule can a true comfort finde,
The body must be prostrate, and the minde
Truely repentive and contrite within,
And loath the fawning of a bosome sinne.
But Lord! Can Man deserve? Or can his best
Doe Iustice equall right, which he transgrest?

When

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When Dust and Ashes mortally offends,
Can Dust and Ashes make eternall mends?
Is Heaven unjust? Must not the recompence
Be full equivalent to the offence?
What mends by mortall Man can then be given
To the offended Majestie of Heaven?
O Mercy! Mercy! on thee my Soule relies,
On thee wee build our Faith, we bend our eyes;
Thou fill'st my emptie straine, thou fill'st my tongue;
Thou art the subject of my Swan-like song;
Like pinion'd prisoners at the dying tree,
Our lingring hopes attend and wait on thee,
(Arraign'd at Iustice barre) prevent our doome;
To thee with joyfull hearts we cheerly come;
Thou art our Clergy; Thou that dearest Booke,
Wherein our fainting eyes desire to looke;
In thee we trust to reade (what will release us)
In bloody Characters, that name of IESVS,
¶ What shall we then returne the God of Heaven?
Where nothing is (Lord) nothing can be given;
Our soules, our bodies, strength, and all our pow'rs,
(Alas!) were all too little, were they ours.
Or shall wee burne (untill our life expires)
An endlesse Sacrifice in Holy fires?
¶ My Sacrifice shall bee my HEART intire;
My Christ the Altar, and my Zeale the Fire.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Prophet discontented prayes
To God, that he would end his dayes;
God blames his wrath so unrepressed,
Reproves his unadvis'd requests.

sect. II.

BVt this displeasing was in *Ionah's* eyes,
His heart grew hot, his blood began to rise;
His eyes did sparkle, and his teeth struck fire,
His veines did boyle, his heart was full of ire:
At last brake forth into a strange requeſt,
These words he pray'd, and mumbled out the rest;
"Was not, O was not this my thought (O Lord)
"Before I fled? Nay, was not this my word,
"The very word, my jealous language vented,
"When this mis-hap might wel have bin prevented?
"Was there, O was there not a just suspect,
"My Preaching would procure this effect?
"For Lord, I knew of old, thy tender love; (move
"I knew the pow'r, thou gav'st my tongue, would
"Their Adamantine hearts; I knew 'twould thaw
"Their frozen spirits, and breed relenting awe;
"I knew (great God) upon their true repentance,
"That thou determin'dst to reverse thy sentence;
"For well I knew, thou wert a gracious God,
"Of long forbearance, slow to use thy Rod;
"I knew, the power of thy mercies bent
"The strength of all thy other workes outwent;
"I knew thy tender kindnesse, and how loath
"Thou wert to punish, and how slow to wrath;

Turning

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« Turning thy Iudgments, and thy plagues preuéting,
« Thy minde reuerſing, and of euill repenting :
« Therefore (O therefore) upon this perſwaſion,
« I fled to *Tarſhiſh*, there to make evaſion,
« To ſave thy credit (Lord) to ſave mine owne :
« For when this blaſt of zeale is over-blowne,
« And ſackcloth left, and they ſurceaſe to mourne,
« When they (like dogs) ſhall to their vomit turne,
« They'll vilipend thy Sacred Word, and ſcoffe it,
« Saying, Was that a God, or this a Prophet ?
« They'l ſcorn thy judgméts, & thy threats deſpiſe,
« And call thy Prophets, Meſſengers of lies.
« Now therefore (Lord) bow down attentive eare,
« (For ah my burthen's more than fleſh can beare)
« Make ſpeed (O Lord) and baniſh all delayes,
« T'extinguiſh now the Taper of my dayes :
« Let not the minutes of my time extend,
« But let my wretched houres finde an end;
« Let not my fainting ſpirits longer ſtay
« In this fraile Manſion of diſtempered clay :
« The thred's but weake my life depends upon,
« O, cut that thred, and let my life be done ;
« My breſt ſtands faire, ſtrike then, and ſtrike againe,
« For nought but dying can aſſwage my paine :
« O may I rather dye, then live in ſhame;
« Better it is to leave, and yeeld the Game,
« Than toyle for what, at length muſt needs be loſt;
« O, kill me, for my heart is ſore imboſt :
« This latter boone unto thy ſervant give;
« For better 'tis for me to dye than live.
So wretched *Ionah* : but *Iehovah* thus;
« What boot's it ſo to ſtorme outragious :
« Becomes it thus my ſervants heart to ſwell :
« Can anger helpe thee *Ionah* ? doſt thou well ?

Meditat.

Meditat. 11.

HOw poor a thing is man! How vain's his minde!
How ſtrage, how baſe! & wav'ring like the wind!
How uncouth are his wayes! how full of danger!
How to himſelfe, is he himſelfe a ſtranger!
His heart's corrupt, and all his thoughts are vaine,
His actions ſinfull, and his words prophane,
His will's deprav'd, his ſenſes are beguil'd,
His reaſon's darke, his members all defil'd,
His haſty feet are ſwift, and prone to ill,
His guilty hands are ever bent to kill,
His tongue's a ſpunge of venome, (or of worſe)
Her practice is to ſweare, his skill to curſe;
His eyes are fierbals of luſtfull fire,
And outward helps to inward foule deſire,
His body is a well-erected ſtation,
But full of folly and corrupted paſſion:
Fond love; and raging luſt; and fooliſh feares;
Griefes over-whelmed with immoderate teares;
Exceſſive joy; prodigious deſire;
Vnholy anger, red and hot as fire;
Theſe daily clog the ſoule that's faſt in priſon,
From whoſe encreaſe this luckleſſe brood is riſen;
Reſpectleſſe pride, and luſtfull idleneſſe,
Baſe ribbald talke, and loathſom drunkenneſſe,
Faithleſſe Deſpaire, and vaine Curioſitie;
Both falſe, yet double-tongu'd Hypocriſie;
Soft flattery, and haughty-ey'd Ambition;
Heart-gnawing Hatred, and ſquint-ey'd Suſpition,
Selfe-eating Envy, envious Detraction,
Hopeleſſe diſtruſt, and too too ſad Dejection;
Revengefull Malice, helliſh Blaſphemy,
Idolatry, and light Inconſtancy;

Daring

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Daring Presumption, wry-mouth'd Derision,
Damned Apostasie, Fond Superstition,
¶ What heedfull watch? Ah what continuall ward?
How great respect, and hourely regard,
Stands man in hand to have; when such a brood
Of furious hell-hounds seeke to suck his blood?
Day, night, and hower, they rebell, and wrastle,
And never cease, till they subdue the Castle.
¶ How slight a thing is man? how fraile and brittle?
How seeming great is hee? how truly little?
Within the bosome of his holiest workes,
Some hidden Embers of old *Adam* lurkes,
Which oftentimes in men of purest wayes,
Burst out in flame, and for a season blaze.
¶ Lord, teach our hearts, & give our soules directions,
Subdue our passions, curbe our stout affections,
Nip thou the bud, before the bloome begins:
Lord, shield thy servants from presumptuous sins.

THE ARGVMENT.

A Booth for shelter Jonah *made;*
God sent a Gourd for better shade;
But by the next approaching light,
God sent a Worme consum'd it quite.

Sect. 12.

SO *Jonah* (sore oppreſt, and heavy-hearted)
From out the Cities circuit straight departed,
Departed to the Easterne borders of it,
Where sicke with anguish sate this sullen Prophet;
He built a Booth, and in the Booth he sate,
Vntill some few dayes had expir'd their date

With over-tedious pace) where he might see,
What would betide to threatned *Niniveh*.
A trunke that wanteth sap, is soone decai'd;
The slender booth of boughes and branches made,
Soone yeelding to the Sunnes consuming Ray,
Crumbled to dust, and early dry'd away:
Whereat the great *Iehovah* spake the word,
And over *Ionah*'s head there sprang a Gourd,
Whose roots were fixt within the quickning earth,
Which gave it nourishment, as well as birth;
God raised up a Goord, a Goord should last,
Let winde, or scorching Sun, or blow or blast:
As Coales of fire rak'd up in embers lie,
Obscure, and undiscerned by the eye;
But being stirr'd, regaine a glimm'ring light,
Revive, and glow, burning afresh and bright;
So *Ionah* 'gan to cheare through this reliefe,
And joyfull was, devoyded all his griefe;
He joy'd to see that God had not forgot
His drooping servant, and forsooke him not;
He joy'd, in hope the Gourd strange wonder will
Perswade the people, hee's a Prophet still;
The fresh aspect did much refresh his sight;
The herball savour gave his sense delight;
Thus *Ionah* much delighted in his Gourd,
Enjoy'd the pleasures that it did afford.
But, Lord! what earthly thing can long remaine?
How momentany are they! and how vaine!
How vaine is earth, that man's delighted in it!
Her pleasures rifle, and vanish in a minit:
How fleeting are the joyes, we finde below,
Whose tides (uncertaine) oftner ebbe than flow!
For see! this Goord (that was so faire and sound)
Is quite consum'd and eaten to the ground;

No

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No sooner *Titan* had up-heav'd his head,
From off the pillow of his Saffron bed,
But heav'n prepar'd a silly, silly worme,
(Perchance brought thither by an Easterne stoirme)
The worme that must obey; and well knew how,
Consum'd the Gourd, nor left it root, nor bough;
Consum'd it straight within a minutes space,
Left nought, but (sleeping) *Ionas* in the place.

Meditat. 12.

¶ THe pleasures of the world, (which soon abate)
Are lively Emblemes of our owne estate,
Which, (like a Banquet at a Fun'rall show)
But sweeten griefe, and serve to flatter woe.
¶ Pleasure is fleetting still, and makes no stay,
It lends a smile or twaine, and steales away:
¶ Mans life is fickle, full of winged haste,
It mockes the sense with joy, and soone does waste:
¶ Pleasure does crowne thy youth, and luls thy wats;
But (sullen age approaching) straight avaunts:
¶ Mans life is joy, and sorrow seekes to banish,
It doth lament and mourne in age, and vanish.
¶ The time of pleasure's like the life of Man;
Both joyfull, both contained in a span;
Both highly priz'd, and both on sudden lost,
When most we trust them, they deceive us most;
What fit of madnesse makes us love them thus?
We leave our lives, and pleasure leaveth us:
Why, what is pleasure? But a golden dreame,
Which (waking) makes our wants the more extreme?
And what is Life: A bubble full of care,
Which (prickt by death) straight empties into ayre:

The flowres (clad in farre more rich aray,
Than e're was *Salomon*) doe soone decay;
What thing more sweet, or fairer than a flowre?
And yet it bloomes and fades within an houre;
What greater pleasure than a rising Sunne?
Yet is this pleasure every evening done:
But thou art heyre to *Crœsus*, and thy treasure
Being great and endlesse, endlesse is thy pleasure;
But thou (thou *Crœsus* heyre) consider must,
Thy wealth, and thou, came from, and goes to dust;
Another's noble, and his name is great,
And takes his place upon a lofty seat;
True 'tis, but yet his many wants are such,
That better 'twere he were not knowne so much.
Another bindes his soule in *Hymens* knot,
His Spouse is chaste, unblemist with a spot,
But yet his comfort is bedasht, and done,
His grounds are stockt, and now he wants a sonne.
¶ How fickle and unconstant's Mans estate!
Man fain would have, but then he knowes not what;
And having, rightly knowes not how to prize it,
But like that foolish Dunghill-Cock, imployes it;
But who desires to live a life content,
Wherein his Cruse of joy shall ne'r be spent,
With fierce pursuit let him that good desire,
Whose date no change, no fortune can expire.
For that's not worth the craving to obtaine
A happinesse that must be lost againe;
Nor that, which most doe covet most, is best;
Best are the goods, mixt with contented rest;
Gaspe not for honour, wish no blazing glory,
For these will perish in an ages story;
Nor yet for power; power may be carv'd
To fooles, as well as thee, that hast deserv'd.

Thirst

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Thirſt not for Lands nor Money; wiſh for none,
For wealth is neither laſting, nor our owne:
Riches are faire inticements to deceive us;
They flatter, while we live, and dying, leave us.

THE ARGVMENT.

Jonas deſires to die, the Lord
Rebukes him, he maintaines his word,
His anger hee doth juſtifie,
God pleads the cauſe for Nineve.

Sect. 13.

VVHen ruddy *Phœbus* had with morning light
Subdu'd the Eaſt, and put the ſtars to flight,
Heav'ns hand prepar'd a fervent Eaſterne winde,
Whoſe drought together with the Sunne combin'd,
The one as billowes blowing t'others fire,
With ſtrong united force, did both conſpire
To make aſſault upon the fainting head
Of helpleſſe *Ionah*, that was welnigh dead,
Who turning oft, and toſſing to and fro,
(As they that are in torments uſe to doe)
And (reſtleſſe) finding no ſucceſſe of eaſe,
But rather that his tortures ſtill increaſe;
His ſecret paſſion to his ſoule betraid,
Craving no ſweeter boone than death, and ſaid,
« O kill me (Lord) or loe my heart will rive,
« For better 'tis for me to dye than live.
So ſaid, the Lord did interrupt his Paſſion,
And ſaid, « How now, is this a ſeemely faſhion!
« Doth it become my ſervant's heart to ſwell?
« Can anger help thee? *Ionah*, doſt thou well?

« Is this a fit ſpeech ? or a well-plac'd word ?
« What, art thou angry (*Ionah*) for a Gourd ?
« What if th'Arabians with their ruder traine,
« Had kill'd thine Oxen, and thy Cattell ſlaine ?
« What if conſuming fier (falne from heaven)
« Had all thy ſervants of their lives bereaven,
« And burnt thy ſheep ? What, if by ſtrong oppreſſiõ
« The Chaldees had uſurp'd unjuſt poſſeſſion
« Vpon thy Camels ? Or had *Boreas* blowne
« His full-mouth'd blaſt, and caſt thy houſes downe,
« And ſlaine thy ſonnes amid their jollities ?
« Or hadſt thou loſt thy Vineyard full of trees ?
« Hadſt thou bin raviſh't of thine onely Sheepe,
« That in thy tender boſome us'd to ſleepe ?
« How would thy haſty ſpirit then beene ſtirr'd,
« If thou art angry, *Ionah*, for a Gourd ?
To which, thus *Ionah* vents his idle breath,
« Lord, I doe well to vexe unto the death;
« I bluſh not to acknowledge, and proteſſe
« Deſerved rage, I'm angry, I confeſſe;
« 'Twould make a ſpirit that is thorow frozen
« To blaze like flaming pitch, and fry like Rozen :
« Why doſt thou aske that thing that thou canſt tell ?
« Thou know'ſt I'm angry', and it beſeemes me well ?
So ſaid; the Lord to *Ionah* thus reſpake;
« Doſt thou bemoane, and ſuch compaſſion take
« Vpon a Gourd, whoſe ſeed thou did not ſow,
« Nor mov'd thy buſie hands to make it grow,
« Whoſe beauty, ſmall; and value was but ſlight,
« Which ſprang, as alſo periſht in a night ?
« Hadſt thou (O duſt and aſhes) ſuch a care
« Such in-bred pitty, 'a trifling plant to ſpare ?
« Hadſt thou, (O hard and incompaſſionate,
« To wiſh the razing of ſo brave a State)

Hadſt

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Hadſt thou (I ſay) compaſſion to bewaile
The extirpation of a Gourd ſo fraile?
And ſhall not I (that am the Lord of Lords)
Whoſe Fountaine's never dry, but ſtill affoords
Sweet ſtreames of mercy, with a freſh ſupply,
To thoſe that thirſt for grace: What ſhall not I,
That am the God of mercy, and have ſworne
To pardon ſinners, whenſoe're they turne?
(I ſay) ſhall I diſclaime my wonted pitie,
And bring to ruine ſuch a goodly City,
Whoſe hearts (ſo truly penitent) implore me,
Who day and night powre forth their ſoules before me?
Shall I deſtroy the mighty *Niniveh*,
Whoſe people are like ſands about the Sea?
'Mong which are ſixſcore thouſand Babes (at leaſt)
That hang upon their tender Mothers breaſt,
Whoſe pretty ſmiles could never yet deſcry
The deare affection of their mothers eye?
Shall I ſubvert, and bring to deſolation
A City, (Nay, more aptly term'd a Nation) might?
Whoſe wals boaſt leſſe their beauty than their
Whoſe hearts are ſorrowfull, and ſoules contrite?
Whoſe Infants are in number ſo amounting?
And beaſts, and cattell endleſſe without counting?
What, *Ionah*, ſhall a Gourd ſo move thy pity?
And ſhall not I ſpare ſuch a goodly City?

Meditatio ultima.

MY heart is full, my vent is too too ſtrait;
My tongue's too truſty to my poore conceit;
My minde's in labour, and findes no redreſſe;
My heart conceives, my lips cannot expreſſe;

My Organs ſuffer, through a maine defect;
Alas! I want a proper Dialect,
To blazon forth the tythe of what I muſe;
The more I meditate, the more accrewes;
But loe, my faultring tongue muſt ſay no more,
Vnleſſe ſhe ſtep where ſhe hath trod before.
What? ſhall I then be ſilent? No, Ile ſpeake
(Till tongue be tyred, and my lungs be weake)
Of deareſt mercy, in as ſweet a ſtraine,
As it ſhould pleaſe my Muſe to lend a vaine;
And when my voyce ſhall ſtop within her ſourſe,
And ſpeech ſhall faulter in this high Diſcourſe,
My tyred tongue (unſham'd) ſhall thus extend
Onely to name, Deare Mercy, and ſo end.
¶ O high Imperiall King, heavens Architect!
Is Mana thing befitting thy reſpect?
Lord, thou art Wiſedome, and thy wayes are holy,
But Man's polluted, full of filth, and folly;
Yet is he (Lord) the fabrick of thy hand,
And in his Soule he beares thy glorious Brand;
How e'r defaced with the ruſt of Sin,
Which hath abus'd thy ſtampe, and eaten in;
'Tis not the frailty of Mans corrupted nature,
Makes thee aſham'd t'acknowledge Man thy Crea-
But like a tender Father, here on earth, (ture;
(Whoſe Childe by nature, or abortive birth,
Doth want that ſweet and favourable reliſh,
Wherewith her creatures, Nature doth imbeliſh)
Reſpects him ne'rtheleſſe; even ſo thy Grace
(Great God) extends to Man; though ſinne deface
The glorious pourtraiture that man doth beare,
Whereby he loath'd and ugly doth appeare,
Yet thou, (within whoſe tender bowels are
Deepe gulfes of Mercy, ſweet beyond compare)
Regard'ſt

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Regard'st, and lov'st (with rev'rence be it said)
Nay seem'st to dote on Man; when hee hath straid,
Lord, thou hast brought him to his fold againe;
When he was lost, thou didst not then disdaine
To thinke upon a vagabond, and give
Thy dearest Sonne to dye, that we might live.
How poore a mite art thou content withall,
That man might scape his down-approching fall?
Though base we are, yet thou dost not abhorre us,
But (as our Story speakes) art pleading for us,
To save us harmeleſſe from our Foe-mans jawes;
Art thou turn'd Oratour to pleade our cause?
¶ How are thy Mercies full of admiration!
How soveraigne? how sweet's their application!
Fatning the Soule with sweetnesse, and repairing
The rotten ruines of a Soule despairing.
¶ Lo here (*Malfido*) is a Feast prepar'd;
Fall to with courage, and let nought be spar'd;
Taste freely of it, Here's no Misers Feast;
Eate what thou canst, and pocket up the rest:
These precious Viands are Restoratie,
Eate then; and if the sweetnesse make thee drie,
Drinke large Carouses out of Mercies Cup,
The best lyes in the bottome, Drinke all up:
These Cates are sweet Ambrosia to thy Soule,
And that which fils the brim of Mercies bowle
Is dainty Nectar; eate and drinke thy fill;
Spare not the one, nor yet the other spill;
Provide in time: Thy banquet is begun,
Lay up in store against the Feast be done:
For loe, the time of banquetting is short,
And once being done, the world cannot restor't;
It is a feast of Mercy, and of Grace;
It is a Feast for all, or high, or base:

A feast for him that begs upon the way,
As well for him that does the Scepter sway;
A feast for him that howerly bemoanes
His deareſt ſins, with ſighs, and teares, and groanes;
A feaſt for him, whoſe gentle heart reformes;
A feaſt for Men; and ſo a *Feaſt for Wormes.*

¶ "Deare liefeſt Lord, that feaſt'ſt the World with grace,
"Extend thy bounteous hand, thy glorious face:
"Bid joyfull welcome to thy hungry gueſt,
"That we may praiſe the Maſter of the Feaſt;
"And in thy mercy grant this boone to mee.
"That I may die to ſinne, and live to thee.

FINIS.

S. AMBROSE.
Miſericordia eſt plenitudo omnium virtutum.

THE GENERALL USE of this *Hiſtorie*.

¶ WHen as the ancient world did all imbarke
Within the compaſſe of good *Noahs* Arke,
Forth to the new-waſht earth a Dove was ſent,
Who in her mouth return'd an Olive plant,
Which in a ſilent language this related:
How that the waters were at length abated.
Thoſe ſwelling waters is the wrath of God,
And like the Dove, are Prophets ſent abroad;
The Olive-leafe's a joyfull Type of peace,
A faithfull ſigne Gods vengeance doth decreaſe;

They

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They ſalve the wounded heart, and make it whole,
They bring glad tydings to the drooping ſoule,
Proclaiming grace to them that thirſt for Grace,
Mercy to thoſe that Mercy will embrace.
¶ *Malfido*, thou, in whoſe diſtruſtfull breſt
Deſpaire hath brought in ſticks to build her neſt,
Where ſhe may ſafely lodge her luckleſſe brood,
To feed upon thy heart and ſucke thy blood,
Beware betimes, leſt cuſtome and permiſſion
Preſcribe a Title, and ſo claime poſſeſſion.
¶ Deſpairing man, whoſe burthen makes thee ſtoope
Vnder the terrour of thy ſinnes, and droope
Through dull deſpaire, whoſe too too ſullen griefe
Makes heav'n unable to apply reliefe; (chaines;
Whoſe eares are dull'd with noyſe of whips and
And yels of damned ſoules, through tort'red paines,
Come here, and rouze thy ſelfe, unſeele thoſe eyes,
Which ſad Deſpaire clos'd up; Ariſe, Ariſe,
And goe to *Niniveh* the worlds great Palace,
Earths mighty wonder, and behold the Ballace,
Aud burthen of her bulke, is nought but ſin,
Which (wilfull) ſhe commits, and wallowes in;
Behold her Images, her fornications,
Her crying ſinnes, her vile abominations;
Behold the guiltleſſe blood that ſhe did ſpill,
Like Spring-tides in the ſtreets, and reeking ſtill:
Behold her ſcorching luſts, and taint deſier
Like ſulph'rous *Ætna*, blaze, and blaze up higher;
She rapes, and rends, and theeves, and there is none
Can juſtly call the thing he hath, his owne;
That ſacred Name of GOD, that Name of wonder,
In ſtead of worſhipping, ſhee teares in ſunder,
Shee's not inthrall'd to this Sin, or another,
But like a Leper's all infected over;

Not

Nor onely sinfull, but in sinnes subjection,
Shee's not infected, but a meere infection.
No sooner had the Prophet (Heav'ns great Spy)
Begun an onset to his lowder Cry,
But she repented, sigh'd, and wept, and tore
Her curious haire, and garments that she wore,
She sate in ashes, and with sackcloth clad her,
All drencht in brine, that griefe cannot be sadder;
She cals a Fast, proclames a prohibition
To man and beast, (sad tokens of contrition)
No sooner pray'd, but heard; No sooner groan'd,
But pitied; No sooner griev'd but moan'd;
Timely Repentance speedy grace procur'd,
The sore that's salv'd in time, is eas'ly cur'd:
No sooner had her trickling teares ore-flowne,
Her blubber'd cheekes, but heav'n was apt to mone
Her pensive heart, wip't her suffused eyes,
And gently strok'd her cheekes, and bid her rise;
No faults were seene, as if no fault had bin,
Deare Mercy made a Quittance for her sin.
¶ *Malfido*, rouze thy leaden spirit, bestirre thee;
Hold up thy drowsie head, here's comfort for thee:
What if thy zeale be frozen hard? What then?
Thy Saviours blood will thaw thy frost agen:
Thy pray'rs, that should be fervent, hot as fier,
Proceed but coldly from a dull desier;
What then? Grieve inly, but doe not dismay. (pray:
Who heares thy pray'rs, will give thee strength to
Though left a while, thou art not quite giv'n ore,
« Where Sin abounds, there Grace aboundeth more:
This, this is all the good that I can doe thee.
To ease thy griefe I here commend unto thee,
A little booke, but a great Mysterie,
A great delight, A little History;

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A little branch slipt from a saving tree,
But bearing fruit as great, as great mought bee;
A small abridgement of thy Lords great love;
A message sent from heaven by a Dove:
It is a heavenly Lecture, that relates
To Princes, Pastors, People, all Estates
Their sev'rall duties.
¶ Peruse it well, and binde it to thy breast,
There rests the Cause of thy defect of rest:
But reade it often, or else reade it not:
Once read is not observ'd, and soone forgot,
Nor is't enough to reade, but understand,
Or else thy tongue for want of wit's prophan'd,
Nor is't enough to purchase knowledge by it,
Salve heales no sore, unlesse the party apply it;
Apply it then, which if thy flesh restraines,
Strive what thou canst, and pray for what remaines.

The particular Application,

¶ THou then that art oppress with sad Despaire,
Here shalt thou see the strong effect of pray'r:
Then pray with faith, and (fervent) without ceasing
(Like *Jacob*) wrestle, till thou get a blessing.
¶ Here shalt thou see the type of Christ thy Saviour;
Then let thy suits be through his name and favour.
¶ Here shalt thou finde repentance and true griefe
Of sinners like thy selfe, and their beliefe;
Then suit thy griefe to theirs, and let thy soule
Cry mightily, untill her wounds be whole.
Here shalt thou see the meeknesse of thy God,
Who on Repentance turnes, and burnes the Rod;
Repents of what he purpos'd, and is sorry;
Here may ye heare him stoutly pleading for ye:

Then

Then thus shall be thy meed, if thou repent,
In stead of plagues and direfull punishment,
Thou shalt finde mercy, love, and Heav'ns applause,
And God of heav'n (himselfe) will pleade thy cause.
¶ Here hast thou then compil'd within this treasure,
First, the Almighties high and just displeasure
Against foule sinne, and such as sinfull bee,
Or Prince, or poore, or high, or low degree.
¶ Here is descry'd the beaten Road to Faith:
¶ Here maist thou see the force that Preaching hath,
¶ Here is describ'd in (briefe but) full expression,
The nature of a Convert, and his passion:
His sober diet, which is thin and spare;
His cloathing, which is Sackcloth; and his Prayre
Not faintly sent to heaven, nor sparingly,
But piercing, fervent, and a mighty cry:
¶ Here maist thou see how Pray'r, and true repentãce
Doe strive with God, prevaile, and turne his sentence
From strokes to stroking, and from plagues infernall,
To boundlesse Mercies, and to life Eternall.
¶ Till *Zephyr* lend my Barke a second Gale,
I slip mine Anchor, and I strike my Saile.

FINIS.

O dulcis Salvator Mundi! ultima verba quæ tu dixisti in Cruce, sint ultima mea verba in Luce; & quando amplius effari non possem, exaudi tu cordis mei desiderium.

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A HYMNE *to* GOD.

WHo gives me then an Adamantine quill?
A marble tablet? And a *Davids* skill?
To blazon forth the praise of my deare Lord
In deepe-grav'n Characters, upon record
To last for times eternall processe, suer,
So long, as Sunne, and Moone, and Starres indure:
Had I as many mouthes, as sands there are,
Had I a nimble tongue for every Starre,
And every word I speake, a Character,
And every minutes time ten Ages were,
To chaunt forth all thy praise it no'te availe,
For tongues, and words, and time & all would faile:
Much lesse can I, poore weakling, tune my tongue,
To take a taske befits an Angels sung;
Sing what thou canst, when thou canst sing no more,
Weepe then as fast, that thou canst sing no more,
Beblurre thy booke with teares, and goe thy wayes,
For every blurre will prove a hooke of praise.
Thine eye that viewes the moving Spheares above,
Let it give praise to him that makes them move:
Thou riches hast; Thy *hãds* that hold, and have them,
Let them give praise to him, that freely gave them:
Thine *armes* defend thee; then for recompence,
Let them praise him, that gave thee such defence:
Thy *tongue* was given to praise thy Lord, the Giver;
Then, let thy *tongue* praise highest God for ever:
Faith comes by hearing, & thy Faith will save thee;
Thẽ let thine *ears* praise him that hearing gave thee:
Thy heart is begg'd by him whose hãds did make it,
My Sonne, Give me thy heart; *Lord freely take it*:
Eyes, hands, & arms, tongues, eares, & hearts of men
Sing praise, and let the people say, *Amen*.

¶ Tune

¶ Tune you your Instruments, and let them vary,
Praise him upon them in his Sanctuary,
Praise him within the highest Firmament,
Which shewes his Power, and his Government;
Praise him for all his mighty Acts are knowne,
And suit thy praises to his high Renowne;
Praise him with Trump victorious, shrill, & sharpe,
With Psaltry loud, and many stringed Harpe,
With sounding Timbrell, and the warbling Flute,
With (Musicks full Interpreter) the Lute;
Praise him upon the Maiden Virginals,
Vpon the Clerick Organs, and Cymbals,
Vpon the sweet Majestick Vials touch,
Double your joyes, and let your praise be such;
Let all, in whom is life and breath, give praise
To heav'ns eternall GOD, in endlesse dayes;
Let every Soule, to whom a voyce is given,
Sing Holy holy, holy, Lord God of heaven;
For loe, a Lambe is found, that undertooke
To breake the seven-fold-Seale, & ope the BOOKE.
¶ O let my life add number to my dayes,
To shew thy glory, and to sing thy praise;
Let every minute in thy praise be spent,
Let everie head be bare, and knee be bent
To thee (deare Lambe,) Who ere thy praises hide,
Clos'd bee his Lips, and tongue for ever ty'de.

Halelujah.

Gloria DEO in excelsis.

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ELEVEN PIOVS Meditations.

1.

¶ VVIthin the holy Legend I discover
Three special Attributes of God: his *Power*,
His *Iustice*, and his *Mercy*, All uncreated
Eternall all, and all unseparated
From Gods pure Essence, and from thence procee-
All very God, All perfect, All exceeding: (ding;
And from that selfe-same text three names I gather
Of great Iehova; *Lord*, and *God*, and *Father*;
The first denotes him mounted on his Throne,
In Power, Majesty, Dominion;
The second shewes him on his Kingly Bench,
Rewarding Evill with equall punishments;
The third describes him on his Mercie-seat,
Full great in Grace, and in his Mercy great;
¶ All three I worship, and before all three
My heart shall humbly prostrate, with my knee;
But in my private choyce I fancy rather,
Than call him *Lord*, or *God*, to call him *Father*.

2.

¶ IN hell no *Life*, in heaven no *Death* there is,
In earth both *Life* & *Death*, both bale & Blisse;
In heaven's all *Life*, no end, nor new supplying;
In hell's all *Death*, and yet there is no dying;
Earth (like a partiall Ambidexter) doth
Prepare for *Death* or *Life*, prepares for both;

Who lives to sinne, in Hell his portion's given,
Who dyes to sinne, shall after live in Heaven.
¶ Though Earth my *Nurse* be, Heaven, be thou my
Ten thousand deathes let me endure rather (*Father*;
Within my *Nurses* armes, than one to *Thee*;
Earths honour with thy frownes is death to mee:
I live on Earth, as on a *Stage* of sorrow;
Lord, if thou pleasest, end the *Play* to morrow:
I live on Earth as in a Dreame of pleasure,
Awake me when thou wilt, I waite thy leisure:
I live on Earth, but as of life bereaven,
My life's with thee, for (Lord) *thou art in Heaven.*

3.

NOthing that e'r was made was made for nothing,
Beasts for thy food, their *skins* were for thy cloa-
Flowers for thy smel, & *hearbs* for Cure good, (thing
Trees for thy shade, their *Fruit* for pleasing Food:
The *showers* fall upon the fruitfull ground,
Whose kindly *Dew* makes tender *Grasse* abound,
The *Grasse* springs forth for beasts to feed upon,
And *Beasts* are food for *Man*, but *Man* alone
Is made to serve his *Lord* in all his wayes,
And be the Trumpet of his Makers praise.
¶ Let *Heav'n* be then to me obdure as brasse,
The *Earth* as iron, unapt for graine or grasse,
Then let my *Flocks* consume, and never feed mee,
Let pinching *Famine* want wherewith to feed mee,
When I forget to honour thee, (my Lord)
Thy glorious Attributes, thy *Workes*, thy *Word*.
O let the Trump of thine eternall Fame,
Teach us to answer, *Hallow'd be thy Name.*

¶ God

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4.

¶ *God* built the World, and all that therein is
He framed, yet how poore a part is his?
Quarter the Earth, and see, how small a roome
Is stiled with the name of *Christendome*;
The rest (through blinded ignorance) rebels,
O're-runne with *Pagans*, *Turkes*, and *Infidels*;
Nor yet is all this little quarter his,
For (though all know him) halfe know him amisse,
Professing *Christ* for lucre (as they list)
And serve the triple Crowne of *Antichrist*;
Yet is this little handfull much made lesser,
There's many *Libertines*, for one *Professour*:
Nor doe Professors all professe aright,
'Mong whom there often lurkes an *Hypocrite*.
¶ O where, and what's thy Kingdome (blessed God)
Where is thy *Scepter*? where is thine iron *rod*?
Reduce the reck'nings to their totall summe,
O let thy Power, and *thy kingdome come*.

5.

¶ *MAN* in himselfe's a little *World*, alone;
His *Soul's* the *Court*, or high Imperial throne
Wherein as *Empresse* sits the *Understanding*
Gently directing, yet with awe Commanding:
Her Handmaid's *will*: *Affections*, Maids of Honour,
All following close, and duely waiting on her:
But *Sin*, that alwayes envy'd mans Condition,
Within this Kingdome raised up *Division*;

Withdrawne the *Will*, and brib'd the false *Affection*.
That *This*, no order hath; nor *That*, Election;
The *Will* proves Traitor to the *Vnderstanding*;
Reason hath lost her power, and left commanding,
Shee's quite depos'd, and put to foule disgrace,
And Tyrant *Passion* now usurpes her place.
¶ Vouchsafe (Lord) in this little *World* of mine
To raigne, that I may raigne with *Thee* in thine:
And since my will is quite of good bereaven,
Thy will be done in earth, as 'tis in Heaven.

6.

¶ WHo live to sin, are all but *theeves* to heaven
And Earth; They steale frō God, & take unGiven;
Good men they *rob*, & such as live upright,
And (being bastards) share the freemans Right:
They're all as owners, in the owners stead,
And (like to *Dogs*) devoure the childrens bread;
They have, and lack, and want that they possesse,
Vnhappy most, in their most happinesse:
They are not *goods*; but *riches*, that they waste,
And not b'ing goods, to *evils* they turne at last.
¶ (Lord) what I have, let me enjoy in *thee*,
And *thee* in it, or else take it from *mee*;
My *store*, or *want*, make thou, or *fade*, or *flourish*,
So shall my comforts neither change, nor perish.
That little I enjoy, (Lord) make it mine,
In making mee (that am a Sinner) *thine*;
'Tis thou or none, that shall supply my need,
Great God, *Give us this day our daily bread.*

¶ The

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7.

¶THe quick conceited *Schoole-men* doe approve
A difference 'twixt *Charity* and *Love*:
Love is a vertue, whereby we explaine
Our selves to *God*, and God to *us* againe:
But *Charitie's* imparted to our Brother,
Whereby we traffick, *one* man with *another*:
The *first* extends to *God*; The *last* belongs
To *Man*, in giving *right*, and bearing *wrongs*;
In number they are *twaine*, In vertue *one*;
For one not truely being, t'other's none.
¶In loving *God*, if I neglect my *Neighbour*,
My *love* hath lost his proofe, and I my labour:
My *Zeale*, my *Faith* my *Hope*, that never failes me,
(If *Charity* be wanting) nought availes me.
¶(Lord) in my Soule, a spirit of *Love* create me,
And I will love my *Brother*, if he hate me:
In nought but *love*, let me envy my betters;
And then, *Forgive my debts, as I my debters.*

8.

¶I finde a true resemblance in the growth
Of *Sin*, and *Man*; Alike in breeding, both;
The *Soul's* the *Mother*, and the *Devill*, *Syre*;
VVho lusting long in mutuall desier
Enjoy their *Wils*, and joyne in *Copulation*;
The *Seed* that fils her *wombe*, is foule *Tentation*;
The sinnes *Conception*, is the Soules *consent*;
And then it *quickens*, when it breeds *content*;

The birth of *Sin* is finisht in the *action*,
And *Custome* brings it to its full *perfection*.
¶ O let my fruitlesse *Soule* be barren rather,
Then bring forth such a *Childe* for such a *Father*:
Or if my Soule breed *Sinne* (not being wary)
Let not her wombe bring forth, or else *miscarry*;
Shee is thy Spouse (O Lord) doe thou advise her,
Keepe thou her chaste, Let not the *Fiend* intice her;
Try thou my heart; Thy *Tryals* bring *Salvation*,
But *let me not be led into temptation*.

9.

¶ *Fortune* (that blinde supposed Goddesse) is
Still rated at, if ought succeed amisse;
'Tis she (the vaine abuse of Providence)
That beares the *blame*, whe others make th'offence:
When this mans *barne* findes not her wonted *store*,
Fortune's condemn'd, because she sent no more;
If this man dye, or that man live too long,
Fortune's accus'd, and she hath done the wrong;
Ah foolish *Dolts* and (like your *Goddesse*) blinde!
You make the *fault*, and call your *Saint* unkinde;
For when the cause of *Ev'll* begins in *Man*,
Th'effect ensues from whence the cause began;
Then know the reason of thy discontent,
Thy evill of *Sinne*, makes the Ev'll of *punishment*.
¶ (Lord) hold mee up, or spurre me when I fall;
So shall my evill bee *just*, or not *at all*:
Defend me from the *World*, the *Flesh*, the *Devill*,
And so thou shalt *deliver me from Evill*.

¶ The

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10.

¶ THe Priestly *Skirts* of *Aarons* holy Coate
I kisse; and so my morning *Office* devote:
Had never *King*, in any age or Nation,
Such glorious *Robes*, set forth in such a fashion,
With *Gold*, and *Gemmes*, and *Silke* of Princely Dye,
And *Stones* befitting more than *Majesty*:
The Persian *Sophies*, and rich *Shebaes Queene*
Had ne'r the like, nor e'r the like had seene;
Vpon the *Skirts* (in order as they fell)
First, a *Pomegranat* was, and then a *Bell*;
By each *Pomegranat* did a *Bell* appeare;
Many *Pomegranats*, many *Bels* there were;
Pomegranats nourish, *Bels* doe make a *sound*;
As *blessings* fall, *Thanksgiving* must rebound.
¶ If thou wilt clothe my heart with *Aarons* tyer,
My *tongue* shall praise, as well as heart desier.
My *tongue*, and pen, shall dwell upon thy *Story*,
(Great God) *for thine is Kingdome, Power, Glory.*

11.

¶ THe Ancient *Sophists*, that were so precise,
(And oftentimes (perchance) too *curious* nice)
Averre, that *Nature* hath bestow'd on Man,
Three perfect *Soules*: When this I truely scan,
Me thinkes, their *Learning* swath'd in Errour, lyes;
They were not *wise* enough, and yet too *wise*;
Too curious wise, because they mention more
Than *one*; Not wise enough, because not *foure*;
Nature, not *Grace*, is Mistris of their *Schooles*;
Grace counts them *wisest*, that are veriest *Pooles*:

Three *Soules* in man: *Grace* doth a *fourth* allow,
The Soule of *faith*,: but this is *Greeke* to you;
'Tis *Faith* that makes man *truely wise*; 'Tis *Faith*
Makes him poſſeſſe that thing he never hath.
¶ This Glorious ſoule of *Faith* beſtow on me,
(O Lord) or elſe take thou the *other three*:
Faith makes mé *leſſe* than Children, *more* than Men,
It makes the Soule cry *Abba*, and *Amen*.

The End.

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PENTELOGIA.

Mors tua, Mors Christi, Fraus Mundi, Gloria Cœli,
Et Dolor Inferni, sint meditanda tibi.

Thy death, the death of Christ, the worlds temptation,
Heavens joy, hels torment, be thy meditation.

LONDON,

Printed for IOHN MARRIOT.
1634.

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Mors tua.

1.

¶ ME thinkes, I see the nimble-aged *Sire*
Passe swiftly by, with feet unapt to tire;
Vpon his head an *Hower-glasse* he weares,
And in his wrinkled hand a *Sythe* he beares,
(Both *Instruments* to take the lives from *Men*)
Th'one shewes with *what*, the other sheweth *when*.
Me thinkes I heare the dolefull *Passing-bell*,
Setting an *onset* on his louder *knell*;
(This moody musick of impartiall *Death*
Who dances after, dances out of *breath*.)
Me thinkes I see my deerest friends *lament*,
With *sighs*, and *teares*, and woefull *dryriment*,
My tender *Wife*, and *Children* standing by,
Dewing the *Death-bed* whereupon I lie:
Me thinkes, I heare a voyce (in secret) say,
Thy glasse is runne, and thou must die to day.

Mors Christi.

2.

¶ AN dam I here, and my *Redeemer* gone?
Can *He* be dead, and is not *my life* done?
Was he tormented in *excesse* of measure,
And doe *I live* yet? and yet *live* in pleasure?
Alas! could *Sinners* finde out ne'r a *one*,
More fit than *Thee*, for them to spit upon?
Did *thy cheekes* entertaine a *Traytors* lips?
Was thy deare *body* scourg'd and torne with *Whips*?

So

So that the guiltleſſe *blood* came trickling after?
And did thy fainting *browes* ſweat *blood* and *water*?
Wert thou (Lord) hang'd upon the *Curſed Tree*?
O world of griefe! And was all this for *me*?
¶ Burſt forth, my *teares*, into a world of ſorrow,
And let my *nights* of griefe finde ne'r a *morrow*;
Since thou art dead (Lord) grant thy *ſervant* roome,
Within his *heart*, to build thy heart a *Tombe*.

Frame Mundi.

3.

¶ WHat is the *World*? a great *exchange* of ware,
Wherein all *ſorts*, & *ſexes* cheapning are;
The *Fleſh*, the *Devill* fit, and cry, *What lacke yee*?
When moſt they fawne, they moſt intend to rack ye;
The wares, are cups of *Ioy*, and beds of *Pleaſure*;
There's goodly choyce, down-weight, and flowing meaſure;
A ſoul's the *price*, but they give time to pay,
Vpon the *Death-bed*, on the dying *day*.
¶ Hard is the bargaine, and unjuſt the *meaſure*,
When as the *price* ſo much out-laſts the *pleaſure*:
The joyes that are on earth, are *counterfaits*;
If ought be true, 'tis this, Th'are true *deceits*:
They flatter, fawne, and (like the *Crocodile*)
Kill where they laugh, and *murther* where they ſmile:
They daily dip within thy *Diſh*, and cry,
Who hath betrai'd thee? Maſter, *Is it I?*

Gloria

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Gloria Cœli.

4.

¶ VVHen I behold, and well adviſe upon
The Wiſemans ſpeech, *There's nought be-neath the Sun,*
But vanitie, my ſoule rebels within,
And loathes the dunghill priſon ſhe is in:
But when I looke to new *Ieruſalem*,
Wherein's reſerv'd my *Crowne*, my *Diadem*,
O what a *Heaven of bliſſe* my Soule enjoyes,
On ſudden wrapt into that heaven of *Ioyes*!
Where (raviſht in the depth of *meditation*)
She well diſcernes, with eye of *contemplation*,
The glory of *God*, in his *Imperiall Seat*,
Full ſtrong in *Might*, in *Majeſtie* compleate,
Where troops of *Powers*, *Vertues*, *Cherubims*,
Angels, *Archangels*, *Saints*, and *Seraphims*,
Are chaunting praiſes to their heavenly King,
Where *Hallelujah* they for ever ſing.

Dolor Inferni.

5.

¶ LEt Poets pleaſe to torture *Tantalus*,
Let griping Vultures gnaw *Prometheus*,
And let poore *Ixion* turne his endleſſe wheele,
Let *Nemeſis* torment with whips of ſteele;
They far come ſhort, t'expreſſe the paines of theſe
That rage in *Hell*, enwrapt in endleſſe woes;
Where *time* no end, and *plagues* find no exemption;
VVhere *cryes* admit no help, nor *place* redemption;

VVhere

Where fier lacks no *flame*, the flame no heat,
To make their *torments* sharpe, and *plagues* cõpleat;
VVhere wretched Soules to *tortures* bound shall be,
Serving a *world of yeares*, and not be *Free*;
VVhere nothing's heard but *yels*, & sudden *cries*;
VVhere *fier* never slakes, nor *Worme* e'r dies:
But where this *Hell* is plac'd (*my Muse*) stop there;
Lord, shew mee *what* it is, but never *where*.

Mors tua.

1.

CAn he be *faire*, that withers at a blast?
Or he be *strong*, that ayery Breath can cast?
Can he be *wise*, that knowes not how to live?
Or he be *rich*, that nothing hath to give?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weake and wan?
So *faire*, *strong*, *wise*, so *rich*, so *young*, *is man*:
So faire is *Man*, that *Death* (a parting Blast)
Blasts, his faire flow'r, and makes him *Earth* at last;
So strong is *Man*, that with a gasping *Breath*
He totters, and bequeathes his strength to *Death*;
So wise is *Man*, that if with *Death* he strive,
His wisedome cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is *Man*, that (all his *Debts* b'ing paid)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid:
So young is *Man*, that (broke with *care* and *sorrow*)
He's old enough to day, to *Dye to morrow*: (long?
VVhy bragg'st thou then, thou *worme* of five-foot
Th'art neither *faire*, nor *strong*, nor *wise*, nor *rich*, nor
(*young*.

Mors

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Mors Christi.

2.

I *Thirst*; and who shall quench this eager *Thirst*?
I grieve; and with my *griefe* my heart will burst;
I grieve, because *I thirst* without reliefe;
I thirst, because my Soule is burnt with *griefe*:
I thirst; and (dry'd with *griefe*) my heart will die;
I grieve, and *thirst* the more, for Sorrow's *dry*:
The more *I grieve*, the more my *thirst* appeares:
Would God I had not griev'd out all my *teares*,
I thirst, and yet my griefes have made a *Floud*;
But *teares* are salt; *I grieve* and *thirst* for *blood*;
I grieve for *blood*, for *blood* must send *reliefe*;
I thirst for *blood*, for *blood* must ease my *griefe*;
I thirst for *sacred* blood of a deare *Lambe*;
I grieve to thinke from *whence* that deare *blood*
'Twas shed for *me*, O let me drinke my *fill*, (came;
Although my *griefe* remaine *entier* still:
O soveraigne pow'r of that Vermillian *Spring*, (*sing*.
Whose vertue, neither *heart* cõceives, nor *tongue* can

Frans Mundi.

3.

I Love the *World* (as Clients love the *Lawes*)
To manage the uprightnesse of my *Cause*;
The *World* loves me, as *Shepheards* doe their *flocks*,
To *rob*, and *spoile* them of their fleecy lockes;
I love the *World* and use it as mine *Inne*,
To baite, and rest my tyred *Carkeise* in:

The

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The *World* loves me: For what? To make her *game*;
For filthy *sinne*, she sels me timely *shame*;
Shee's like the *Basiliske*, by whose sharpe eyes
The living object, first discover'd, dyes;
Forth from her eyes impoysoned beames doe burst;
Dyes like a *Basiliske*, discerned first;
We live at *jarres* as froward Gamesters doe,
Still *guarding*, nor *regarding* others foe;
I love the World *to serue*, my turne, and leave her,
'Tis no *deceit* to *cozen* a *Deceiver*;
She'll not misse me; I, lesse the world shall misse,
To lose a *world* of *griefe*, I enjoy a *world* of *Blisse*.

Gloria Cœli.

EArth stands immov'd, and *fixt*; her situation
Admits no locall *change*, no alteration,
Heaven alwayes *moves*, renewing still his place,
And ever sees us with another *Face*;
Earth standeth *fixt*, yet there I live *oppresst*;
Heaven alway moves, yet there is all my *rest*:
Enlarge thy selfe, my *Soule*, with *meditation*,
Mount there, and there bespeake thy *habitation*;
VVhere *joyes* are full, and pure, not mixt with mour-
All endlesse, and from which is no returning: (ning,
No *theft*, no cruell *murther* harbours there,
No hoary-headed *Care*; no sudden *Feare*,
No pinching want, no (griping-fast) *oppression*,
No *Death* the *stipend* of our first *transgression*:
But dearest *friendship*, *Love*, and lasting *pleasure*,
Still there abides, without or stint, or *measure*;

Fulnesse

Fulneſſe of *Riches*, *comfort* ſempiternall,
Exceſſe without a ſurfetting; And *Life Eternall.*

Dolor Inferni.

5.

THe *Trump* ſhal blow, the *dead* (awak'd) ſhall riſe,
And to the *Clouds* ſhal turn their wõdring *eyes*;
The *heav'ns* ſhal ope, the *Bridegroõ* forth ſhal come,
To *judge* the world, and give the world her *doome*:
Ioy to the *Iuſt*, to others endleſſe *ſmart*;
To *thoſe* the Voyce bids *Come*; to *theſe Depart*;
Depart from *Life*, yet (dying) *live* for *ever*;
For ever *dying* be, and yet *Dye never!*
Depart like *Dogs*, with *Devils* take your lot;
Depart like *Devils*, for *I know you not.*
Like *Dogs*, like *Dovils* goe, Goe howle and barke;
Depart in *darkneſſe*, for your *deeds* were darke;
Let *roaring* be your *Muſicke*, and your *Food*
Be fleſh of *Vipers*, and your drinke, their *blood*;
Let *Fiends* afflict you with *Reproach* and *Shame*.
Depart, *depart* into Eternall *Flame*:
If *Hell* the Guerdion then of *Sinners* bee,
Lord give me *Hell* on earth, (Lord) give me *heav'n*
with thee.

——*vv*——*vv*——*Iam deſine Tibia verſus.*

FINIS.

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83

Hadassa.

Horat. Ode. 6.

Conamur tenues, grandia; nec pudor,
Imbelliſque Lyræ Muſa potens vetat.

By *Fra: Quarles.*

LONDON,

Printed for IOHN MARRIOT.
1634.

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A PREFACE TO THE READER.

A Sober veine best suits Theologie: If therefore thou expectest such Elegancie as takes the times, affect some subject as will beare it. Had I laboured with over-abundance of fictions, or flourishes, perhaps they had exposed mee, censurable, and disprized this sacred subject: Therefore I rest more sparing in that kinde.

Two things I would treate of: First, the *matter*, secondly, the *manner* of this History.

As for the *matter*, (so farre as I have dealt) it is Canonicall, and indited by the holy Spirit of GOD, not lyable to errour, and needs no blanching.

In it, Theologie sits as Queene, attended by her handmaid Philosophy; both concurring to make the understanding Reader a good Divine, and a wise Moralist.

As for the Divinitie; it discovers the Almighty in his two great Attributes; In his Mercy, delivering his Church; in his Iustice, confounding her enemies.

As for the Moralitie; it offers to us the whole practicke part of Philosophy, dealt out into Ethicks, Politicks, and Oeconomicks.

1. The

1. The Ethicall part (the object whereof is the manners of a private man) ranges through the whole booke, and empties it selfe into the Catalogue of Morall vertues, either those that governe the body; as Fortitude, Chap. 9. 2. and Temperance, Chap. 1. 8. or those which direct the soule, either in outward things, as Liberality, Chap. 1. 3. Magnificence, Chap. 1. 6. Magnanimity, Chap. 2. 20. and Modesty, Chap. 6. 12. or in conversation, as Iustice, Chap. 7. 9. Manſuetude, Chap. 5. 2. &c.

2. The Politicall part (the object whereof is publike Societie) instructs, first, in the behaviour of a Prince to his Subject; in punishing his vice, Chap. 7. 10. in rewarding of vertues, Chap. 8. 2. 15. Secondly, in the behaviour of the Subject to his Prince, in observing his Lawes, and discovering his enemies, Chap. 2. 22. Thirdly the behaviour of a Subject to a Subject; in mutuality of love, Chap. 4. 7. in propagation of peace, Chap 10. 3.

3. The Oeconomicall part (the object whereof is private Societie) teacheth, first, the carriage of the Wife, to her Husband: in obeying, Chap. 1. 22. of the Husband to his Wife, in ruling, Chap. 1. 22. Secondly, of a Father to his Childe, in advising, Chap. 2. 7, 10. of a Childe to his Father, in observing, Chap. 2. 20. Thirdly, of a Master to his Servant in commanding,

Chap.

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Chap.4.5. of a Servant to his Master, in effecting his command, Chap.4.6.

Furthermore, in this History the two principall faculties of the soule are (not in vaine) imployed.

First, the Intellect, whose proper object is Truth. Secondly, the Will, whose proper object is good, whether Philosophicall, which the great Master of Philosophy cals Wisedome: or Theologicall, which we point at now, hoping to enjoy hereafter.

Who the Pen-man of this sacred History was, or why the name of God (as in few other parts of the Bible) is unmentioned in this, it is immateriall and doubtfull. For the first, it is enough for an uncurious questioner to know, it was indited by the Spirit of God: for the second, let it suffice, that that Spirit will'd not here to reveale his name.

As for the *Manner* of this history (consisting in the Periphrase, the adjournment of the Story, and interposition of Meditations) I hope it had not injured the Matter: For in this I was not the least carefull, to use the light of the best Expositors, not daring to goe un-led, for feare of stumbling. Some say, Divinitie in Verse is incongruous and unpleasing: such I referre to the *Psalmes of David*, or the song of his sonne *Salomon*, to bee corrected. But in these lewd times, the salt, and soule of a Verse, is

is obscene scurrilitie, without which it seemes dull, and liveleſſe: And though the sacred History needes not (as humane doe) Poetry, to perpetuate the remembrance (being by Gods owne mouth bleſt with Eternitie) yet Verſe (working ſo neare upon the ſoule, and ſpirit) will oft-times draw thoſe to have a Hiſtory in familiaritie, who (perchance) before, ſcarce knew there was ſuch a Booke.

Reader, bee more than my haſty pen ſtiles thee: Reade mee with advice, and thereafter judge me, and in that judgement cenſure mee: If I jangle, thinke my intent thereby, is to toll better Ringers in. Farewell.

THE

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THE INTRODVCTION.

VVHen *Zedechia* (He whose hapleſſe hand
Once held the Scepter of Great Iudahs Land
Went up the Palace of proud Babylon,
(The Prince *Serajah* him attending on,)
A dreadfull Prophet, (from whoſe blaſting breath
Came ſudden death, and nothing elſe but death)
Into *Serajah's* peacefull hand betooke,
The ſad Contents of a more diſmall Booke:
« Break ope the leaves, thoſe leaves ſo full of dread,
« Read (ſonne of thunder) ſaid the Prophet, reade;
« Say thus, ſay freely thus, The Lord hath ſpoke it,
« 'Tis done, the world's unable to revoke it;
« Woe, woe, and heavy woes ten thouſand more,
« Betide great Babylon, that painted whore;
« Thy buildings, and thy fenſive Towers ſhall
« Flame on a ſudden, and to cinders fall,
« None ſhall be left to waile thy griefe with howles:
« Thy ſtreets ſhall peopl'd be with Bats and Owles:
« None ſhall remaine to call thy places void,
« None to poſſeſſe, nor ought to be enjoy'd;
« Nought ſhall be left for thee to terme thine owne,
« But helpleſſe ruines of a hapleſſe Towne:
« Said then the Prophet, When thy language hath
« Empty'd thy Cheeks of this thy borrow'd Breath,
« Cloſe then the Booke, and binde a ſtone unto it,
« That done, into the ſwift Euphrates throw it,
« And let this following ſpeech explane withall
« The Hieroglyphicke of proud Babels fall.
« Thus, thus ſhall Babel, Thus ſhall Babels glory,
« Of her deſtruction leave a Tragicke ſtory:

« Thus

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« Thus, thus ſhall Babell fall, and none relieve her,
« Thus, thus ſhall Babel ſinke, Thus ſinke for ever.
And falne ſhe is. Thus after times made good
That ſacred Propheſie, confirm'd in blood.
Great Royall Dreamer, where is now that thing
Thou ſo much vaunted'ſt of? where ô ſoveraigne King,
Is that great Babel, that was rais'd ſo high,
To ſhew the highneſſe of thy Majeſtie?
Where is thy Royall Off-ſpring to ſucceed
Thy Throne, and to preſerve thy Princely ſeed
Till this time? Sleeping, how couldſt thou foreſee
That thing, which waking thou thought'ſt ne'r would
And thou *Belſhazzar*, (full of youthfull fire, (be!
Vnlucky Grandchilde to a luckleſſe Syre)
On thee the ſacred Oracles attended,
For with thy life great Babels Kingdome ended:
What made thy ſpirit tremble, and thy hayre
Bolt up? What made thee (fainting) gaſpe for ayre?
A ſimple word upon a painted Wall?
What's that to thee? If ought, what harme at all?
Could words affright thee? O prepoſterous wit,
To feare the writing, not the hand that writ!
The Hand that writ, it ſelfe (unſeene) did ſhroud
Within the gloomy boſome of a Cloud;
The hand that writ, was bent, (not bent in vaine)
To part the Kingdome, and the King in twaine,
The Hand that writ, did write the ſentence downe,
And now ſtands armed to depoſe the Crowne;
The hand that writ, did threaten to tranſlate
Thy Kingdome Babel to the Perſian State;
Th'effect whereof did brooke no long delayes,
For when *Belſhazzar* had ſpunne out his dayes,
(Soone cut by that Avengers fatall knife)
Proud *Babels* Empire ended with his life.

As

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As when that rare Arabian Bird doth reſt
Her bedrid carkaſe in her Spicy neſt,
The quick-devouring fire of heaven conſumes
The willing ſacrifice in ſweet perfumes,
From whoſe ſad cinders (balm'd in fun'rall ſpices)
A ſecond Phœnix (like the firſt) ariſes:
So from the Ruines of great Babels Seat,
The Medes and Perſians Monarchy grew great:
For when *Belſhazzar*, laſt of Babels Kings,
Yeelded to death, (the ſumme of mortall things)
Like earth-amazing thunder from above,
And lightning from the houſe of angry *Iove*,
Or like to Billowes in th' Eubœan Seas,
Whoſe ſwelling, nought but ſhipwrack can appeaſe,
So bravely came the fierce *Darius* on,
Marching with *Cyrus* into Babylon,
Two Armeis Royall ſtoutly following,
The one was Medes, the other Perſia's King.
As when the Harveſter with bubling brow,
(Reaping the intereſt of his painfull Plough,)
With crooked Sickle now a ſhock doth ſheare,
A handfull here, and then a hand full there,
Not leaving, till hee nought but ſtubble leave;
Here lies a new-falne ranke, and there a ſheave:
Even ſo the Perſian Hoſt it ſelfe beſtirr'd,
So fell great Babell by the Perſian ſword,
Which warm with ſlaughter, & with blood imbru'd,
Ne'r ſheath'd till wounded Babell fell ſubdu'd.
But ſee! Theſe brave Ioyntenants that ſurviv'd,
To ſee a little world of men unliv'd,
Muſt now be parted: Great *Darius* dyes,
And *Cyrus* ſhares alone the new-got prize;
He fights for Heaven, Heavens foemen he ſubdues:
He builds the Temple, he reſtores the Iewes,

By

By him was *Zedechia's* force disjoynted,
Vnknowne to God hee was, yet Gods Anoynted;
But marke the malice of a wayward Fate;
He whom succesſe crown'd alwayes fortunate,
He that was ſtrong t'atchieve, bold to attempt,
Wiſe to fore-ſee, and wary to prevent,
Valiant in warre, ſucceſſefull to obtaine,
Muſt now be ſlaine, and by a Woman ſlaine.
Accurſed be thy ſacrilegious hand;
That of her Patron rob'd the holy Land;
Curs'd bee thy dying life, thy living death,
And curs'd be all things that proud *Tomyris* hath.
O worſt that death can doe, to take a life,
Which (loſt) leaves Kingdomes to a Tyrants Knife:
For now, alas! degenerate *Cambiſes*, (vices)
(Whoſe hand was fill'd with blood, whoſe hart with
Sits crowned King, to vexe the Perſian State,
With heavy burthens, and with ſore regrate,
O *Cyrus*, more unhappy in thy ſonne,
Then in that ſtroke wherewith thy life was done!
Cambyſes now ſits King, now Tyrant (rather:)
(Vnlucky Sonne of a renowned Father)
Blood cries for Blood: Himſelfe revenged hath
His bloody Tyranny with his owne death;
That cruell ſword on his owne fleſh doth feed,
Which made ſo many loyall Perſians bleed,
Whoſe woefull choyce made an indiff'rent thing,
To leave their lives, or loſe their Tyran King:
Cambyſes dead, with him the lateſt drop
Of *Cyrus* blood was ſpilt, his death did ſtop
The infant ſource of his brave Syers worth;
E'r after-times could ſpend his rivers forth.
Tyrant *Cambyſes* being dead and gone,
On the reverſion of his empty Throne,

Mounts

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Mounts up a *Magus* with dissembled right,
Forging the name of him, whose greedy night
Too early did perpetuate her owne,
And silent death had snacht away unknowne.
But when the tydings of his Royall cheat
Times loyall Trumpe had fam'd, th'usurped seat
Grew too-too hot, and longer could not beare
So proud a burthen on so proud a Chayre;
The Nobles sought their freedome to regaine.
Not resting till the *Magi* all were slaine;
And so renowned was that happy slaughter,
That it solemniz'd was for ever after;
So that what pen shall write the Persian story,
Shall treat that Triumph, & write that dayes glory;
For to this time the Persians (as they say)
Observe a Feast, and keepe it holy-day;
Now Persia lacks a King, and now the State
Labours as much in want, as it of late
Did in abundance; Too great calmes doe harme
Sometimes as much the Sea-man, as a storme;
One while they thinke t'erect a Monarchy;
But that (corrupted) breeds a Tyranny,
And dead *Cambyses*, fresh before their eyes,
Affrights them with their new-scap'd miseries;
Some to the Nobles would commit the State,
In change of Rule expecting change of fate;
Others cry'd, no; More Kings than one, incomber;
Better admit one Tyrant, than a number:
The rule of many doth disquiet bring;
One Monarch is enough, one Lord, one King:
One sayes, Let's rule our selves; let's all bee Kings:
No, sayes another, that confusion brings;
Thus moderne danger bred a carefull trouble,
Double their care is, as their feare is double;

And

And doubtfull to resolve of what conclusion,
To barre confusion, thus they bred confusion;
At last (and well advis'd) they put their choyce
Vpon the verdict of a Iuries voyce;
Seven is a perfect number, then by seven,
Be Persia's Royall Crowne, and Scepter given;
« Now Persia, doe thy plagues or joyes commence;
« God give thy Iurie sacred evidence:
Fearefull to chuse, and faithlesse in their choyce.
(Since weale or woe depended on their voyce,)
A few from many they extracted forth,
Whose even poys'd valour, and like equall worth
Had set a *Non-plus* on their doubtfull tongues,
Vnweeting where the most reward belongs,
They this agreed, and thus (advis'd) bespake;
« Since purblinde mortals, of themselves, can make
« No difference 'twixt good, and evill, nor know
« A good from what is onely good in show,
« But with unconstant frailty, doth vary
« From what is good, to what is cleane contrary;
« And since it lies not in the braine of man,
« To make his drooping state more happy, than
« His unpropitious starres allot, much lesse
« To lend another, or a state successe;
« In vaine you therefore shall expect this thing,
« That wee should give you fortune, with a King:
« Since you have made us meanes to propagate
« The joyfull welfare of our headlesse State,
« (Bound by the tender service that we beare
« Our native soyle, far than our lives more deare,)
« We sifted have, and bolted from the rest,
« Whose worst admits no badnesse, and whose best
« Can not be bettered.
« When Chaunticleere, (the Belman of the morne)
« Shall

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« Shall ſummon twilight, with his bugle horne,
« Let theſe brave *Hero's* dreſt in warlike wiſe,
« And richly mounted ou their Palferies,
« Attend our riſing Sun-god's ruddy face,
« Within the limit of our Royall place.
« And he whoſe luſty Stallion firſt ſhall neigh,
« To him bee given the doubtfull Monarchy,
« The choyce of Kings lyes not in mortals breaſt,
« This we; the gods and Fortune doe the reſt.
So ſaid; the people tickled with the motion,
Some toſt their Caps, ſome fell to their devotion,
Some clap their joyfull hands, ſome ſhout, ſome ſing,
And all at one cry'd out, A King. A King.
When *Phœbus* Harbinger had chac'd the night,
And tedious *Phoſpher* brought the breaking light,
Compleate in armes, and glorious in their traine,
Came theſe brave *Heroes* prancing o'r the Plaine,
With mighty ſtreamers came theſe blazing ſtarres,
Portending Warres, (and nothing elſe but Warres;)
Into the Royall Palace now they come : (Drum.
There ſounds the Martiall Trump, here beats the
The ſtands a Steed, and champs his frothy ſteele,
This ſtroaks the ground, that ſcorns it with his heel;
One ſnorts, another puffes out angry winde;
This mounts, before; and that curvets, behinde.
By this, the ſomy Steeds of *Phaeton*
Puffe too, and ſpurne the Eaſterne Horizon :
Whereat the Nobles proſtrate to the ground,
Ador'd their god, (their god was early found.)
Forthwith from out the thickeſt of the crowd,
In depth of ſilence there was heard the loud,
And luſtfull language of *Darius* Horſe,
Who in the dialect of his diſcourſe,
Proclaim'd his rider King; whereat the reſt
(Patient

(Patient to beare what cannot bee redreſt)
Diſmount their lofty ſteeds, and proſtrate bring
Their humbled bodies to their happy King;
God ſave the King they joyntly ſay; God bleſſe
Thy proſp'rous actions with a due ſucceſſe;
The people clap their ſweaty palmes, and ſhout,
The Bonfires ſmoake, the bels ring round about,
The Minſtrels play, the Parrats learne to ſing,
(Perchance as well as they) *God ſave the King*,
Aſſuerus now's inveſted in the Throne,
And *Perſia's* rul'd by him, and him alone;
Prove happy *Perſia*: Great *Aſſuerus* prove
As equall happy in thy peoples love.
Enough; and let this broken breviate
Suffice to ſhadow forth thy downfall ſtate
O mighty Babel, and the Conqueſt made
By the fierce Medes, and Perſians conqu'ring blade;
VVhoſe juſt ſucceſſion we have traced downe,
Till great *Aſſuerus* weare the Perſian Crowne;
Him have we ſought, and having found him, reſt;
To morrow goe we to his royall Feaſt.

FINIS.

TO

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TO THE HIGHEST

His Humble Servant Implores his gracious ayde.

THou great Directer of the Hearts of men,
From whence I propagate what e're is mine,
Still my disquiet thoughts, Direct my Pen
No more mine owne, if thou adopt it thine:
O be thy Spirit All in All to me,
That will implore no ayde, no Muse but thee:

Be thou the Load-starre to my wandring minde;
New rigg'd, and bound upon a new Adventure:
O fill my Canvas with a prosp'rous winde;
Vnlock my Soule, and let thy Spirit enter:
So blesse my Talent with a fruitfull Loane,
That it, at least, may render two for one.

Vnworthy I, to take so high a Taske;
Vnworthy I, to crave so great a Boone,
Alas! unseason'd is my slender Caske,
My winters day hath scarcely seene her Noone:
But if the Childrens Bread must be deny'd,
Yet let me licke the Crummes that fall beside.

THE

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THE HISTORIE OF ESTER.

THE ARGVMENT.

The King Assuerus *makes two Feasts,*
Invites his great and meaner guests:
He makes a Statute to represse
The lothsome sinne of Drunkennesse.

Sect. 1.

VVHen great *Assuerus* (under whose Commãd
The worlds most part did in subjection stand,
Whose Kingdome was to East and West confin'd,
And strecht from Ethiopia unto Ind';)
Whẽ this brave Monarch had with two years pow'r
Confirm'd himselfe the Persian Emperour;
The Peoples patience nilling to sustaine
The hard oppression of a third yeares raigne,
Softly began to grumble, sore to vexe,
Feeling such Tribute on their servile necks;
Which when the King (as he did quickly) heares,
(For Kings have tender, and thenimblest eares)
Partly to blow the coales of old affection,
VVhich now are dying through a forc'd subjection;
Partly to make his Princely might appeare,
To make them feare for love, or love for feare,
He made a Feast: hee made a Royall Feast,
Fit for himselfe, had he himselfe beene Guest,

To which hee calls the Princes of his Land,
Who (paying tribute) by his power ſtand;
To which he cals his ſervants of Eſtate,
His Captaines, and his Rulers of the State,
That he may ſhew the glory of his ſtore,
The like unſeene by any Prince before;
That he may boaſt his Kingdomes beauty forth,
His ſervant Princes, and their Princely worth;
That he may ſhew the Type of Sov'raignty
Fulfill'd in th'honour of his Majeſty:
He made a Feaſt, whoſe Date ſhould not expire,
Vntill ſeven Moones had loſt and gain'd their fire.
When as this Royall tedious Feaſt was ended,
(For good more common 'tis, 'tis more commended)
For meaner ſort he made a ſecond Feaſt;
His gueſts were from the greateſt to the leaſt
In *Suſa's* place; ſeven dayes they did reſort
To Feaſt i'th' Palace Garden of the Court;
Where in the midſt the houſe of *Bacchus* ſtands
To entertaine when bounty claps her hands;
The Tap'ſtry hangings were of divers hue,
Pure white, and youthfull Greene, and joyfull Blue,
The maine ſupporting Pillars of the Place
Were perfect Marble of the pureſt Race;
The beds were rich, right Princely to behold,
Of beaten Silver, and of burniſht Gold
The Pavement was diſcolour'd Porphyry,
And during Marble, colour'd diverſly;
In laviſh Cups of oft-refined gold,
Came wine unwiſht, drink what the people would:
The Golden veſſels did in number paſſe,
Great choice of cups, great choice of wine there was.
And ſince Abuſe attends upon exceſſe,
Leading ſweet Mirth to loathſome Drunkenneſſe,

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A temp'rate Law was made, that no man might
Inforce an undispos'd Appetite:
So that a sober minde may use his pleasure, (sure.
And measure drinking, though not drinke by mea-

Mordac. 1.

NO man is borne unto himselfe alone;
Who lives unto himselfe, he lives to none:
The world's a body', each man a member is,
To adde some measure to the publike blisse;
Where much is giv'n, there much shall be requir'd,
Where little, lesse; for riches are but hyr'd;
Wisedome is sold for sweate, Pleasures for paine;
Who lives unto himselfe, he live in vaine;
To be a Monarch is a glorious thing;
Who lives not full of Care, he lives no King;
The boundlesse glory of a King is such,
To sweeten Care, because his Care is much;
The Sun (whose radiant beames reflect so bright)
Comforts and warmes, as well as it gives light,
By whose example *Phœbe* (though more dimme)
Does counterfeit his beames, and shines from him:
So mighty Kings are not ordain'd alone
To perch in glory, on the Princely Throne,
But to direct in Peace, command in Warre
Those subjects, for whose sakes they onely are;
So loyall Subjects must adapt them to
Such vertuous actions as their Princes doe:
So shall his people, even as well as He,
Princes (though in a lesser volume) be.
¶ So often as I fixe my serious eye
Upon *Assuerus* Feast, me thinkes, I spie

The Temple dance, me thinkes my raviſh'd eare
(Rapt with the ſecret muſick that I heare)
Attends the warble of an Angels tongue,
Reſounding forth this ſenſe-bereaving Song;
Vaſhti ſhall fall, and Eſter riſe,
Sion ſhall thrive, when Haman *dies.*
Bleſt are the meetings, and the Banquets bleſt,
Where Angels caroll Muſick to the Feaſt;
¶ How doe our wretched times degenerate
From former ages! How intemperate
Hath laviſh cuſtome made our bedrid Age,
Acting obſcœne Scenes on her drunken Stage!
Our times are guided by a lewder lot,
As if that world another world begot:
Their friendly feaſts were fill'd with ſweet ſobriety,
Ours, with uncleane delights, and baſe ebriety;
Theirs the unvalued price of Love intended;
Ours ſeeke the cauſe whereby our love is ended;
How in ſo blinde an Age could thoſe men ſee!
And in a ſeeing Age how blinde are wee!

THE ARGVMENT.

The King ſends for the Queene; the Queene
Denies to come; His haſty ſpleene
Inflames, unto the Perſian Lawes
He leaves the cenſure of his cauſe.

Sect. 2.

TO adde more honour to this royall Feaſt,
That Glory may with Glory bee increaſt,
Vaſhti the Queene (the faireſt Queene on earth)
Shee made a Feaſt, and put on jolly mirth,

To

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To bid ſweet welcome with her Princely cheere
To all her Gueſts; Her Gueſts all, women were.
By this, the Royall bounty of the King
Hath well-nigh ſpent the ſeven dayes ban quetting.
Sixe joviall dayes have runne their howers out,
And now the ſeventh revolves the Weeke about,
Vpon which day, (the *Queenes* unlucky Day)
The King, with jollity intic'd away,
And gently having ſlipt the ſtricter reynes
Of Temperance, (that over-mirth reſtraines)
Roſe up, commanded that without delay,
(Howe'r the Perſian cuſtomes doe gain-ſay
That men and married Wives ſhould feaſt together)
That faire Queene *Vaſhti* be conducted thither,
'Fore him to ſhew the ſweetneſſe of her face,
And peereleſſe beauty mixt with Princely Grace;
To wound their wanton hearts, and to ſurprize
The Princes with th'Artill'ry of her eyes.
But faireſt *Vaſhti* (in whoſe ſcornefull Eyes
More haughty pride, than heav'nly beauty lies)
With bold denyall of a flinty breſt,
Anſwer'd the longing of the Kings requeſt;
And (fill'd with ſcorne) return'd this meſſage home,
Queene Vaſhti *cannot*, Vaſhti *will not come*;
Whereat, as *Boreas* with his bluſtering,
(When ſturdy *Aries* uſhers in the Spring)
Here fels an aged Oke, there cleaves a Tree,
Now holds his full-mouth'd blaſt, now lets it flee,
So ſtormes the King; now pale, now fiery red,
His colour comes and goes, his angry head
He ſternly ſhakes, ſpits his inraged ſpleene,
Now on the meſſenger, now on the Queene:
One while he deepely weighs the foule contempt,
And then his paſſion bids his wrath attempt

A quicke revenge; now creepe into his thought
Such things as aggravate the peevish fault;
The place, the persons present, and the time
Increase his wrath, increase his Ladies Crime.
But soone as Passion had restor'd the Reyne
To righteous Reason's Government againe;
The King (unfit to judge his proper Cause)
Referr'd the tryall to the Persian Lawes:
He call'd his learned Councell, and display'd
The nature of his Grievance thus, and said;
« By vertue of a Husband, and a King,
« (To make compleat our Royall banquetting)
« We gave command, we gave a strict command,
« That by the office of our Eunuchs band
« Queene *Vashti* should in state attended bee
« Into the presence of our Majesty.
« But in contempt she slacks our dread behest
« Neglects performance of our deare Request,
« And (through disdaine) disloyally deny'd,
« Like a false subject, and a faithlesse Bride:
« Say then (my Lords) for you (being truely wise)
« Have braines to judge, and judgements to advise;
« Say, (boldly say) what doe the Lawes assigne?
« What punishment? or what deserved Fine?
« *Assuerus* bids, the mighty King commands;
« *Vashti* denies, the scornefull Queene withstands.

Medita. 2.

EVil manners breed good Laws: and that's the best
That e'r was made of bad: The Persian Feast
(Finding the mischiefe that was growne so rife)
Admitted not with men a married wife.

How

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How carefull were they in preſerving that,
Which we ſo watchfull are to violate!
O Chaſtity the Flower of the Soule,
How is thy perfect faireneſſe turn'd to foule!
How are thy Bloſſomes blaſted all to duſt,
By ſudden Lightning of untamed Luſt!
How haſt thou thus defil'd thy Iv'ry feet!
Thy ſweetnes that was once, how farre from ſweet!
Where are thy maiden-ſmiles, thy bluſhing cheek?
Thy Lamb-like countenance, ſo faire, ſo meeke?
Where is that ſpotleſſe Flower, that while-ere
Within thy Lilly boſome thou didſt weare?
Has wanton *Cupid* ſnatcht it? hath his Dart
Sent courtly tokens to thy ſimple heart?
Where doſt thou bide? the Country halfe diſclaims
The City wonders when a body names thee. (thee,
Or have the rurall woods engroſt thee there,
And thus fore-ſtall'd our empty markets here? (thee;
Sure th'art not, or th'art kept where no man ſhewes
Or chang'd ſo much, ſcarce man or woman knowes
¶ Our Grandame *Eve*, before it was forbid, (thee.
Deſired not the fruit, ſhe after did:
Had not the Cuſtome of thoſe times ordain'd
That women from mens feaſts ſhould be reſtrain'd,
Perhaps (*Aſſuerus*) *Vaſhti* might have dyed
Vnſent for, and thy ſelfe beene undenyed:
Such are the fruits of mirth's and wine's abuſe,
Cuſtomes muſt crack, and love muſt breake his truce,
Conjugall bands muſt looſe, and ſullen Hate
Enſues the Feaſt, where wine's immoderate.
¶ More difficult it is, and greater skill
To beare a miſchiefe, than prevent an ill:
Paſſion is naturall, but to bridle Paſſion,
Is more divine, and vertues operation:

To

To doe amisse, is Natures act; to erre,
Is but a wretched mortals Character;
But to prevent the danger of the ill,
Is more than man, surpassing humane skill:
VVho playes a happy Game with craftie slight,
Confirms himselfe but fortunes Favorite;
But he that husbands well an ill-dealt game,
Deserves the credit of a Gamesters name;
¶ Lord, if my Cards be bad, yet lend me skill
To play them wisely and make the best of ill.

THE ARGVMENT.

The learned Councell pleade the case:
The Queene's degraded from her place:
Decrees are sent throughout the Land,
That wives obey, and men command.

Sect. 3.

THe righteous Councell having heard the cause)
Advis'd a while, with respite of a pause,
Till *Memucan* (the first that silence brake)
Vnseal'd his serious lips, and thus bespake:
« The great *Assuerus* Sov'raigne Lord and King,
« (To grace the period of his banqueting)
« Hath sent for *Vashti*; *Vashti* would not come,
« And now it rests in us to give the doome.
« But lest that too much rathnesse violate
« The sacred Iustice of our happy State,
« We first propound the hight of her offence,
« Next, the succeeding inconvenience,
« VVhich through the circumstances does augment,
« And so discend to th' equall punishment;
« Th'offence

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« Th'offence propounded, now we must relate
« Such circumstances that might aggravate,
« And first the Place, (the Palace of the King,)
« And next the time, (the time of Banquetting)
« Lastly, the Persons, (Princes of the Land)
« Which witnesse the contempt of the command;
« The Place, the Persons present, and the time,
« Make foule the fault, make foule the Ladies crime;
« Nor was her fault unto the King alone,
« But to the Princes, and to every one,
« For when this speech divulg'd about shall bee,
« *Vashti* the Queene withstood the Kings Decree,
« VVomen (that soone can an advantage take
« Of things which for their private ends doe make)
« Shall scorne their coward husbands, and despise
« Their deare requests within their scornfull eyes,
« And say, if we deny your hests, then blame not,
« *Assuerus* sent for *Vashti*, but she came not;
« By *Vashties* patterne others will be taught;
« Thus her example's fouler than her fault:
« Now therefore if it like our gracious King,
« (Since he referres to us the censuring)
« Let him proclaime (which untransgressed bee)
« His royall Edict, and his just Decree,
« That *Vashti* come no more before his face,
« But leave the titles of her Princely place;
« Let firme divorce unloose the Nuptiall knot,
« And let the name of Queene be quite forgot,
« Let her estate and Princely dignitie,
« Her Royall Crowne, and seat assigned be
« To one whose sacred Vertue shall attaine
« As high perfection, as her bold disdaine;
« So when this Royall Edict shall bee fam'd,
« And through the severall Provinces proclaim'd

« Disdain-

« Disdainfull wives will learne by *Vashties* fall,
« To answer gently to their Husbands call.
Thus ended *Memucan*; the King was pleas'd;
(His blustring passion now at length appeas'd)
And soone apply'd himselfe to undertake,
To put in practice what his Councell spake:
So, into every Province of the Land,
He sent his speedy Letters with command,
That husbands rule their wives, and beare the sway,
And by subjection teach their Wives t'obey.

Meditat. 3.

WHen God with sacred breath did first inspire
The new-made earth with quick and holy fire,
He (well-advising what a goodly creature
He builded had, so like himselfe in feature)
Forth-with concluded by his preservation
T'eternize that great worke of Mans creation;
Into a sleepe he cast this living clay,
Lock'd up his sense with drowzy *Morpheus* key,
Opened his fruitfull flanke, and from his side
He drew the substance of his helpfull Bride,
Flesh of his flesh, and bone made of his bone
He framed woman, making two of one;
Thus broke in two, he did anew ordaine,
That these same two should be made One againe:
Till singling death this sacred knot undoe,
And part this new-made One, once more in two.
Since of a Rib first framed was a Wife,
Let Ribs be Hieroglyphicks of their life:
Ribs coast the Heart, and guard it roud about,
And like a trusty Watch keepe danger out;

So

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So tender wives ſhould loyally impart
Their watchfull care to fence their Spouſes heart:
All members elſe from out their places rove,
But Ribs are firmely fixt, and ſeldome move:
Women (like Ribs) muſt keepe their wonted home,
And not (like *Dinah* that was raviſht) rome:
If Ribs be over-bent, or handled rough,
They breake; If let alone, they bend enough:
Women muſt (unconſtrain'd) be plyant ſtill,
And gently bending to their husbands will,
The ſacred Academy of mans life
Is holy wedlock in a happy Wife.
It was a Wiſe mans ſpeech, *Could never they*
Know to command, that knew not firſt t'obey:
Where's then that high command? that ample fame
Your ſexe, to glorifie their honour'd name,
Your noble ſexe in former dayes atchiev'd?
Whoſe ſounding praiſe no aftertimes out-liv'd.
What brave exploits, what well-deſerving glory;
The ſubject of an everlaſting ſtory, (then
Their hands atchiev'd? they thruſt their Scepters
As well in Kingdomes as in hearts of men;
And ſweete obedience was the lowly ſtaire,
Mounted their ſteps to that commanding chaire.
¶ A womans rule ſhould be in ſuch a faſhion,
Onely to guide her Houſhold, and her paſſion:
And her obedience never's out of ſeaſon,
So long as either Huſband laſts, or Reaſon:
Ill thrives the hapleſſe Family, that ſhowes
A Cocke that's ſilent, and a Hen that crowes.
I know not which live more unnaturall lives,
Obeying Husbands, or commanding Wives.

THE

THE ARGVMINT.

Assuerus pleas'd; his servants motion
Propounded, gaine his approbation.
Esters descent, her Iewish race:
Her beauties, and her perfect grace.

Sect. 4.

WHen Time (that endeth all things) did asswage
The burning Fever of *Assuerus* rage,
And quiet satisfaction had assign'd
Delightfull Iulips to his troubled minde,
He call'd his old remembrance to account
Of *Vashti*, and her Crimes that did amount
To th'summe of her divorcement: In his thought
He weigh'd the censure of her heedlesse fault:
His fawning servants willing to prevent him, (him,
Lest too much thought should make his love repent
Said thus: "(If it shall please our gracious Lord
"To crowne with audience his servants word)
"Let strict inquest, and carefull Inquisition
"In all the Realme be made, and quicke provision
"Throughout the Medes and Persians all along,
"For comely Virgins, beautifull and young,
"VVhich (curiously selected) let them bring
"Into the Royall Palace of the King;
"And let the Eunuchs of the King take care
"For Princely Robes, and Vesture, and prepare
"Sweet Odors, choice Perfume, and all things meet,
"To adde a greater sweetnesse to their sweet;
"And shee whose perfect beames shall best delight,
"And seeme most gracious in his Princely sight;

"To

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« To her be given the conquest of her fate,
« And be enthron'd in scornfull *Vashties* place.
The project pleas'd the King, who straight requires
That strict performance second their desires.
Within the wals of *Shusa* dwelt there one,
By breeding and by birth a Iew, and knowne
By th'name of *Mordecai*, of mighty kin,
Descended from the Tribe of *Benjamin*,
(Whose necke was subject to the slavish yoke,
When *Ieconiah* was surpriz'd and tooke,
And caried captive into Babels Land,
VVith strength of mighty *Neb'chadnezars* hand;)
VVithin his house abode a Virgin bright,
VVhose name was *Ester* or *Hadassa* hight,
His Brothers daughter, whom (her parents dead)
This Iew did foster, in her fathers stead;
She wanted none, though father she had none,
Her Vncles love assum'd her for his owne:
Bright beames of beauty streamed from her eye,
And in her cheeke sate maiden modesty;
VVhich peereless beauty lent so kinde a relish
To modest Vertue, that they did imbellish
Each others ex'lence, with a full assent,
In her to boast their perfect complement.

Meditat. 4.

THe strongest Arteries that knit and tie
The members of a mixed monarchy,
Are learned Counsels, timely Consultations,
Rip'ned advice, and sage Deliberations;
And if those Kingdomes be but ill be-bleſt,
Whose rule's committed to a young mans breſt:

Then

Then such Estates are more unhappy farre,
Whose choycest Counsellors but Children are:
How many Kingdomes blest with high renowne,
(In all things happy else,) have plac'd their Crowne
Vpon the Temples of a Childish head,
Vntill with ruine, King, or State be sped!
What Massacres (begun by factious jarres,
And ended by the spoyle of civill warres)
Have made brave Monarchies unfortunate,
And raz'd the glory of many a mighty State?
How many hopefull Princes (ill advis'd
By young and smooth-fac'd Counsell) have despis'd
The sacred Oracles of riper yeares,
Till deare Repentance with the Land with teares?
Witnesse thou luckelesse, and succeeding Sonne
Of (Wisedomes Favorite) great *Salomon*;
How did thy rash, and beardlesse Counsell bring
Thy fortunes subject to a stranger King?
And laying burthens on thy peoples necke,
The weight hung sadly on thy bended backe.
Thou second *Richard*, (once our Britaine King,
Whose Sires, and Grandsires fame the world did ring)
How was thy gentle nature led aside,
By greene advisements, which thy State did guide,
Vntill the title of thy Crowne did cracke,
And fortunes (as thy Fathers name) were blacke?
¶ Now glorious Brittaine, clap thy hands, and blesse
Thy sacred fortunes; for, thy happinesse
(As doth thy Iland) does it selfe divide,
And sequester from all the world beside;
Blest are thy open Gates with joyfull peace,
Blest are thy fruitfull Barnes with sweet increase,
Blest in thy Counsell, whose industrious skill,
Is but to make thy fortunes happy still;

In

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In all things bleſt, that to a State pertaine;
Thrice happy in my dreaded Soveraigne,
My ſacred Sov'raigne, in whoſe onely breſt,
A wiſe Aſſembl' of Privy Counсels reſt,
Who conquers with his Princely heart as farre
By peace, as *Alexander* did by Warre,
And with his Olive branch more hearts did boord,
Than daring *Ceſar* did, with *Ceſars* ſword:
Long maiſt thou hold within thy Royall hand,
The peacefull Scepter of our happy Land:
¶ Great *Iudah's* Lyon, and the Flow'r of *Jeſſe*,
Preſerve thy Lyons, and thy Flowers bleſſe.

THE ARGVMENT.

Faire Virgins brought to Hege's *hand,*
The cuſtome of the Perſian Land;
Eſters *neglect of rich attyre,*
To whet the wanton kings deſire.

Sect. 5.

AND when the luſtfull Kings Decree was read
In ev'ry eare, and Shire proclaim'd, and ſpread,
Forthwith unto the Eunuch *Hege's* hand
The Bevy came, the pride of beauties band,
Armed with joy, and warring with their eyes,
To gaine the conqueſt of a Princely prize;
But none in peerleſſe beauty ſhin'd ſo bright,
As lovely *Eſter* did in *Hege's* ſight:
In loyall ſervice he obſerved her;
He ſent for coſtly Oyles, and fragrant Myrrh,
To fit her for the preſence of the King:
Rich Tyres, and change of veſture did he bring;

Seven comely maids he gave to tend upon her,
To shew his service, and increase her honour:
But she was watchfull of her lips, and wise,
Discloſing not her kindred, or alyes:
For trusty *Mardochæus* tender care
Gave hopefull *Ester* items to beware
To blaze her Kin, or make her people knowne,
Leſt for their sake her hopes be overthrowne.
Before the Gates he to and fro did passe,
Wherein inclos'd the Courtly *Ester* was,
To understand how *Ester* did behave her,
And how she kept her in the Eunuchs favour.
Now when as Time had fitted ev'ry thing,
By course these Virgins came before the King.
Such was the custome of the Persian soyle,
Sixe months the Virgins bath'd in Myrrh and Oyle,
Sixe months perfum'd in change of odours sweet,
That perfect luſt and great exceſſe may meete;
What costly Robes, rare Iewels, rich attire,
Or curious Fare, these Virgins did desire,
'Twas given, and freely granted, when they bring
Their bodyes to be proſtrate to the King:
Each virgin keepes her turne, and all the night
They lewdly lavish in the Kings delight,
As soone as morning shall restore the day,
They in their bosomes beare blacke night away,
And (in their guilty breasts, as are their sinnes
Close priſoners) in the house of Concubins
Remaine, untill the satiate King shall pleaſe
To lend their pamper'd bodies a releaſe.
Now when the turne of *Ester* was at hand,
To satisfie the wanton Kings command,
She sought not (as the reſt) with brave attire,
To lend a needleſſe spurre t'unchaſt Deſire,

Nor

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Nor yet endeavours with a whorish Grace,
T'adulterate the beautie of her face:
Nothing she sought to make her glory braver,
But simply tooke what gentle *Hege* gave her:
Her sober visage daily wan her honour:
Each wandring eye inflam'd, that looke upon her.

Modus. 5.

WHen God had with his All-producing Blast,
Blown up the bubble of the *World*, & plac't,
In order that, which he had made in measure,
As well for necessary use, as pleasure:
Then out of earthly mould he fram'd a creature
Farre more Divine, and of more glorious feature,
Than earst he made, indu'd with understanding,
With strength victorious, & with awe commanding,
With Reason, Wit, repleate with Majestie,
With heavenly knowledge, and Capacitie,
True emblème of his Maker: Him he made
The sov'raigne Lord of all; Him all obay'd;
Yeelding their lives as tribute to their King;
Both Fish, and Bird, and Beast, and every thing:
His body's rear'd upright, and in his eye
Stand radiant beames of awfull sov'raignty;
All Creatures else pore downward to the ground,
Man looks to heaven, and all his thoughts rebound
Vpon the Earth (where tydes of pleasures meete)
He treads and daily tramples with his feete;
Which reades sweet Lectures to his wandring eyes,
And teach his lustfull heart to moralize:
Naked he liv'd, nak'd to the world he came;
For he had then nor fault to hide, nor shame:

His state was levell, and he had free will
To stand or fall, unforc't to good or ill;
Man had (such state he was created in)
Within his pow'r, a power not to sinne:
But Man was tempted, yeelded, sinn'd, and fell,
Abus'd his free-will, lost it, then befell
A worse succeeding state; who was created
Compleate, is now Become poore, blinde, & naked;
He's drawne with head-strong byas unto ill,
Bereft of active pow'r *to will, or nill*;
A blessed Saint's become a balefull Devill,
His free-will's onely stinted now to evill:
Pleasure's his Lord, and in his Ladies eyes
His Christall Temple of devotion lyes:
Pleasure's the white, whereat he takes his levell,
Which (too much wronged with the name of evill)
With best of blessings takes her lofty seat,
Greatest of goods, and seeming best of great:
What's good, (like Iron) rusts for want of use,
And what is bad is worsed with abuse;
Pleasure, whose apt, and right ordayned end
Is but to sweeten labour, and attend
The frailtie of man is now preferr'd so hie,
To be his Lord, and beare the sov'raignitie,
Ruling his lavish thoughs, ignoble actions,
And gaines the conquest of his best affections,
Sparing no cost to bolster up delight,
But force vaine pleasures to unwonted height:
¶ Who addes excesse unto a lustfull heart,
Commits a costly sin, with greater Art.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

Eſter's belov'd, wedded, Crown'd;
A Treaſon Mordecai betrai'd;
The Traitors are purſu'd, and found,
And for that treaſon well appaid.

Sect. 6.

NOw, now the time is come, faire *Eſter* muſt
Expoſe her beauty to the Lechers luſt;
Now, now muſt *Eſter* ſtake her honour downe,
And hazard Chaſtitie to gaine a Crowne;
Gone, gone ſhe is, attended to the Court,
And ſpends the evening in the Princes ſport:
As when a Lady, (walking *Flora's* Bowre)
Pickes here a Pinke, and there a Gilly-flowre,
Now plucks a Vi'let from her purple bed,
And then a Primeroſe, (the yeares maiden-head)
There, nips the Bryar; here, the Lovers Paunсy,
Shifting her dainty pleaſures, with her Fancy,
This, on her arme; and that ſhe liſts to weare
Vpon the borders of her curious haire,
At length, a Roſe-bud (paſſing all the reſt)
Shee plucks, and boſomes in her Lilly breſt:
So when *Aſſuerus* (tickled with delight)
Perceiv'd the beauties of thoſe virgins bright,
He lik'd them all, but when with ſtrict revie,
He viewed *Eſters* face, his wounded eye
Sparkled, whil'ſt *Cupid* with his youthfull Dart,
Transfixt the Center of his feeble heart;
Eſter is now his joy, and in her eyes,
The ſweeteſt flower of his Garland lies:

Who now but *Ester*? *Ester* crownes his bliſſe,
And hee's become her priſoner, that was his:
Ester obtaines the prize, her high deſert
Like Di'mond's richly mounted in his heart;
Iô, now *Iô Hymen* ſings; for ſhee
That crownes his joy, muſt likewiſe crowned be:
The Crowne is ſet on Princely *Eſters* head,
Ester ſits Queene, in ſcorntull *Vaſhties* ſtead,
To conſecrate this Day to more delights,
In due ſolemnizing the nuptiall rites,
In *Eſters* name, *Aſſuerus* made a Feaſt,
Invited all his Princes, and releaſt
The hard taxation that his heavy hand
Laid on the Subjects of his groaning Land;
No rights were wanting to augment his joyes,
Great gifts confirm'd the bounty of his choyce:
Yet had not *Eſters* laviſh tongue deſcry'd
Her Iewiſh kin, or where ſhee was ally'd;
For ſtill the words of *Mordecai* did reſt
Within the Cabbin of her Royall breaſt,
Who was as plyant (being now a Queene)
To ſage advice, as e'r before ſh'ad beene.
It came to paſſe as *Mardochæus* ſate
Within the Portall of the Princes gate,
Hee over-heard two ſervants of the King,
Cloſely combin'd in hollow whiſpering:
(Like whiſtling *Notus* that foretels a Raine)
To breathe out Treaſon 'gainſt their Soveraigne:
Which, ſoone as loyall *Mardochæus* heard
Forthwith to *Eſters* preſence he repair'd;
Diſclos'd to her, and to her care commended
The Traytors, and the Treaſon they intended:
Whereat, the Queene (impatient of delay)
Betraid the Traytors, that would her betray,

And to the King unbosom'd all her heart,
And who her Newes-man was; and his desert.
Now all in hurly-burly was the Court,
All tongues were fill'd with wonder, and report:
The watch was set, pursuit was made about,
To guard the King, and finde the Traitors out,
Who found, and guilty found by speedy tryall,
(Where witnesse speaks, what boots a bare deniall?)
Were both hang'd up upon the shamefull tree:
(To beare such fruit let trees ne'r barren bee:)
And what successe this happy Day afforded,
Was in the Persian Chronicles recorded.

Meditat. 6.

THe hollow Concave of a humane brest
Is Gods Exchequer, and therein the best,
And summe of all his chiefest wealth consists,
Which he shuts up, and opens when he lists:
No power is of man: to love or hate,
Lyes not in mortals brest, or pow'r of Fate:
Man wants the strength to sway his strong affections,
What power is, is from Divine directions;
Which oft (unseene through dulnesse of the minde)
We nick-name Chance, because our selves are blind;
And that's the cause, mans first beholding eye
Oft loves, or hates, and knowes no reason why.
¶ 'Twas not the brightnesse of *Rebecca's* face,
Or servants skill that wan the virgins grace:
'Twas not the wish, or wealth of *Abraham*,
Or *Isacks* fortune, or renowned name,
His comely personage or his high desert,
Obtain'd the conquest of *Rebecca's* heart:

Old *Abra'm* wisht, in secret God directed;
'Twas *Abra'm* us'd the meanes; 'twas God effected:
Best mariages are made in heaven; In heaven,
The hearts are joyn'd; in earth the hands are given,
First God ordaines, then man confirmes the Love,
Proclaiming that on earth was done above.
¶ 'Twas not the sharpnesse of thy wandring eye;
(Great King *Assuerus*) to pick Majestie
From out the sadnesse of a Captives face;
'Twas not alone thy chusing, nor her grace,
Who mounts the meeke, and beates the lofty down,
Gave thee the heart to chuse, gave her the Crowne:
Who blest thy fortunes with a second wife,
He blest thy fortunes with a second life;
That brest that entertain'd so sweet a bride,
Stood faire to Treason, (by her meanes descride;)
With double fortunes, wer't thou doubly blest,
To finde so faire, and scape so foule a guest.
¶ Thou aged Father of our yeares and houres,
(For thou as well discover'st, as devoures)
Search still the entrals of thy just Records,
Wherein are entred the diurnall words
And deeds of mortall men; Bring (thou) to light
All treach'rous projects mann'd by craft, or might;
With Tow'rs of Brasse, their faithfull hearts imbosse
That beare the Christian colours of the Crosse.
¶ And thou Preserver of all mortall things,
Within whose hands are plac'd the hearts of Kings;
By whom all Kingdomes stand, and Princes raigne,
Preserve thy CHARLES, and my deare Soveraigne;
Let Traitors plots, like wandring Atomes, flie,
And on their heads pay tenfold usury;
His bosome tutor, and his safety tender:
O be thou his, as hee's thy Faiths Defender:

That

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That thou in him, and he in thee may rest,
And we of both may live and die possest.

THE ARGVMENT.

The line of Haman, *and his race.*
His fortunes in the Princely grace:
His rage to Mordecai *exprest,*
Not bowing to him as the rest.

Sect. 7.

VPon a time, to Persias Royall Court,
A forraigne Stranger used to resort,
He was the Issue of a Royall breed,
The off-cast off-spring of the cursed seed
Of *Amelek*, from him descended right,
That sold his birth-right for his Appetite:
Haman his name; His fortunes did improve,
Increast by favour of the Princes love:
Full great hee grew, preferr'd to high command,
And plac'd before the Princes of the Land:
And since that honour and due reverence
Belong where Princes give preeminence;
The King commands the servants of his State,
To suit respect to *Hamans* high estate,
And doe him honour, fitting his degree,
With vailed bonnet; and low bended knee:
They all observ'd; but aged *Mordecai*
(Whose stubborne joynts neglected to obey
The seed which Heaven with infamy had branded)
Stoutly refused what the King commanded;
Which when the servants of the King had seene,
Their fell disdaine mixt with an envious spleene,
Inflam'd;

Inflam'd; they queſtion'd how he durſt withſtand
The juſt performance of the Kings Command:
Daily they check'd him for his high diſdaine,
And he their checks did daily entertaine
With ſilent ſlight behaviour, which did prove
As full of care, as their rebukes of love.
Since then their hearts (not able to abide
A longer ſufferance of his peeviſh pride)
(Whoſe ſcorching fires, paſſion did augment,)
Muſt either breake, or finde a ſpeedy vent:
To *Haman* they th'unwelcome newes related,
And what they ſaid, their malice aggravated.
Envie did ope her Snake-devouring jawes,
Foam'd frothy blood, and bent her unked Pawes,
Her hollow eyes did caſt out ſudden flame,
And pale as Aſhes look't this angry Dame,
And thus beſpake! "Art thou that man of might,
"That Impe of Glory? Times great Favourite?
"Hath thy deſerved worth reſtor'd againe
"The blemiſht honour of thy Princely ſtraine?
"Art thou that Wonder, which the Perſian State
"Stands gazing at ſo much, and poynting at?
"Filling all wondring eyes with Admiration,
"And every loyall heart with Adoration?
"Art thou that mighty He? How haps it then
"That wreched *Mordecai*, the worſt of men,
"A captive ſlave, a ſuperſtitious Iew,
"Slights thee, and robs thee of thy rightfull due?
"Nor was his fault diſguis'd with Ignorance,
"(The unfee'd Advocate of ſinne) or Chance,
"But back't with arrogance and foule Deſpight:
"Riſe up, and doe thy ſuffring honour right.
Vp (like his deepe Revenge) roſe *Haman* then,
And like a ſleeping Lyon from his Den,

Rouz'd

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Rouz'd his relentlesse Rage; But when his eye
Confirm'd the newes Report did testifie,
His reason straight was heav'd from off his hinge,
And Fury rounded in his eare Revenge,
And (like a rash Adviser) thus began:
"There's nothing (*Human*) is more deare to man,
"And cooles his boyling veins with sweeter pleasure,
"Than quicke revenge; for to revenge by leisure,
"Is but like feeding, when the stomack's past,
"Pleasing nor eager appetite, nor taste:
"Yet when delay returnes Revenge the greater,
"Like poynat sawce, it makes the meat the sweeter:
"It fits not th'honour of thy personage,
"Nor stands it with thy Greatnesse, to ingage
"Thy noble thoughts, to make Revenge so poore,
"To be reveng'd on one alone: thy sore
"Needs many plaisters: make thy honour good,
"Not with a drop, but with a world of blood:
"Borrow the Sythe of Tyme, and let thy Passion
"Mowe downe thy Iewish Foe, with all his Nation.

Medita. 7.

FIghts God for cursed *Amalek*? That hand
That once did curse, doth now the curse withstad:
Is God unjust? Is Iustice fled from heaven;
Or are the righteous Ballances uneaven?
Is this that Iust Iehovah's sacred Word,
Firmely inroll'd within the Lawes Record,
Ile fight with Amalek, destroy his Nation,
And from remembrance blarre his Generation?
What, shall his curse to *Amalek* be void?
And with those plagues shall Isr'el be destroy'd:

Ah,

Ah, ſooner ſhall the ſprightfull flames of fire
Deſcend and moyſten, and dull earth, aſpire,
And with her drineſſe quench faire *Titans* heate;
Then ſhall thy words, and juſt Decrees retreate:
The Day, (as weary of his burthen) tires;
The yeare (full laden with her months) expires:
The heav'ns (growne great with age) muſt ſoon de-
The pondrous earth in time ſhall paſſe away; (cay;
But yet thy ſacred words ſhall alway flouriſh,
Though dayes, & years, & heave, & earth do periſh.
How perkes proud *Haman* then? What proſp'rous (fate
Exalts his Pagan head; How fortunate
Hath favour crown'd his times? hath God decreed
No other Curſe upon that curſed ſeed?
The mortall eye of man can but perceive
Things preſent; when his heart cannot conceive,
Hee's either by his outward ſenſes guided,
Or, like a *Quere*, leaves it undecided:
The fleſhly eye that lends a feeble ſight,
Failes in extent, and hath no further might
Than to attaine the object: and there ends
His office; and of what it apprehends,
Acquaints the underſtanding, which conceives,
And deſcants on that thing the ſight perceives,
Or good, or bad; unable to project
The juſt occaſion, or the true effect:
Man ſees like man, and can but comprehend
Things as they preſent are, not as they end;
Gods ſees a Kings heart in a ſhepheards breaſt,
And in a mighty King he ſees a Beaſt:
'Tis not the ſpring tyde of an high eſtate
Creates a man (though ſeeming) Fortunate:
The blaze of Honour, Fortunes ſweet exceſſe,
Doe undeſerve the name of Happineſſe:

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The frownes of indisposed Fortune makes
Men poore, but not unhappy. He that takes
Her checks with patience, leaves the name of poore,
And lets in Fortune at a backer doore.
¶ Lord, let my fortunes be or rich, or poore:
If small, the lesse account; if great, the more.

THE ARGVMENT.

Vnto the King proud Haman sues,
For the destruction of the Iewes:
The King consents, and in his name
Decrees were sent to effect the same.

Sect. 8.

NOw when the year had turn'd his course about
And fully worne his weary howers out,
And left his circling travell to his heire,
That now sets onset to the ensuing yeare,
Proud *Haman* (pain'd with travell in the birth,
Till after-time could bring his mischiefe forth)
Casts Lots, from month to month, from day to day,
To picke the choycest time, when Fortune may
Be most propitious to his damned plot;
Till on the last month fell the unwilling Lot:
So *Haman* guided by his Idoll Fate,
(Cloaking with publike good his private Hate)
In plaintiffe tearmes, where Reason forg'd a relish
Vnto the King, his speech did thus imbellish:
« Vpon the limits of this happy Nation,
« There flotes a skumme, an off-cast Generation,
« Dispers'd, despis'd, and noysome to the Land,
« And Refractory to the Lawes, to thy Command.

« Not

« Not stooping to thy Power, but despising
« All Government, but of their owne deviſing,
« Which ſtirs the glowing embers of diviſion,
« The hatefull mother of a States perdition,
« The which (not ſoone redreſt by Reformation)
« Will ruine breed to thee, and to thy Nation,
« Begetting Rebels, and ſeditious broyles,
« And fill thy peacefull Land with bloody ſpoyles:
« Now therefore if it pleaſe my gracious Lord,
« To right this grievance with his Princely ſword,
« That Death, and equall Iuſtice may o'rwhelme
« The ſecret Ruiners of thy ſacred Realme,
« Vnto the Royall Treaſure of the King,
« Ten thouſand ſilver Talents will I bring.

Then gave the King, from off his heedleſſe hand
His Ring to *Haman*, with that Ring command,
And ſaid: « Thy proffer'd wealth thy ſelfe poſſeſſe,
« Yet be thy juſt petition ne'rtheleſſe
« Entirely granted. Loe, before thy face
« Thy Vaſſals lie, with all their rebell race;
« Thine be the people, and the power thine,
« T'allot theſe Rebels their deſerved Fine.
Forthwith the Scribes were ſummon'd to appeare,
Decrees were writ ten, ſent to every Shire;
To all Lieutenants, Captaines of the Band,
And all the Provinces throughout the Land,
Stil'd in the name and perſon of the King.
And made authenticke with his Royall Ring;
By ſpeedy Poſt-men were the Letters ſent;
And this the ſumme is of their ſad content:

ASSVERVS REX.

« Let ev'ry Province in the Perſian Land,
« (Vpon the Day prefixt) prepare his hand,
« To make the Channels flow with Rebels blood,

« And

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« And from the earth to roote the Iewish brood:
« And let the softnesse of no partiall heart,
« Through melting pitie, love, or false desert,
« Spare either young, or old, or man, or woman,
« But like their faults, so let their plagues be commō:
« Decreed, and signed by our Princely Grace,
« And given at Sushan, from our Royall Place,
So *Haman* fill'd with joy, (his fortunes blest
With faire successe of his so foule request)
Laid care aside to sleepe, and with the King,
Consum'd the time in Iolly banquetting:
Meane while the Iewes, (the poore afflicted Iewes
Perplext and startled with the new-bred newes)
With drooping heads, and selfe-embracing armes,
Wept forth the Dirge of their ensuing harmes.

Medita 8.

OF all diseases in a publike weale,
No one more dangerous, and hard to heale,
(Except a Tyrant King) than when great might
Is trusted to the hands that take delight
To bathe, and paddle in the blood of those,
Whom jelousies, and not just cause oppose:
For when as haughty power is conjoyn'd
Vnto the will of a distemper'd minde,
What e'r it can, it will, and what it will,
It in it selfe hath power to fulfill:
What mischiefe then can linger, unattempted?
What base attempts can happen unprevented?
Statutes must breake, good lawes must goe to wrack
And (like a Bow that's over-bent,) must crack:
Iustice (the life of Law) becomes so furious,
That (over-doing right) it proves injurious:

Mercy

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Mercy (the Steare of Iuſtice) flies the Citie,
And falſly muſt be term'd a fooliſh Pity,
Meane while the gracious Princes tender breſt
(Gently poſſeſt with nothing but the beſt
Of the diſguis'd diſſembler) is abus'd
And made the cloke, wherewith his fault's excus'd:
The radiant beames that warme, and ſhine ſo bright,
Comfort this lower world with heate and light,
But drawne, and recollected in a glaſſe,
They burne, and their appoynted limits paſſe:
Even ſo the power from the Princes hand,
Directs the ſubject with a ſweet command,
But to perverſe fantaſticks if conferr'd,
Whom wealth or blinded Fortune hath preferr'd,
It ſpurres on wrong, and makes the right retire,
And ſets the grumbling Common-wealth on fire:
Their foule intent, the Common good pretends,
And with that good they maske their private ends,
Their glorrie's dimme, and cannot bee underſtood,
Vnleſſe it ſhine in pride, or ſwimme in blood:
Their will's a Law, their miſchiefe Policie,
Their frownes are Death, their power Tyranny:
Ill thrives the State that harbours ſnch a man,
That can, what e'r he wils; wils what he can.
May my ungarniſht quill preſume ſo much,
To glorifie it ſelfe, and give a touch
Vpon the Iland of my Soveraigne Lord:
What language ſhall I uſe, what new-found word,
T'abridge the mightie volume of his worth,
And keepe mee blameleſſe from th'untimely birth
Of (falſe-reputed) flattery? he lends
No curſed *Haman* pow'r, to worke his Ends
Vpon our ruine, but transfers his grace
On juſt deſert, which in the ugly face

Of

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Of foule detraction, (untouch't) can dare,
And smile, till black-mouth'd Envy blush, and tare
Her Snaky fleece. Thus, thus in happy peace
He rules, to make our happinesse increase,
Directs with love, commands with Princely awe,
And in his brest he beares a living Law:
Defend us thou, and heavens thee defend,
And let proud *Haman* have proud *Hamans* end.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Iewes and Mordecai *lament,*
And waile the height of their distresses:
But Mordecai *the Queene possesses*
With cruell Hamans *foule intent.*

Sect. 9.

NOw when as Fame (the daughter of the earth
Newly dis-burthen'd of her plumed birth)
From off her Turrets did her wings display,
And pearcht in the sad eares of *Mordecai*,
He rent his garments, wearing in their stead
Distressed Sack-cloth: on his fainting head
He strowed Dust, and from his showring eyes
Ran floods of sorrow, and with bitter cryes
His griefe saluted heaven; his groanes did borrow
No Art to draw the true pourtraict of sorrow:
Nor yet within his troubled brest alone,
(Too small a stage for griefe to trample on)
Did Tyrant sorrow act her lively Sceane,
But did inlarge (such griefe admits no meane)
The lawlesse limits of her Theater
Ith' hearts of all the Iewish Nation, where

(With no dissembled Action) she expresst
The lively Passion of a pensive brest.
Forthwith he posteth to the Palace gate,
T'acquaint Queene *Ester* with his sad estate,
But found no entrance: for the Persian Court
Gave welcome to delights, and youthfull sport,
To jolly mirth, and such delightfull things:
Soft rayment best befits the Courts of Kings:
There lies no welcome for a whining face,
A mourning habit suits no Princely Place:
Which when the Maids, and Eunuchs of the Queene
(Vnable of themselves to help) had seene,
Their Royall Mistresse straight they did acquaint
With the dumbe shew of her sad Cousins plaint;
Whereat (till now a stranger to the cause)
Perplext, and forced by the tender Lawes
Of deare affection, her gentle heart
Did sympathize, with his conceived smart:
She sent him change of Rayment to put on,
To waile his griefe, but he received none:
Then (sore dismai'd, impatient to forbeare
The knowledge of the thing she fear'd to heare)
She sent her servant to him, to importune,
What sudden Chance, or what disastrous fortune
Had caus'd this strange and ill-apparell'd griefe,
That she (if in her lies) may send reliefe:
To whom his sorrowes made this sad Relation,
And this the tenor of his Declaration:

« *Haman* (that cursed *Humans*) haughty pride
« (Because my knee deservedly deny'd
« To make an Idol of his greatnesse) hath
« Incenst the fury of his jealous wrath,
« And profer'd lavish bribes to buy the blood
« Of me, and all the faithfull Iewish brood:

Lo,

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« Lo, here the Copy, granted by the King,
« Stil'd in his name, confirmed with his Ring;
« By vertue of the which, into his hands,
« Curst *Haman* hath ingroſt our lives, our lands:
« Goe tell the Queene, it reſteth in her powers,
« To help; the caſe is hers as well as ours:
« Goe tell my Couſin Queene, it is her charge,
« To uſe the means whereby ſhe may inlarge
« Her aged kinſmans life, and all her Nation;
« Preferring to the King her ſupplication.

Meditat. 9.

WHo hopes t' attaine the ſweet Elyſian Layes
To reap the harveſt of his well-ſpent dayes,
Muſt paſſe the joyleſſe ſtreames of Acharon,
The ſcorching waves of burning Phlegeton,
And ſable billowes of the Stygian Lake:
Thus ſweet with ſowre each mortall muſt partake.
What joyfull Harveſter did e'r obtaine
The ſweet fruition of his hopefull gaine,
Vntill his hardy labours firſt had paſt
The Summers heate, and ſtormy Winters blaſt?
A ſable night returnes a ſhining morrow;
And dayes of joy enſue ſad nights of ſorrow:
The way to bliſſe lyes not on beds of Downe,
And he that had no Croſſe, deſerves no Crowne:
There's but one Heav'n, one place of perfect eaſe,
In man it lies, to take it where he pleaſe,
Above, or here below; And few men doe
Injoy the one; and taſte the other too;
Sweating, and conſtant labour wins the Goale
Of Reſt; Afflictions clarifie the ſoule,

And like hard Masters, give more hard directions,
Tut'ring the nonage of uncurb'd affections:
Wisedome (the Antidot of sad despaire)
Makes sharpe Afflictions seeme not as they are,
Through patient sufferance, and doth apprehend,
Not as they seeming are, but as they end:
To beare Affliction with a bended brow,
Or stubborne heart, is but to disallow
The speedy meanes to health; salve heales no soare,
If mis-apply'd, but makes the griefe the more:
Who sends Affliction, sends an end, and He
Best knows what's best for him, what's best for me:
'Tis not for me to carve me where I like;
Him pleases when he list to stroke or strike:
Ile neither wish, nor yet avoid Tentation,
But still expect it, and make preparation:
If he thinke best, my Faith shall not be tryde,
Lord keepe me spotlesse frō presumptuous pride:
If otherwise; with tryall, give mee care,
By thankefull patience, to prevent Despaire;
Fit me to beare what e'r thou shalt assigne;
I kisse the Rod, because the Rod is thine.
How-ere, let me not boast, nor yet repine,
With tryall, or without (Lord) make me thine.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

Her aide implor'd, the Queene refuses
To helpe them, and her selfe excuses:
But (urg'd by Mordecai*) consents*
To die, or crosse their foes intents.

Sect. 10.

NOw when the servant had return'd the words
Of wretched *Mordecai*, like pointed swords
They neare impierc't Queene *Esters* tender heart,
That well could pitty, but no helpe impart;
Ballac'd with griefe, and with the burthen foyld,
(Like Ordnance over-charg'd) shee thus recoy'ld:
« Goe, *Hatach*, tell my wretched kinsman thus,
« The case concernes not you alone, but us:
« We are the subject of proud *Hamans* hate,
« As well as you; our life is pointed at
« As well as yours, or as the meanest Iew,
« Nor can I helpe my selfe, nor them, nor you:
« You know the customs of the Persian State,
« No King may breake, no subject violate:
« How may I then presume to make accesse
« Before th'offended King? or rudely presse
« (Vncall'd) into his presence? How can I
« Expect my suit, and have deserv'd to die?
« May my desires hope to finde successe,
« When to effect them, I the Law transgresse?
« These thirty dayes uncall'd for have I bin
« Vnto my Lord, how dare I now goe in?
« Goe, *Hatach*, and returne this heavy newes
« And shew the truth of my enforc'd excuse.

Whereof when *Mordecai* was full possest,
His troubled Soule he boldly thus expreſt :
« Goe, tell the fearfull Queen, too great's her feare,
« Too small her zeale; her life thee rates too deare :
« How poor's th'adventure, to ingage thy blood,
« To save thy peoples life, and Churches good ?
« To what advantage canst thou more expose
« Thy life, than this ? Th'ast but a life to lose;
« Thinke not, thy Greatnesse can excuse our death,
« Or save thy life, thy life is but a breath
« As well as ours, (Great Queen) thou hop'st in vain,
« In saving of a life, a life to gaine :
« Who knowes if God on purpose did intend
« Thy high preferment for this happy end ?
« If at this needfull time thou spare to speake,
« Our speedy help shall (like the morning) breake
« From heaven, together with thy woes; and hee
« That succours us, shall heape his plagues on thee.
Which when Queen *Ester* had right well perus'd,
And on each wounding word had sadly mus'd,
Startled with zeale, not daring to deny,
Shee rouz'd her faith, and sent this meeke reply :
« Since heaven it is endowes each enterprize
« With good successe, and onely in us lies
« To plant, and water; let us first obtaine
« Heavens high assistance, least the worke be vaine :
« Let all the Iewes in *Susa* summon'd be,
« And keep a solemne three dayes Fast, and we,
« With all our servants, and our maiden-traine,
« Shall fast as long, and from our thoughts abstaine :
« Then to the King (uncall'd) will I repaire,
« (How e'r my boldnesse shall his Lawes contraire)
« And bravely welcome Death before mine eye,
« And scorne her power : If I die, I die.

Medita, to.

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Media. 10.

AS in the winged Common-wealth of Bees,
(Whose carefull Summer Providence foresees
Th'approaching fruitlesse Winter, which denies
The crowne of labour) some with laden thighs
Take charge to beare their waxy burthens home;
Others receive the welcome load, and some
Dispose the waxe; others, the plot contrive;
Some build the curious Comb, some guard the Hive,
Like armed Centinels; others distreine
The purer honey from the waxe; some traine,
And discipline the young, while others drive
The sluggish Drones from their deserved Hive:
Thus in the Common-wealth (untaught by Art)
Each winged Burger acts his busie part;
So man (whose first creation did intend,
And chiefly pointed at no other end,
Then (as a faithfull Steward) to receive
The Fine and quit-rent of the lives we live)
Must fitt his deare indeavour to his might;
Each one must lift to make the burthen light,
Proving the power, that his gifts afford,
To raise the best advantage for his Lord,
Whose substitute he is, and for whose sake
We live and breathe, each his account must make,
Or more, or lesse; and he whose power lacks
The meanes to gather honey, must bring waxe:
Five Talents double five; two render foure;
Where's little, little's crav'd, where much, there's more:
Kings by their Royall priviledge may doe,
What unbefits a minde to search into,

But by the force of their prerogatives,
They cannot free the custome of their lives:
Their silly Widow (from whose wrinckled browes
Faint drops distill, through labour that she owes
Her needy life,) must make her Audite too,
As well as Kings and mightie Monarches doe:
The world's a Stage, each mortall Acts thereon,
As well the King that glitters on the Throne,
As needy beggars: Heav'n Spectator is,
And markes who acteth well, and who amisse.
¶ What part befits mee best, I cannot tell:
It matters not how meane, so acted well.

THE ARGVMENT.

Vnto the King Queene Ester goes,
He unexpected favour showes,
Demands her suit, she doth request
The King and Haman *to a Feast.*

Sect. II.

WHen as Queene *Esters* solemne 3 daies Fast
Had feasted heaven with a sweet repast,
Her lowly bended body shee unbow'd,
And (like faire *Titan* breaking from a cloud)
She rose, and with her Royall Robe she clad
Her liveleſſe limmes, and with a face as sad
As griefe could paint, (wanting no Art to borrow
A needleſſe help to counterfeit a sorrow,)
Softly she did direct her feeble pace
Vnto the inner Court, where for a space,
Shee boldly stood before the Royall Throne,
Like one that would, but durst not make her mone:

Which

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Which when her Princely Husband did behold,
His heart relented, (Fortune helps the bold)
And to expresse a welcome unexpected,
Forth to the Queen his Scepter he directed;
Whom (now imboldned to approach secur'd)
In gracious termes he gently thus conjur'd:
« What is't Queene *Ester* would? What sad requeſt
« Hangs on her lips, dwels in her doubtfull breſt?
« Say, say, (my lifes preſerver) what's the thing,
« That lies in the performance of a King,
« Shall be deny'd? Faire Queene, what e'r is mine
« Vnto the moity of my Kingdome's thine.
So *Ester* thus: « If in thy Princely eyes
« Thy loyall Servant hath obtaind the prize
« Of undeſerved favour, let the King
« And *Haman* grace my this dayes-banquetting,
« To crowne the dainties of his hand-maids Feaſt,
« Humbly devoted to ſo great a Gueſt.
The motion pleas'd, and fairely well ſucceeded:
(To willing mindes, no twice intreaty needed)
They came; but in Queene *Ester's* trouble face,
(Rob'd of the ſweetneſſe of her wonted grace)
The King read diſcontent; her face divin'd
The greatneſſe of ſome further ſuit behinde.
« Say, say, (thou bounteous harveſt of my joyes)
(Said then the King) « what dumpiſh griefe annoyes
« Thy troubled ſoule? Speak, Lady, what's the thing
« Thy heart deſires? By th'honour of a King,
« My Kingdomes halfe, requeſted, I'le divide
« To faire Queene *Ester*, to my faireſt Bride.
« Lo then the tenour of my deare requeſt,
(Reply'd the Queene,) « unto a ſecond Feaſt,
« Thy humble Suitor doth preſume to bid
« The King, and *Haman*, as before ihe did:

Now

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« Now therefore if it please my gracious Lord,
« To daigne his Royall presence, and afford
« The peereleſſe treasure of his Princely Grace,
« To dry the sorrowes of his Handmaids face,
« Then to my Kingly, and thrice-welcome Gueſt
« His servant shall unbosome her Requeſt.

Medita. 11.

HE that invites his Maker to a Feast,
(Adviſing well the greatneſſe of his Gueſt)
Muſt purge his dining chamber from infections,
And sweepe the Cobwebs of his lew'd affections,
And then provide such Cates, as moſt delight
His Palate, and beſt pleaſe his Appetite:
And such are holy workes and pious deeds,
These are the dainties wherein heaven feeds:
Faith playes the Cooke, seasons, directs, and guides;
So man findes meate, so God the Cook provides:
His drinke are teares, sprung from a midnight crie,
Heaven sips out Nectar from a sinners eye;
The dining Chamber is the soule oppreſt;
God keeps his revels in a Sinners breſt:
The muſick that attends the Feast, are groanes,
Deep-sounding sighes, and loud lamenting moanes:
Heav'n heares no sweeter muſick, than complaints;
The Fasts of sinners, are the Feasts of Saints,
To which heav'n daines to stoope, and heav'ns high
Deſcends, whilſt all the quire of Angels sing, (King
And with such sense-bereaving Sonets fill
The Hearts of wretched men, that my rude quill
(Dazeld with too much light) it ſelfe addreſſing
To blaze them forth, obſcures the in th'expreſſing:

Thrice

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Thrice happy man, and thrice-thrice happy Feast,
Grac'd with the presence of so great a Guest;
To him are freely giv'n the privy keyes
Of heav'n and earth, to open when he please,
And lock when e'r hee list; In him it lies
To ope the shoring sludgates of the skies,
Or shut them at his pleasure; in his hand
The Host of heaven is put; if he command,
The Sunne (not daring to withstand) obeyes,
Out-runnes his equall houres, flies back, or stayes,
To him there's nought uneasie to atchieve;
Hee'll rouze the graves, and make the dead alive.
¶ Lord, I'm unfit t'invite thee to my home,
My Cates are all too coorse, too meane my Roome:
Yet come and welcome: by thy power Divine,
Thy Grace may turne my Water into Wine.

THE ARGVMENT.

Good Mordecai's *unreverence*
Great Hamans *haughty pride offends:*
H'acquaints his wife with the offence,
The Counsell of his wife and friends.

Scel. 12.

THat day went *Haman* forth; for his swolne brest
Was fill'd with joyes, and heart was full possest
Of all the height Ambition could require,
To satisfie her prodigall Desire.
But when he passed through the Palace Gate,
(His eye-sore) aged *Mardochem* sate,
With head unbar'd, and stubborne knee unbent,
Vnapt to fawne, with slavish blandishment:

Which

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Which when great *Haman* saw, his boyling breſt
(So great diſdaine unable to digeſt)
Ran o're; his blood grew hot, and new deſires
Incenſt and kindled his avenging fires;
Surcharg'd with griefe, and ſick with male-content
Through his diſtemperd paſſion home he went;
Where (to aſſwage the ſwelling of his ſorrow
With words, the pooreſt helps diſtreſſe can borrow)
His wife and friends he ſummon'd to partake
His cauſe of diſcontent, and thus beſpake:
« See, ſee, how Fortune with a liberall hand,
« Hath with the beſt and ſweeteſt of the Land,
« Crown'd my deſiers, and hath timely blowne
« My budded hopes, whoſe ripeneſſe hath outgrown
« The limits and the hight of expectation,
« Scarce to be had, but in a Contemplation:
« See, ſee, how Fortune (to inlarge his breath,
« And make me living in deſpight of Death)
« Hath multiply'd my loynes, that after-Fame
« May in my ſtocke preſerve my blood, my Name.
« To make my honour, with my fortunes even,
« Behold, my gracious Lord the King hath given
« And truſted to my hand the ſword of Pow'r;
« Or life, or death lies where I laugh or lowre:
« Who ſtands more gracious in my Princes eye?
« How frownes the King, if *Haman* be not by?
« *Eſter* the Queene hath made the king her Gueſt,
« And (wiſely weighing how to grace the Feaſt
« With moſt advantage) hath (in Policie)
« Invited me: And no man elſe but I
« (Onely a fit companion for a King)
« May taſte the ſecrets of the banquetting.
« Yet what availes my wealth, my place, my might?
« How can I reliſh them? with what delight?
« What

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« What pleaſure is in dainties, if the taſte
« Be in it ſelfe diſtemper'd? Better faſt:
« In many ſweets, one ſowre offends the Palate,
« One loathſome weed annoyes the choyceſt Sallat:
« What are my riches, what my honour'd Place?
« What are my Children? or my Princes Grace,
« So long as curſed *Mordecai* ſurvives?
« Whoſe very breath infects, whoſe life deprives
« My life of bliſſe, and viſage ſteraly ſtrikes
« Worſe venome to mine eyes than Baſiliskes.
When *Haman* then had launc'd his rip'ned griefe;
In bloody termes they thus apply'd reliefe:
« Erect a *Gibbet*, fiftie Cubits high,
« Then urge the King (what will the King denie
« When *Haman* ſues?) that ſlaviſh *Mordecai*
« Be hang'd thereon; his blood will ſoone allay
« The heate of thine; his curſed death ſhall fame
« The highneſſe of thy power, and his ſhame;
« So when thy ſuit ſhall finde a faire event,
« Goe banquet with the King, and live content.
The Counſell pleas'd: The Gibbet fairely ſtands,
Soone done, as ſaid: *Revenge* findes nimble hands.

Meditat. 12.

SOme Ev'ls I muſt approve, all Goods, I dare not;
Some are, & ſeem not good; ſome ſeem & are not:
In chooſing goods my heart will make the choyce,
My flattring eye ſhall have no caſting voyce;
No outward ſenſe may chuſe an inward bliſſe,
For ſeeming Happineſſe leaſt happy is:
The eye (the chiefeſt Cinque-port of the Heart)
Keepes open doores, and playes the Traitors part.

Lets

Lets painted pleasures in, to bribe th'Affections,
Which maskes foule faces under falſe complexions;
It hath no power to Iudge, nor can it ſee
Things as they are, but as they ſeeme to bee.
There's but one happineſſe, one perfect bliſſe;
But how obtain'd, or where or what it is,
The world of nature ne'r could apprehend,
Grounding their labours on no other end,
Than bare opinion, diverſly affecting
Some one thing, ſome another, ſtill projecting
Prodigious fancies, till their learned Schooles
Lent ſo much knowledge as to make them fooles:
One builds his bliſſe upon the blaze of glory:
Can perfect happineſſe be tranſitory?
In ſtrength, another ſummes Felicitie:
What horſe is not more happy farre than hee?
Some pile their happineſſe on heapes of wealth;
Which (ſicke) they'd loath, if Gold could purchaſe health:
Some, in the uſe of beautie place their end;
Some, in th'enjoyment of a Courtly friend:
Like waſted lamps, ſuch happineſſes ſmother;
Age puffeth out the one; and wants, the other.
The happineſſe, whoſe worth deſires the name
Of chiefe, with ſuch a fier doth inflame
The breſt of mortals, that Heaven thinkes it fit
That men ſhould rather thinke than taſte of it;
All earthly joyes ſome other ayme intend,
This, for it ſelfe's deſir'd, no other end:
Thoſe, (if enjoy'd) are croſt with diſcontent,
If not in the purſuit, in the event:
This (truely good) admits no contrariety,
Without defect, or yet a loath'd ſatiety.
¶ The leaſt is more than my deſert can claime,
(Thankfull for both) at this alone I ayme.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

The King askes Haman, *what respects*
Befit the man that hee affects;
And with that honour doth appay
The good deserts of Mordecai.

Sect. 13.

NOw when as *Morpheus* (Serjeant of the night)
Had laid his mace upon the dawning light,
And with his lustlesse limbes had closely spred
The sable Curtaines of his drouzy Bed,
The King slept not, but (indispos'd to rest)
Disguised thoughts within his troubled brest
Kept midnight Revels
Wherefore (to recollect his randome thought)
He gave command the Chronicles bee brought
And read before him; where, with good attention,
He mark'd how *Mordecai* (with faire prevention)
Of a foule treason 'gainst his blood intended,
His life, and State had loyally defended;
Whereat the King (impatient to repay
Such faithfull service with the least delay)
Gently demands what thankfull recompence,
What worship or deserved reverence,
Equivalent to such great service, hath
Iustly repaid this loyall Leige-mans faith?
They answer'd, None: Now *Haman* (fully bent
To give the Vessell of his poyson, vent)
Stood ready charg'd with full Revenge, prepar'd
To beg his life, whom highly to reward
The King intends: "Say (*Haman*) quoth the King,
"What worship, or what honourable thing

Best

« Best fits the person, whom the King shall place
« Within the bounty of his highest Grace?
So *Haman* thus bethought, « Who more than I
« Deserves the Sun-shine of my Princes eye?
« Whom seekes the King to honour more than mee?
« From *Hamans* mouth shall *Haman* honour'd be;
« Speake freely then, And let thy tongue proclame
« An honour suiting to thy worth, thy name:
So *Haman* thus: « This honour, this respect
« Be done to him the King shall most affect,
« In Robes Imperiall bee his body dreft,
« And bravely mounted on that very Beast
« The King bestrides, then be the Crowne of State
« Plac'd on his lofty browes; let Princes waite
« Vpon his Stirrop, and in triumph lead
« This Impe of Honour in *Assuerus* stead;
« And to expresse the glory of his name,
« Like Heralds let the Princes thus proclame;
« This peerlesse Honour, and these Princely rites
« Be done to him in whom the King delights.
Said then the King, (O sudden change of Fate)
« Within the Portall of our Palace Gate
« There sits a Iew whose name is *Mordecai*,
« Be he the man; Let no perverse delay
« Protract; But what thy lavish tongue hath said,
« Doe thou to him. So *Haman* sore dismaid;
His tongue (ty'd to his Roofe) made no reply,
But (neither daring answer, nor deny)
Perforce obey'd, and so his Page became,
Whose life hee sought to have bereav'd with shame:
The Rites solemniz'd, *Mordecai* return'd
Vnto the Gate; *Haman* went home and mourn'd,
(His visage mussled in a mournfull vale)
And told his wife this melancholy Tale;

Whereat

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Whereat amaz'd, and ſtartled at the newes,
Deſpairing, thus ſhe ſpake: « If from the Iewes
« This *Mordecai* derive his happy line,
« His be the palme of victorie, not thine;
« The higheſt heavens have ſtill conſpir'd to bleſſe
« That faithfull ſeed, and with a faire ſucceſſe
« Have crown'd their juſt deſignes: If *Mordecai*
« Deſcend from thence, thy hopes ſhall ſoone decay,
« And melt like waxe before the mid-day Sun.
So ſaid, her broken ſpeech not fully done,
Haman was haſted to Queene *Eſters* Feaſt;
To mirth and joy, an indiſpoſed Gueſt.

Media. 13.

THere's nothing under heaven more glorifies
The name of King, or in a ſubjects eyes
Winnes more obſervance, or true loyalty;
Than ſacred Iuſtice ſhared equally:
No greater glory can belong to Might,
Than to defend the feeble in their right;
To helpe the helpleſſe, and their wrongs redreſſe,
To curbe the hauty-hearted, and ſuppreſſe
The proud; requiting ev'ry ſpeciall deed
With puniſhment, or honourable meed:
Herein Kings aptly may deſerve the name
Of gods, enſhrined in an earthly frame;
Nor can they any way approach more nigh
The full perfection of a Deity,
Than by true Iuſtice, imitating heaven
In nothing more, than in the poizing even
Their righteous ballance: Iuſtice is not blinde,
As Poets feigne; but, with a ſight refin'd,

Her Lyncean eyes are clear'd, and shine as bright
As doe their errours, that deny her sight;
The soule of Iustice resteth in her eye,
Her contemplation's chiefly to descry
True worth from painted showes; and loyalty,
From false, and deepe-dissembled trechery;
A noble Statesman from a Parasite;
And good, from what is meerely good in sight:
Such hidden things her piercing eye can see:
If Iustice then be blinde, how blinde are wee!
¶ Right fondly have the Poets pleas'd to say,
From earth the faire *Astræa's* fled away,
And in the shining Baudrike takes her seat,
To make the number of the Signes compleat:
For why? *Astræa* doth repose and rest
Within the Zodiake of my Sov'raignes brest,
And from the Cradle of his infancy
Hath train'd his Royall heart with industry,
In depth of righteous lore, and sacred thewes
Of Iustice Schoole, that this my Haggard Muse,
Cannot containe the freenesse of her spright,
But make a Mounty at so faire a flight,
(Perchance) though (like a bastard Eagle) daz'd
With too great light, she winke, and fall amaz'd.
¶ Heav'n make my heart more thankfull in confes-
So high a blisse, than skilfull, in expressing. (sing

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

The Queene brings Hamans accusation;
The King displac'd, and growes in passion:
Proud Hamans trecherie descry'd,
The shamefull end of shamelesse pride.

Sect. 14.

FOrthwith to satisfie the Queenes request,
The King and *Haman* came vnto her Feast,
Whereat the King (what then can hap amisse?)
Became her suitor, that was humbly his,
And fairely thus intreating, this bespake:
« What is't Queen *Ester* would? & for her sake,
« What is't the King would not? preferre thy suit,
« Faire Queen: Those that despaire, let thē be mute,
« Cleare up those clouded beames (my fairest Bride)
« My Kingdomes halfe (requested) I'le divide.
Whereat the Queene, halfe hoping, halfe afraid,
Disclos'd her trembling lips, and thus she said:
« If in the bounty of thy Princely Grace,
« Thy sad petitioner may finde a place
« To shrowd her most unutterable griefe,
« Which, if not there, may hope for no relieſe;
« If in the treasure of thy gracious eyes,
« (Where mercy and relenting pitie lies)
« Thy hand-maid hath found favour; let my Lord
« Grant me my life (my life so much abhord)
« To doe him service; and my peoples life,
« Which now lie open to a Tyrants knife:
« Our lives are sold, 'tis I, 'tis guiltlesse I,
« Thy loyall Spouse, thy Queene and hers must die:

« The spotlesse blood of me, thy faithfull Bride,
« Must swage the swelling of a Tyrants pride :
« Had we beene sold for drudges, to attend
« The busie Spindle; or for slaves to spend
« Our weary howers, to deserve our bread,
« So as the gaine stood but my Lord in stead,
« I had been silent, and ne'r spent my breath :
« But neither he that seekes it, nor my death,
« Can to himselfe the least advantage bring,
« (Except revenge) nor to my Lord the King.
Like to a Lyon rouzed from his rest,
Rag'd then the King, and thus his rage expreſt :
« Who is the man that dares attempt this thing ?
« Where is the Traytor ? What ? am I a King ?
« May not our subjects serve, but must our Queene
« Be made the subject of a villaines spleene ?
« Is not Queene *Ester* bosom'd in our heart ?
« What Traitor then dares be so bold, to part
« Our heart and us? Who dares attempt this thing ?
« Can *Ester* then be slaine, and not the King ?
Reply'd the Queen, « The man that hath done this,
« That curſed *Haman*, wicked *Haman* is.
Like as a Felon shakes before the Bench,
Whose troubled silence proves the Evidence,
So *Haman* trembled when Queene *Ester* spake,
Nor answer, nor excuse his guilt could make.
The King, no longer able to digest
So foule a trechery, forsooke the Feast,
Walk'd in the Garden, where consuming rage
Boyl'd in his heart, with fire (unapt t'asswage)
So *Haman* pleading guilty to the fault,
Besought his life of her, whose life he sought.
When as the King had walk'd a little space,
(So rage and choller often shift their place)

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In

In he return'd, where *Haman* fallen flat
Was on the bed wheron Queene *Ester* sat;
Whereat the King new cause of rage debates,
(Apt to suppose the worst, of whom he hates)
New passion addes new fuell to his fire,
And faines a cause to make it blaze the higher:
"Is't not enough for him to seeke her death,
"(Said he) but with a Letchers tainted breath,
"Will he inforce my Queene before my face,
"And make his Brothell in our Royall Place?
So said, they veiled *Hamans* face, as hee
Vnfit were to be seene or yet to see:
Then said an Eunuch, sadly standing by,
"In *Hamans* Garden, fiftie Cubits high,
"There stands a Gibbet, built but yesterday,
"Made for thy Loyall servant *Mordecai*,
"Whose faithfull lips thy life from danger freed,
And merit leads him to a fairer meed.
Said then the King, "It seemeth just and good,
"To shed his blood, that thirsted after blood;
"Who plants the Tree, deserves the fruit; 'tis fit
"That he that bought the purchase, hansell it:
"Hang *Haman* there; It is his proper good;
"So let the Horseleach burst himselfe with blood:
They straight obey'd: Loe here the end of Pride:
Now rests the King appeas'd and satisfi'd.

Meditat. 14.

CHeere up, and caroll forth your silver ditty,
(Heavens winged Quiristers) and fill your City
(The new Ierusalem) with jolly mirth: (earth:
The Church hath peace in heaven, hath peace on

Spread forth your golden pinions, and cleave
The flitting skies; dismount, and quite bereave
Our stupid senses with your heavenly mirth,
For lo, there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on earth:
Let *Hallelujah* fill your warbling tongues,
And let the Ayre compos'd of saintly songs,
Breathe such celestiall Sonnets in our eares;
That whosoe'r this heav'nly musicke heares,
May stand amaz'd, and (ravisht at the mirth)
Chant forth, there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on earth;
Let Mountaines clap their joyfull, joyfull hands,
And let the lesser hils trace o'r the Lands
In equall measure; and resounding woods
Bow downe your heads, and kisse your neighb'ring floods:
Let peace and love exalt your key of mirth;
For now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on earth:
You holy Temples of the highest King,
Triumph with joy; Your sacred Anthemes sing;
Chant forth your Hymns, and heav'nly roundelayes,
And touch your Organs on their louder keyes:
For *Hamã's* dead, that danted all your mirth,
And now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on earth:
Proud *Haman's* dead, whose life disturb'd thy rest,
Who sought to cut, and seare thy Lilly brest;
The rav'nous Fox, that did annoyance bring,
Vnto the Vineyard, 's taken in a Spring.
¶ Seem'd not thy Spouse unkind, to heare thee weep
And not redresse thee? Seem'd he not asleepe?
No, (Sion) no, he heard thy bitter prayer,
But let thee weepe, for weeping makes thee faire,
The morning Sunne reflects, and shines most bright;
When Pilgrims grope in darknesse all the night:
The Church must conquer, e'r she gets the prize,
But there's no conquest, where's no enemies:

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The

The day is thine; In triumph make thy mirth,
For now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on
What man's ſo dull, or in his brains undone, (earth:
To ſay, (becauſe he ſees not) There's no Sun?
Weake is the faith, upon a ſudden griefe,
That ſayes, (becauſe not now) There's no reliefe:
God's bound to help, but loves to ſee men ſue:
Though dateleſſe, yet the bond's not preſent due.
¶ Like to the ſorrowes of our Child-bed wives,
Is the ſad pilgrimage of humane lives:
But when by throes God ſends a joyfull birth,
Then find we peace in heav'n and peace on earth.

THE ARGVMENT.

Vpon the Queene and Mordecai
Dead Hamans *wealth and dignitie*
The King beſtowes: to their diſcretion
Referres the Iewes decreed oppreſſion.

Sect. 15.

THat very day the King did freely adde
More bounty to his gift: What *Haman* had
Borrow'd of ſmiling Fortune, he repaid
To *Eſters* hand, and to her uſe convaid:
And *Mordecai* found favour with the King;
Vpon his hand he put his Royall Ring,
Whoſe Princely pow'r prond *Haman* did abuſe,
In late betraying of the guiltleſſe Iewes;
For now had *Eſter* to the King deſcry'd
Her Iewiſh Kin, how neare ſhe was ally'd
To *Mardocheus*, whom (her father dead)
Hi' ve did foſter in her fathers ſtead.

Once

Once more the *Queene* preferres an earnest suit,
Her humble body lowly prostitute
Before his Royall feet, her cheekes o'rflowne
With marish teares, and thus her plainfull moane,
Commixt with bitter singults, she expresst:
« If in the Cabin of thy Princely brest
« Thy loyall servant (undeserv'd) hath found
« A place wherein her withes might be crown'd
« With faire successe; If in thy gracious sight
« I pleasing, or my cause seeme just and right,
« Be speedy letters written, to reverse
« Those bloody Writs which *Haman* did disperse
« Throughout thy Provinces, whose sad content
« Was the subversion of my innocent
« And faithfull people; Help, (my gracious Lord)
« The time's prefixt, wherein th'impartiall Sword
« Must make this massacre, the day's at hand,
« Vnlesse thy speedy Grace send countermand:
« How can I brooke within my tender brest,
« To breake the bonds of Natures high behest,
« And see my people, (for whose sake I breathe)
« Like stalled Oxen, bought and sold for death?
« How can I see such mischiefe? how can I
« Survive, to see my kin, and people die?
Said then the King: « To cursed *Haman* hath
« The execution of our highest wrath,
« The equall hire of his malicious pride;
« His wealth to thee I gave, (my fayrest Bride)
« His honour (better plac'd) I have bestow'd
« On him, to whom my borrow'd life hath ow'd
« Her five yeares breath, the trusty *Mordecai*,
« Our loyall kisman: Let his hand pourtray
« Our pleasure, as best liketh him, and thee,
« Let him set downe, and be it our Decree,

« Let

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« Let him confirme it with our Royall Ring,
« And we shall signe it with the name of King:
« For none may alter, or reverse the same
« That's seal'd and written in our Princely name.

Meditat. 15.

TO breathe's a necessary gift of nature,
Whereby we may discerne a living Creature
From plants, or stones: 'Tis but a meere degree
From Vegetation; and this, hath thee
Like equally shar'd out to bruitish beasts
With man, who lesse observes her due behests
(Sometimes) than they; and oft, by accident,
Doe lesse improve the gift in the event:
But man, whose Organs are more fairely dresst,
To entertaine a farre more noble Guest,
Hath, through the excellence of his Creation,
A Soule Divine; Divine by inspiration;
Divine through likenesse to that power Divine,
That made and plac'd her in her fleshly shrine;
From hence we challenge lifes prerogative;
Beasts only breathe; 'Tis man alone doth live;
One end of mans Creation, was Society,
Mutuall Communion, and friendly Piety:
The man that lives unto himselfe alone,
Subsists and breathes, but lives not; Never one
Deserv'd the moity of himselfe, for hee
That's borne, may challenge but one part of three;
Triparted thus; his Country clames the best;
The next his Parents; and himselfe the least.
He husbands best his life, that freely gives
It for the publike good; hee rightly lives,

That

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That nobly dyes: 'tis greatest mastery,
Not to bee fond to live, nor feare to die
On just occasion; He that (in case) despises
Life, earnes it best; but he that over-prizes
His deerest blood, when honour bids him die,
Steales but a life, and lives by Robbery.
¶ O sweet Redeemer of the world, whose death
Deserv'd a world of lives! Had Thy deare breath
Beene deare to Thee; Oh had'st Thou but deny'd
Thy precious Blood, the world for e'r had dy'd:
O spoyle my life, when I desire to save it,
By keeping it from Thee, that freely gave it.

THE ARGUMENT.

Letters are sent by Mordecai,
That all the Iewes, upon the day
Appointed for their death, withstand
The furie of their foe-mans hand.

Sect. 16.

FOrthwith the Scribes were summon'd to appear;
To ev'ry Province, and to ev'ry Shire,
Letters they wrote (as *Mordecai* directed)
To all the Iewes, (the Iewes so much dejected)
To all Lieu-tenants, Captaines of the Band,
To all the States, and Princes of the Land,
According to the phrase, and divers fashion
Of Dialect, and speech of ev'ry Nation;
All which was stiled in the name of th'King,
Sign'd with his hand, seal'd with his Royall Ring;
Loe here the tenour of the Kings Commission;
«Whereas of late, (at *Hamans* urg'd petition,)

Decrees

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« Decrees were ſent, and ſpred throughout the Land,
« To ſpoile the Iewes, and with impartiall hand
« (Vpon a day prefixt) to kill and ſlay;
« We likewiſe grant, upon that very day,
« Full power to the Iewes, to make defence,
« And quit their lives, and for a Recompence,
« To take the ſpoyles of thoſe they ſhall ſuppreſſe,
« Shewing like mercy to the mercileſſe.
By Poſts, as ſwift as Time, was this Decree
Commanded forth; As faſt as Day they flee,
Spurr'd on, and haſt'ned with the Kings Command,
Which ſtraight was nois'd, and publiſh'd through the Land,
As warning to the Iewes, to make proviſion
To entertaine ſo great an oppoſition.
So *Mordecai* (diſburth'ned of his griefe,
Which now found hopefull tokens of reliefe)
Departs the preſence of the King, addreſt
In royall Robes, and on his lofty Creſt
He bore a Crowne of Gold, his body ſpred
With Lawne, and Purple deepely coloured:
Fill'd were the Iewes with triumphs, and with noyſe,
(The common Heralds to proclaime true joyes.)
Like as a priſner muffled at the tree,
Whoſe life's remov'd from death ſcarce one degree,
His laſt pray'r ſaid, and hearts confeſſion made,
(His eyes poſſeſſing deaths eternall ſhade)
At laſt unlook'd for, comes a ſlow Reprieve,
And makes him (even as dead) once more to live:
Amaz'd, he rends deaths muffler from his eyes,
And (over-joy'd) knowes not he lives, or dyes;
So joy'd the Iewes, whoſe lives, this new Decree
Had quit from death and danger, and ſet free
Their gaſping ſoules, and (like a blazing light)
Diſperſt the darkneſſe of the approaching night;

So

So joy'd the Iewes: and with their solemne Feasts
They chas'd dull sorrow from their pensive brests:
Meane while the people (startled at the newes)
Some griev'd, some envi'd, some (for feare) turn'd (Iewes.

Medita. 16.

AMong the noble Greekes it was no shame
To lose a Sword; It but deserv'd the name
Of warres disastrous fortune; but to yeeld
The right and safe possession of the Shield,
Was foule reproach, and manlesse cowardize,
Farre worse than death to him that scorn'd to prize
His life before his Honour; Honour's wonne
Most in a just defence, Defence is gone,
The Shield once lost; the wounded Theban cry'd,
How fares my Shield? which safe, he smil'd and dy'd:
True honour bides at home, and takes delight
In keeping, not in gaining of a Right;
Scornes usurpation, nor seekes the blood,
And thirsts to make her name not great, as good:
God gives a Right to man; To man, defence
To guard it giv'n; but when a false pretence
Shall ground her title on a greater Might,
What doth he else but warre with heav'n, and fight
With Providence? God sets the Princely Crowne
On heads of Kings; Who then may take it downe?
No juster quarrell, or more noble Fight,
Than to maintaine, where God hath giv'n a Right;
There's no despaire of Conquest in that warre,
Where God's the Leader; Policie's no barre
To his designes; no power can withstand
His high exploits; within whose mighty Hand

Are

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Are all the corners of the earth; the Hils
His fensive bulwarks are, which when he wils;
His lesser breath can bandy up and downe,
And crush the world, and with a winke, can drowne
The spacious Vniverse in suds of Clay;
Where heav'n is Leader, heav'n must win the day:
God reapes his honour hence; That combat's safe,
Where he's a Combatant, and ventures halfe:
Right's not impair'd with weakneſſe, but prevailes
In spight of strength, when strength & power failes:
Frail is the trust repos'd on Troops of Horse;
Truth in a Handfull, findes a greater force.
¶ Lord maile my heart with faith, and be my shield,
And if a world confront me I'le not yeeld.

THE ARGVMENT.

The bloody Massacre: The Iewes
Prevaile; their fatall sword subdues
A world of men, and in that fray,
Hamans *ten cursed sonnes they slay.*

Sect. 17.

NOw whenas Time had rip'ned the Decree,
(Whose Winter fruit, unshaken, from the tree
Full ready was to fall) and brought that Day,
Wherin pretended mischiefe was to play
Her tragick Sceane upon the Iewish Stage,
And spit the venome of her bloody rage
Vpon the face of that dispersed Nation,
And in a minute breathe their desolation;
Vpon that day (as patients in the fight)
Their scatter'd force the Iewes did reunite.

And

And to a heape their stragling strength reduc'd,
And with their fatall hand (their hand disus'd
To bathe in blood) they made so long recoyle,
That with a purple streame the thirsty soyle
O'rflowd: & on the pavement (drown'd with blood)
Where never was before, they rais'd a flood:
There lies a headlesse body, there a limme
Newly dis-joynted from the trunke of him
That there lies groaning; here, a gasping head
Crept fro his neighbours shoulders, there, halfe dead
Full heaps of bodies, whereof some curse Fate,
Others blaspheme the name of Heav'n, and rate
Their undisposed Starres; with bitter cries,
One pities his poore widow-wife, and dies;
Another bannes the night his sonnes were borne,
That he must die, and they must live forlorne;
Here (all besmear'd in blood congeal'd) there lies
A throng of carcases, whose liveleſſe eyes
Are clos'd with dust, and death: there, lies the Syre
Whose death the greedy heire did long desire;
And here the sonne, whose hopes were all the plea-
His aged father had, and his lifes treasure: (sure
Thus fell their foes, some dying, and some dead,
And onely they that scap'd the slaughter, fled;
But with such strange amazement were affrighted,
(As if themselves in their owne deaths delighted)
That each his force against his friend addrest,
And sheath'd his sword within his neighbours brest;
For all the Rulers (being sore afraid
Of *Mardocheus* name) with strength, and ayde
Supply'd the Iewes: For *Mardocheus* name
Grew great with honour, and his honour'd Fame
Was blaz'd through every Province of the Land.
And spred as farre, as did the Kings Command:

In

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In favour he increaſt; and ev'ry how'r
Did adde a greater greatneſſe to his Pow'r:
Thus did the Iewes triumph in victory,
And on that day themſelves were doom'd to die,
They ſlew th'appointed actors of their death,
And on their heads they wore that noble wreath,
That crownes a Victor with a Victors prize;
So fled their foes, ſo dy'd their enemies:
And on that day at Suſan were imbru'd
In blood, five hundred men whom they ſubdu'd;
The curſed fruit of the accurſed Tree,
That impious Decad, *Hamans* progeny,
Vpon that fatall day, they overthrew,
But tooke no ſpoyle, nor ſubſtance, where they ſlew.

Meditat. 17.

I Lately muſ'd; and muſing ſtood amaz'd,
My heart was bound, my ſight was over-daz'd
To view a miracle: could *Pharo* fall
Before the face of Iſrael? could her ſmall
And ill-appointed handfull then prevaile,
When *Pharo's* men of warre, and Charr'ots faile?
Theſe ſtood like Gyants; thoſe like Pigmy brats?
Theſe ſoar'd like Eagles; thoſe like ſwarms of gnats:
On foot theſe marcht; thoſe rod on troops of horſe,
Theſe never better arm'd; they, never worſe;
Strong backt with vēgeance, and revenge were they;
Theſe, with deſpaire, themſelves, themſelves betray;
They cloſe purſu'd; theſe (fearefull) fled the field;
How could they chuſe, but win? or theſe but yeeld?
Sure 'tis, nor man, nor horſe, nor ſword availes,
When Iſrael conquers, and great *Pharo* failes:

Poore

Poore Isr'el had no man of warre, but One;
And *Pharo* having all the rest, had none;
Heav'n fought for Isr'el, weakned *Pharo's* heart;
Who had no *Counter-god* to take his part:
What meant that cloudy Pillar, that by day
Did usher Isr'ell in an unknowne way?
What meant that fi'ry Pillar, that by night
Appear'd to Isr'el, and gave Isr'el light?
'Twas not the secret power of *Moses* Rod,
That charm'd the Seas in twaine; 'twas *Moses* God
That fought for Isr'el, and made *Pharo* fall;
Well thrives the Fray where God's the Generall:
'Tis neither strength nor undermining sleight,
Prevailes, where Heaven's ingaged in the fight.
¶ Me list not ramble into antique dayes,
To manne this theame, lest while *Vlysses* strayes,
His heart forget his home *Penelope*:
Our prosp'rous *Britaine* makes sufficient Plea
To prove her blisse, and heav'ns protecting power
Which had the mist, her glory in an howre
Had falne to Cinders, and had past away
Like smoake before the winde; Which happy Day
Let none but base-bred Rebels ever faile
To consecrate; and let this Age entaile
Vpon succeeding times Eternity,
Heav'ns highest love, in that dayes memory.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

The sonnes of Haman (that were slaine)
Are all hang'd up: The Iewes obtaine
Freedome to fight the morrow after,
They put three hundred more to slaughter.

Sect. 18.

VVHen as the fame of that dayes bloody newes
Came to the King, he said; "Behold, the Iews
" Have wonne the day, and in their just defence,
" Have made their wrong, a rightfull recompence;
" Five hundred men in Susan they have slaine,
" And that remainder of proud *Haman*, straine,
" Their hands have rooted out; Queene *Ester*, say,
" What further suit (wherein *Assuerus* may
Expresse the bounty of his Royall hand)
Rests in thy bosome? What is thy demand?
Said then the Queene: "If in thy Princely sight
" My boone be pleasing, or thou take delight
" To grant thy servants suit, Let that Commission
" (Which gave the Iews this happy dayes permission
" To save their lives) to morrow stand in force,
" For their behalfes that onely make recourse
" To God, and thee; and let that cursed brood,
" (The sonnes of *Haman*, that in guilty blood
" Lie all ingoar'd, unfit to taint a Grave)
" Be hang'd on Gibbets, and (like Co-heires) have
" Like equall shares of that deserved shame,
" Their wretched father purchas'd in his name:
The King was pleas'd and the Decree was giv'n
From Susan, where betwixt the earth and Heaven,

(Most undeserving to be own'd by either)
These cursed ten (like twins) were borne together.
When *Titan* (ready for his iournall chase)
Had rour'd his dewy locks, and Rosie face
Inricht with morning beautie, up arose
The Iewes in Susan, and their bloody blowes
So roughly dealt, that in that dismall day
A lease of hundreds fell, but on the prey
No hand was laid: so, sweet and jolly rest
The Iewes enjoyd, and with a solemne Feast,
(Like joyfull Victors, dispossest of sorrow)
They consecrated the ensuing morrow;
And in the Provinces throughout the Land,
Before their mighty and Victorious hand,
Fell more than seventy thousand, but the prey
They seized not, and in mem'ry of that day
They solemnized their victorious Gests,
With gifts and triumphs, and with holy Feasts.

Meditat. 18.

THe Doctrine of the Schoole of Grace dissents
From Natures (more uncertaine) rudiments,
And are as much contrary, and opposite
As Yea, and Nay, and blacke, and purest white:
For nature teaches, first to understand,
And then beleeve, but Grace doth first command
Man to beleeve, and then to comprehend;
Faith is of things unknowne, and must intend,
And soare above conceit, what we conceive,
We stand possest of, and already have:
But faith beholds such things, as yet we have not,
Which eye sees not, eare heares not, heart cõceives not.

Hereon

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Hereon, as on our ground-worke, our ſalvatiou
Erects her pillars; From this firme foundation,
Our ſoules mount up the new Ieruſalem,
To take poſſeſſion of her Diadem;
God loves no ſophiſtry; Who argues leaſt
In graces Schoole, concludes, and argues beſt;
A womans Logicke paſſes there; for 'tis
Good proofe to ſay, *'Tis ſo, becauſe it is*;
Had *Abraham* advis'd with fleſh and blood,
Bad had his faith beene, though his reaſons good;
If God bid doe, for man to urge a Why?
Is, but in better language, a deny:
The fleſhly ballances of our conceits,
Have neither equall poyſure, nor juſt weights,
To weigh, without impeachment, Gods deſigne;
There's no proportion betwixt things Divine,
And mortall: Lively faith may not depend,
Either upon th'occaſion, or the end.
¶ The glorious Sunnes reflected beames ſuffice,
To lend a luſter to the feebleſt eyes,
But if the Eye too covetous of the light,
Boldly out-face the Sunne (whoſe beames ſo bright,
And undiſpers'd, are too-too much refin'd
For view) is it not juſtly ſtrucken blind?
I dare not taske ſtout *Samſon* for his death;
Nor wandring *Ionah*, that bequeath'd his breath
To raging Seas, when God commanded ſo;
Nor thee (great Queene) whoſe lips did over-flow
With ſtreames of blood; nor thee (O cruell kinde)
To quench the fier of a womans minde,
With flowing rivers of thy ſubjects blood;
From bad beginnings God creates a good,
And happy end: What I cannot conceive,
Lord, let my ſoule admier, and beleeve.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Feast of Purim consecrated:
Th'occasion why 'twas celebrated;
Letters were writ by Mardocai,
To keepe the mem'ry of that day.

Sect. 19.

SO *Mardochem* throughout all the Land
Dispers'd his Letters, with a strict command
To celebrate these two dayes memory
With Feasts, and gifts, and yearly jollitie,
That after ages may record that day,
And keepe it from the rust of time, that they
Which shall succeed, may ground their holy mirth
Vpon the joyes, those happy dayes brought forth,
Which chang'd their sadnes, and black nights of sor-
Into the brightnesse of a gladsome morrow; (row.
Whereto the Iewes (to whom these letters came)
Gave due observance, and did soone proclame
Their sacred Festivals, in memory
Of that dayes joy, and joyfull victory:
And since the Lots, (that *Haman* did abuse,
To know the dismall day, which to the Iewes
Might fall most fatall, and, to his intent,
Least unpropitious) were in th'event
Crost with a higher Fate, than blinded Chance,
To worke his ruine, their deliverance;
They therefore in remembrance of the Lot
(Whose hop'd-for sad event succeeded not)
The solemne feasts of *Purim* did invest,
And by the name of *Purim* call their Feast;

Which

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Which to observe with sacred Complement,
And ceremoniall rites, their soules indent,
And firmly inroll the happy memory
Ith'hearts of their succeeding Progeny,
That time (the enemy of mortall things)
May not with hov'ring of his nimble wings,
Beate downe the deare memoriall of that time,
But keepe it flowring in perpetuall prime.
Now lest this shining day in times progresse
Perchance be clouded with forgetfulnesse,
Or left the gauled Persians should debate
The bloody slaughter, and re-ulcerate
In after-dayes, their former misery,
And blurre the glory of this dayes memory,
The Queene and *Mordecai* sent Letters out
Into the Land dispersed round about
To re-confirme, and fully ratifie
This feast of *Purim* to Eternitie;
That it to after-ages may appeare,
When sinners bend their hearts, heaven bowes his eare.

Meditat. 19.

AND are the Lawes of God defective then?
Or was the Paper scant, or dull the Pen
That wrote those sacred lines? Could imperfection
Lurk closly there, where heav'n hath giv'n direction?
How comes it then new feasts are celebrated,
Vnmention'din the Law, and uncreated?
By him that made the Law compleat and just,
Not to be chang'd as brain-sick mortals lust?
Is not heavens deepest curse with death to boot,
Denounc'd to him that takes from, or adds too't?

True 'tis, the Law of God's the rule and squire
Whereby to limit mans uncurb'd desire,
And with a gentle hand doth justly paize
The ballances of his unbevell'd wayes.
True 'tis accurs'd, and thrice accurs'd be he,
That shall detract, or change such Lawes, as be
Directive for his worship, or concerne
His holy Service, these we strictly learne,
Within our constant brest to keepe inshrin'd,
These in all seasons, and for all times binde:
But Lawes (although Divine) that doe respect
The publike rest, and properly direct,
As Statutes politike doe make relation
To times and persons, places, and occasion.
The brazen Serpent, which by Gods command,
Was builded up; was by the Prophets hand
Beat downe againe, as impious and impure,
When it became an Idoll, not a Cure.
A morall Law needs no more warranty,
Than Lawfull givers, and conveniency,
(Not crossing the Divine:) It lies in Kings,
To act, and to inhibit all such things
As in his Princely wisedome shall seeme best,
And most vantagious to the publike rest,
And what before was an indifferent thing,
His law makes good or bad: A lawfull King
Is Gods Lieutenant, in his sacred care
God whispers oft, and keeps his presence there.
¶ To breake a lawfull Princes just Command,
Is brokage of a sinne, at second hand.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT:

Assuerus *Acts upon Record.*
The iust haue vertue, and reward.

Sect. 20.

AND *Assuerus* stretch'd his heavy hand,
Laying a Tribute both on Sea, and Land;
What elsse he did, what *Trophees* of his fame,
He left for time to glorifie his Name,
With what renowne and grace, he did appay
The faithfull heart of loyall *Mordecai*;
Are they not kept in endlesse memory,
Recorded in the Persian History?
For *Mordecai* possest the second seat
In all the Kingdome, and his name is great;
Of God and man his vertues were approv'd,
Of God and man, much honour'd and belov'd;
Seeking his peoples good, and sweet prosperity,
And speaking joyfull peace to his posterity.

Meditat. 20.

THus thrives the man, thus prosper his indeavors
That builds on faith, and in that faith persevers:
¶ It is no losse, to lose; no gaine, to get,
If he that loses all shall win the Set:
God helpes the weakest, takes the losers chaire,
And setting on the King, doth soone repaire

His

His losse with vengeance; He's not alway best
That takes the highest place, nor he the least
That sits beneath: for outward fortunes can
Expresse (how great, but) not how good's the man;
Whom God will raise, he humbles first a while;
And where he raises, oft he meanes to spoyle.
¶ It matters not (Lord) what my fortunes be,
May they but lead or whip me home to thee.

Here the Canonicall History of Queene ESTHER *ends.*

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IOB MILITANT:

Horat. car. lib. 1. ode 17.

——*Diis, pietas mea,*
Et Musa, cordi est.—

By *Fra: Quarles.*

LONDON,
Printed by MILES FLESHER.
1634.

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41.
4.
27
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The Proposition of the WORKE.

WOuldst thou discover in a curious Map,
That Iland, which fond worldlings call
Surrounded with a sea of briny teares, (Mishap
The rockie dangers, and the boggie Feares,
The stormes of Trouble, the afflicted Nation,
The heavy soyle, the lowly situation?
On wretched Job then spend the weeping eye,
And see the colour painted curiously.

Wouldst thou behold a tragicke Sceane of sorrow,
Whose woefull Plot the Author did not borrow
From sad invention? The sable Stage,
The lively Actors with their equipage?
The Musick made of Sighs, the Songs of Cries,
The sad spectators with their watry Eyes?
Behold all this, comprized here in one;
Expect the Plaudit when the Play is done.

Or wouldst thou see a well built Pinace tost
Vpon the swelling Ocean, split (almost)
Now on a churlish Rocke; now fiercely striving
With labouring Winds; now, desperately driving
Vpon the boyling Sands, her storme-rent Flags,

Her

Her Main-Maſt broke, her Canvas torne to rags,
Her Treaſure loſt, her men with lightning ſlaine,
And left a wreck to the relentleſſe Maine?
Thus, thie and more, unto your moiſtned Eyes,
Our patient Job *ſhall lively moralize.*

Wouldſt thou behold unparalleld diſtreſſe,
Which minds cānot out-think, nor tongues expreſſe
Full to the life, the Anvill, whereupon
Miſchiefe doth worke her Maſter-piece, for none
To imitate; the dire Anatomy
Of (curiouſly-diſſected) Miſery;
The face of Sorrow, in her ſterneſt lookes,
The rufull Arg'ment of all Tragicke bookes?
In briefe, Would tender eyes endure to ſee
(Summ'd up) the greateſt ſorrowes that can bee?
Behold they then, poore Job *afflicted here,*
And each Beholder ſpend (at leſt) his Teare.

TO

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TO THE GREAT TETRAGRAMMATON, LORD PARAMOVNT OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

His Humble Servant dedicates himselfe, and implores the Enfranchising of his Muse.

1.

GReat God th'indebted praises of thy glory,
If Mã should smother, or his Muse wax faint
To number forth; the stones would make complaint,
And write a never-ending Story,
And, not without just reason, say,
Mens hearts are more obdure than they.

2.

Dismount from Heaven (O thou Diviner Power)
Hansell my slender Pipe, breathe (thou) upon it,
That it may runne an everlasting Sonnet,
Which envious Time may not devoure:
Oh, let it sing to after dayes
(When I am Dust) thy lowder Praise.

3. *Direct*

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3

Direct the footsteps of my sober Muse
To tread thy glorious path : For be it knowne,
Shee onely seekes thy Glory, not her owne,
Nor rouzed for a second use;
If otherwise, O may she never
Sing more, but be struck dumbe for ever.

JOB

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JOB MILITANT.

THE ARGVMENT:
Jobs Lineage, and Integritie,
His Issue, Wealth, Prosperitie,
His Childrens holy Feast: His wise
Forecast, and zealous Sacrifice.

Sect. 1.

NOt far from Casius, in whose bounteous womb
Great *Pompeys* dust lies crowned with his tomb
Westward, betwixt Arabia and Iudæa,
Is situate a Countrey, called Idumæa,
There dwelt a man (brought from his Lineage,
That for his belly swopt his Heritage,)
His name was *Iob*, a man of upright Will,
Iust, fearing Heaven, eschewing what was ill,
On whom his God had heap'd in highest measure,
The bounteous Riches of his boundlesse Treasure.
As well of Fortune, as of Grace, and Spirit,
Goods for his Children, Children to inherit;
As did his Name, his wealth did daily wexe,
His seed did germinate in either Sexe,
A hopefull Issue, whose discent may keepe
His righteous Race on foot; seven thousand sheepe
Did pay their Summer- tribute, and did adde
Their Winter blessings to his Fold: He had

Three

Three thousand Camels, able for their load,
Five hundred Asses, furnish'd for the Road,
As many yoake of Oxen, to maintaine
His houshold, for he had a mighty Traine;
Nor was there any in the East, the which
In vertue was so rare, in wealth so rich.

Vpon a time, his Children (to improve
The sweet affection of their mutuall love)
Made solemne Feasts, each feasted in his turne,
(For there's a time to mirth, as well as mourne)
And who, by course, was Master of the Feast,
Vnto his home invited all the rest.

Even as a Hen (whose tender brood forsake
The downy closet of her Wings, and take
Each it's affected way) markes how they feed,
This, on that Crum; and that, on t'other Seed;
Moves, as they move; and stayes, when as they stay,
And seemes delighted in their infant-play:
Yet fearing danger, with a busie eye,
Lookes here and there, if ought she can espie,
Which unawares might snatch a booty from her,
Eyes all that passe, and watches every commer.
Even so th'affection of this tender Syre,
(B'ing made more fervent with the selfe-same fire
Of dearest love, which flamed in their brests,
Preserved (as by fuell) in those Feasts)
Was ravisht in the height of joyes to see
His happy Childrens ten-fold unity:
As was his joy, such was his holy feare,
Lest he, that plants his Engines every where,
Baited with golden Sinnes, and re-insnares
The soule of Man, turning his Wheat to Tares,
Should season Error with the taste of Truth,
And tempt the frailtie of their tender youth.

No

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No sooner therefore had the dapled skie,
Opened the Twilight of her waking eye,
And in her breaking light had promis'd day,
But up he rose, his holy hands did lay
Vpon the sacred Altar (one by one)
An early Sacrifice for every Sonne:
«For who can tell, (said he) my Sonnes (perchance)
«Have slipt some sinne, which neither ignorance
«Pleaded, nor want of heed, nor youth can cure,
Sin steales, unseene, when men sleepe most secure.

Meditat. 1.

WAnt is the badge of povertie: Then he
That wanteth most, is the most poore, say we.
The wretch that hunger drives from door to doore,
Ayming at present Almes, desires no more.
The toyling Swaine, that hath with pleasing trouble
Cockt a small fortune, would that fortune double,
Which dearely bought with slav'ry, then (alas)
He would be deem'd a Man, that's well to passe:
Which got, his mind's now tickled with an itch,
But to deserve that glorious stile of Rich.
That done, h'enjoyes the crowne of all his labour,
Could he but once out-nose his right-hand-neighbour,
Lives he at quiet now? Now hee begins
To wish that Vs'ry were the least of sinnes:
But great, or small, he tries, and sweet's the trouble,
And for its sake he wisheth all things double;
Thus wishing still, his wishes never cease,
But as his Wealth, his wishes still encrease,
Wishes proceed from want: The richest then,
Most wishing, want most, and are poorest men:

If he be poore, that wanteth much, how poore
Is he, that hath too much, and yet wants more?
Thrice happy he, to whom the bounty of Heaven,
Sufficient, with a sparing hand, hath given:
'Tis Grace not Gold, makes great; sever but which,
The Rich man is but poore, the Poore man rich.
The faireſt Crop, of either Glaſſe, or Graine,
Is not for uſe, undew'd with timely raine.
The wealth of *Cræſus*, were it to be given,
Were not thank-worthy, if unbleſt by Heaven.
Even as faire *Phœbe*, in Diameter,
(Earth interpos'd betwixt the Sunne and her)
Suffers Ecclips, and is diſrobed quite
(During the time) of all her borrowed Light;
So Riches, which fond Mortals ſoe embrace,
If not enlightned with the Beames of Grace,
B'ing interpoſed with too groſſe a Care,
They lie obſcured; and no riches are.
My ſtint of Wealth lies not in my expreſſing,
With *Jacobs* Store (Lord) give me *Iacobs* Bleſſing;
Or if, at night, thou grant me *Lazars* Boone,
Let *Dives* Dogs lick all my ſores at noone,
Lord, pare my wealth by my Capacitie,
Leſt I, with it, or it ſuit not with me.
This humbly doe I ſue for at thy Hand,
Enough, and not too much for thy command.
Lord, what thou lend'ſt, ſhall ſerve but in the place
Of reckoning Counters, to ſumme up thy Grace.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

Satan appeares, and then professes
Himselfe mans Enemy, confesses
Gods love to Job, maligues his Faith,
Gaines power over all he hath.

Sect. 2.

VPon a time, when heavens sweet quire of Saints
(Whose everlasting Halleluiah chaunts
The highest praise of their celestiall King)
Before their Lord did the presentment bring
Of th'execution of his sacred Will,
Committed to their function to fulfill:
Satan came too (that Satan, which betraid
The soule of man to Deaths eternall shade,
Satan came too) and in the midst he stands,
Like to a Vulture 'mongst a herd of Swans.
Said then th'Eternall; « From what quarter now
« Hath busines brought thee? (Satan, whence com'st
« The Lord of Heav'n said th'Infernall, since (thou
« Thou hast intitled me the Worlds great Prince,
« I have beene practising mine old profession
« And come from compassing my large Possession,
« Tempting thy sonnes, and (like a roaring Lyon)
« Seeking my prey, disturbe the peace of Sion;
« I come from sowing Tares among thy Wheat;
« To him that shall dissemble *Peters* seat,
« I have beene plotting, how to prompt the death
« Of Christian Princes, and the bribed breath

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« Of cheapned Iuſtice, hath my fire inflam'd
« With ſpirit of boldneſſe, for a while, unſham'd.
« I come from planting ſtrife and ſterne debate,
« 'Twixt private man and man, 'twixt State & State,
« Subverting truth with all the power I can,
« Accuſing Man to God; and God to man:
« I daily ſow freſh Schiſmes among thy Saints;
« I buffet them, and laugh at their complaints;
« The Earth is my Dominion, Hell's my Home,
« I round the world, and ſo from thence I come.
Said then th'Eternall: « True, thou haſt not fail'd
« Of what thou ſay'ſt; thy ſpirit hath prevail'd
« To vexe my little Flock; Thou haſt beene bold
« To make them ſtray, a little, from their Fold.
« But ſay; In all thy hard Adventures, hath
« Thine eye obſerved *Iob* my Servants faith?
« Hath open force, or ſecret fraud beſet
« His bulwarke ſo impregnable, as yet?
« And haſt thou (without envy) yet beheld,
« How that the world his ſecond cannot yeeld?
« Haſt thou not found, that hee's of upright will,
« Iuſt, fearing God, eſchewing what is ill?
« True Lord, (reply'd the Fiend) thy Champion hath
« A ſtrong and fervent (yet a crafty) Faith,
« A forced love needs no ſuch great applauſe,
« He loves but ill, that loves not for a cauſe.
« Haſt thou not heap'd his Garners with exceſſe?
« Inricht his Paſtures? Doth not hee poſſeſſe
« All that he hath, or can demand from Thee?
« His Coffers fill'd, his Land ſtock'd plenteouſly?
« Hath not thy love ſurrounded him about,
« And hedg'd him in, to fence my practice out?
« But ſmall's the tryall of a Faith, in this,
« If thou ſupport him, 'tis thy ſtrength, not his.

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Can

« Can then my power, that ſtands by thy permiſſion,
« Encounter, where thou mak'ſt an Oppoſition?
« Stretch forth thy Hand, & ſmite but what he hath,
« And prove thou then the temper of his Faith;
« Ceaſe cock'ring his fond humour, veil thy Grace,
« No doubt but he'll blaſpheme thee to thy face.
« Loe, (ſaid th' Eternall) to thy curſed hand,
« I here commit his mighty Stocke, his Land,
« His hopefull Iſſue, & Wealth, though ne'r ſo much;
« Himſelfe, alone, thou ſhalt forbeare to touch.

Meditat. 2.

SAtan begg'd once, and found his pray'rs reward:
We often beg, yet oft returne, unheard.
If granting be th'effect of love, then we
Conclude our ſelves to be leſſe lov'd than he:
True, Satan begg'd, and begg'd his ſhame, no leſſe;
'Twas granted; ſhall we envy his ſucceſſe?
We beg, and our requeſt's (perchance) not granted;
God knew, perhaps, it were worſe had than wanted.
Can God and Belial both joyne in one will;
The one to aske, the other to fulfill?
Sooner ſhall Stygian darkneſſe blend with light,
The Froſt with Fier, ſooner day with Night.
True, God and Satan will'd the ſelfe-ſame Will,
But God intended Good; and Satan, Ill:
That Will produc'd a ſeverall concluſion;
He aym'd at Mans, and God at his confuſion:
He that drew Light from out the depth of Shade,
And made of Nothing, whatſoe'r he made,
Can out of ſeeming Evill, bring good Events;
God worketh Good, though by ill Inſtruments.

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As in a Clocke, one motion doth convay
And carry divers wheeles a severall way:
Yet all together, by the great wheeles force,
Direct the hand unto his proper course:
Even so, that sacred Will, although it use
Meanes seeming contrary; yet all conduce
To one effect, and in a free consent
They bring to passe heavens high decreed intent.
Takes God delight in humane weakenesse, then?
What glory reapes he from afflicted men?
The Spirit gone, can Flesh and Blood indure?
God burns his Gold, to make his Gold more pure.
Even as a Nurse, whose childes imperfect pace
Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,
Leaves her fond kissing, sets him downe, to goe,
Nor does uphold him for a step or two:
But when she findes that he begins to fall,
She holds him up, and kisses him withall:
So God from man sometimes withdrawes his hand
A while, to teach his Infant faith to stand;
But when he sees his feeble strength begin,
To faile, he gently takes him up againe.
Lord, I'm a childe, so guide my paces, than,
That I may learne to walke an upright man:
So shield my faith, that I may never doubt thee,
For I shall fall if e'r I walke without thee.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

The frighted Messingers tell Job
His foure-fold losse: He rends his Robe,
Submits him to his Makers truest,
Whom he concludeth to be just.

Sect. 3.

VPon that very day, when all the rest
Were frollick at their elder Brothers feast,
A breathlesse man, prickt on with winged feare,
With staring eyes, distracted here and there,
(Like kindled Exhalations in the Aire
At midnight glowing) his stiffe-bolting haire,
(Not much unlike the Pennes of Porcupines)
Crossing his armes, and making wofull signes,
Purboyld in sweat, shaking his fearfull head,
That often lookt behinde him as he fled,
He ran to *Iob*, still he'rtheless afraid,
His broken blast breath'd forth these words & said:
Alas, (deare Lord) the whiles thy servant ply'd
Thy painfull Plough, and whilest, on every side
Thy Asses fed about us as we wrought,
There sallied forth on us (suspecting nought
Nor ought intending but our cheerfull paine)
A rout of rude Sabæans with their Traine
Armed with death, and deafe to all our Cries,
Which, with strong Hand, did in an houre surprize
All that thou hadst, and whilest we strove, in vaine
To guard them, their impartiall hands have slaine

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Thy faithfull Servants with their thirsty Sword,
I onely scapt to bring this woefull word.
No sooner had he clos'd his lips, but see!
Another comes, as much agast as he:
A flash of fire (said he) new falne from heaven,
Hath all thy servants of their lives bereaven,
And burnt thy Sheepe; I, I alone am he
That's left unslaine, to bring the newes to thee.
This Tale not fully told, a third ensues,
Whose lips in labour with more heavy Newes,
Brake thus; The forces of a Triple Band,
Brought from the fierce Chaldæãs, with strong hand
Hath seiz'd thy Camels, murther'd with the sword
Thy servants all, but me that brings thee word.
Before the aire had cool'd his hasty breath,
Rusht in a fourth, with visage pale as Death:
The while (said he) thy children all were sharing
Mirth at a Feast of thy first Sonnes preparing,
Arose a winde, whose errand had more hast,
Than happy speed, which with a full-mouth'd blast
Hath smote the house, which hath thy children reft
Of all their lives, and thou art childlesse left;
Thy Children all are slaine, all slaine together,
I onely scap't to bring the tidings hither.
So said, Behold the man, whose wealth did flow
Like to a Spring-tide, one bare houre agoe,
With the unpattern'd height of fortunes blest,
Above the greatest Dweller in the East;
He that was Syre of many Sonnes but now,
Lord of much people, and while-e'r could show
Such Herds of Cattell; He, whose fleecy stocke
Of Sheepe could boast seven thousand in a flocke,
See how he lies, of all his wealth dispoil'd,
He now hath neither Servant, Sheepe nor Childe;

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Like

Like a poore man arose the patient *Iob*,
(Stun'd with the newes) and rent his purple Robe,
Shaved the haire from off his wofull head,
And prostrate on the floore he worshipped:
"Naked, ah! Poore and naked did I come
"Forth from the closet of my mothers wombe,
"And shall returne (alas) the very same,
"To th'earth as poore and naked as I came:
"God gives, and takes, and why should he not have
"A priviledge, to take those things he gave?
"We men mistake our Tenure oft, for He
"Lends us at will, what we miscall as Fee;
"He reassumes his owne, takes but the same
"He lent awhile. Thrice blessed be his Name.
In all this passage, *Iob*, in heart, nor tongue,
Thought God unjust, or charg'd his had with wrong.

Medita. 3.

THe proudest pitch of that victorious spirit,
Was but to win the World, whereby t'inherite
The ayrie purchase of a transitory
And glozing Title of an ages Glory;
Would'st thou by conquest win more fame than He?
Subdue thy selfe, thy selfe's a world to thee:
Earth's but a Ball that Heaven hath quilted o'r
With Wealth and Honour, banded on the floore
Of fickle Fortunes false and slippery Court,
Sent for a Toy, to make us Children sport,
Mans satiate spirits, with fresh-delights supplying,
To still the Fondlings of the world from crying;
And

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And he whose merit mounts to such a Ioy,
Gaines but the Honour of a mighty Toy. (crown'd
But would st thou conquer, have thy conquest
By hands of Seraphins, triumph'd with the sound
Of heavens loud Trumpet, warbled by the shrill
Celestiall quire, recorded with a Quill,
Pluckt from the Pinion of an Angels wing,
Confirm'd with joy, by heavens Eternall King?
Conquer thy selfe, thy rebell thoughts repell,
And chase those false affections that rebell. (thee?
Hath Heaven dispoil'd what his full hand had given
Nipt thy succeeding Blossomes? or bereaven thee
Of thy deare latest hope, thy bosome Friend?
Doth sad Despaire deny these griefes an end?
Despair's a whispring Rebell, that within thee,
Bribes all thy Field, and sets thy selfe agin thee:
Make keene thy Faith, and with thy force let flee,
If thou not conquer him, he'll conquer thee:
Advance thy Shield of Patience to thy head,
And when griefe strikes, twill strike the striker dead?
The patient man in sorrow spies reliefe,
And by the taile he couples Ioy with Griefe.
In adverse fortunes be thou strong and stout,
And bravely winne thy selfe, Heaven holds not out
His Bow, for ever bent. The disposition
Of noblest spirits, doth, by opposition
Exasperate the more: A gloomy night
Whets on the morning to returne more bright;
A blade well try'd, deserves a treble price,
And Vertu's purest, most oppos'd by Vice:
Brave mindes, oppreſt, should (in despight of Fate)
Looke greatest, (like the Sun) in lowest state,
But ah! shall God thus strive with flesh and blood?
Receives he glory from, or reapes hee Good

In

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In mortals Ruine, that he leaves man so
To bee o'rwhelm'd by his unequall foe?
May not a Potter, that from out the ground,
Hath fram'd a Vessell, search if it be sound?
Or if by furbushing, he take more paine
To make it fairer, shall the Pot complaine?
Mortall, thou art but Clay: then shall not he,
That fram'd thee for his service, season thee?
Man, close thy lips, be thou no undertaker
Of Gods designes, Despute not with thy Maker.
Lord, 'tis against thy nature to doe ill;
Then give me power to beare, and worke thy **Will**;
Thou know'st what's best, make thou thine owne
Be glorifi'd, although in my confusion. (**conclusion.**

THE ARGVMENT.

Satan the second time appeares,
Before th'Eternall, boldly dares
Maligne Jobs *tryed faith afresh,*
And gaines th'afflicting of his Flesh.

Sect. 4.

ONce more, when Heavés harmonious Quiristers
Appear'd before his Throne, (whose Ministers
They are, of his concealed Will) to render
Their strict account of Iustice, and to tender
Th'accepted Sacrifice of highest praise,
(Warbled in Sonnets, and celestiall Layes)
Satan came too, bold, as a hungry Foxe,
Or rav'nous Wolfe amid the tender Flockes,

Satan,

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Satan, (ſaid then th'Eternall) from whence now
Hath thy imployment driven thee? Whence com'ſt
Satan replies; Great God of heavé & earth, (thou?
I come from tempting, and from making mirth:
To heare thy deareſt Children whine and roare:
In briefe, I come, from whence I came before.
Said then th'Eternall, Haſt thou not beheld
My ſervants Faith, how like a ſevenfold ſhield,
It hath defended his integrity
Againſt thy fiery Darts? Hath not thine Eye,
(Thine envious eye) perceiv'd how purely juſt
He ſtands, and perfect, worthy of the truſt
I lent into his hand, perſiſting ſtill
Iuſt, fearing God, eſchewing what is ill?
'Twas not the loſſe of his ſo faire a Flock,
Nor ſudden rape of ſuch a mighty Stock;
'Twas neither loſſe of Servants, nor his Sonnes
Vntimely ſlaughter, (acted all at once)
Could make him quaile, or warpe ſo true a Faith,
Or ſtaine ſo pure a Love; ſay (Satan) hath
Thy hand (ſo deeply counterfeiting mine)
Made him miſtruſt his God, or once repine?
Can there in all the earth, ſay, can there bee
A man ſo Perfect, and ſo Iuſt, as He?
Replies the Tempter, Lord, an outward loſſe
Hopes for repaire, its but a common croſſe:
I know thy ſervant's wife, a wiſe forecaſt,
Grieves for things preſent, not for things are paſt;
Perchance the tumour of his ſullen heart,
Brookes loſſe of all, ſince he hath loſt a part;
My ſelfe have ſervants, who can make true boaſt,
They gave away as much as he hath loſt:
Others (which learning made ſo wiſely mad)
Refuſe ſuch Fortunes as he never had;

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A Faith's not try'd by this uncertaine Touch,
Others, that never knew thee did as much:
Lend me thy Power then, that I might once
But Sacrifice his Flesh, afflict his Bones,
And pierce his Hide, but for a moments space,
Thy Darling then would curse thee to thy Face.
To which, th'Eternall thus: «His bodie's thine,
«To plague thy fill, withall I doe confine
«Thy power to her lists: Afflict and teare
«His flesh at pleasure: But his life forbeare.

Medita. 4.

BOth Goods and Body too; Lord, who can stand?
Expect not *Iobs* uprightnesse, at my hand,
Without *Iobs* aid; The temper of my Passion,
(Vntam'd by thee) can brooke no *Iobs* Temptation.
For I am weake, and fraile, and what I can
Most boast of, proves me but a *sinfull man*;
Things that I should avoid, I doe, and what
I am injoyn'd to doe, that doe I not.
My Flesh is weake, too strong in this, alone,
It rules my spirit, that should be rul'd by none
But thee; my spirit's faint, and hath beene never
Free from the fits of sins quotidian Fever.
My powers are all corrupt, corrupt my Will,
Marble to good, and waxe to what is ill;
Eclipsed is my reason, and my Wit;
By interposing earth 'twixt heaven and it:
My mem'ri's like a Searce of Lawne (Alas!)
It keeps things grosse, and lets the purer passe.

What

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What have I then to boast? What Title can
I challenge more than this, *A sinfull man?*
Yet doe I sometimes feele a warme desier,
Raise my low thoughts, and dull affections higher,
Where, like a soule intranc't, my spirit flies,
Makes leagues with Angels, and brings Deities
Halfe way to heaven, shakes hands with Seraphims
And boldly mingles wings with Cherubims,
From whence I looke askauns adowne the earth,
Pity my selfe, and loath my place of birth:
But while I thus my lower state deplore,
I wake, and prove the wretch I was before.
Even as the Needle, that directs the houre,
(Toucht with the Loadstone) by the secret power
Of hidden Nature, points upon the Pole;
Even so the wav ring powers of my soule,
Toucht by the vertue of thy Spirit, flee
From what is earth, and point alone to Thee.
When I have faith to hold thee by the Hand,
I walke securely, and me thinkes I stand
More firme than *Atlas*; But when I forsake
The safe protection of thine Arme, I quake
Like wind-shakt Reeds, and have no strength at all,
But as a Vine, (the Prop cut downe) I fall.
Yet wretched I, (when as thy Iustice lends
Thy glorious Presence from me) straight am friends
With Flesh and blood, forget thy Grace, flie from it,
And, like a Dog, returne unto my vomit:
The fawning world to pleasure then invites
My wandring eyes: The flesh presents delights
Vnto my yeelding heart, which thinks those pleasures
Are onely bus'nesse now, and rarest treasures,
Content on glory in, whilst I, secure,
Stoope to the painted plumes of Satans Lure:

Thus

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Thus I captiv'd, and drunke with pleasures Wine,
Like to a mad-man, thinke no state like mine.
What have I then to boast, what Title can
I challenge more than this, *A sinfull man?*
I feele my griefe enough, nor can I be
Redrest by any, but (great God) by thee.
Too great thou art to come within my Roofe,
Say but the word, *Be whole*, and 'tis enough;
Till then, my tongue shall never cease, mine Eyes
Ne'r cloze, my lowly bended knees ne'r rise:
Till then my soule shall ne'r want early sobs,
My cheekes no teares, my Pensive brest no throbs,
My heart shall lack no zeale, nor tongue expressing,
Ile strive like *Iacob* till I get my Blessing:
Say then, *Be cleane*, I'le never stop till then;
Heaven ne'r shall rest, till Heaven shall say, *Amen*.

THE ARGVMENT.

Iob, smote with Vlcers, groveling lies,
Plung'd in a Gulfe of miseries,
His Wife to blasphemy doth tempt him,
His three Friends visit, and lament him.

Sect. 5.

LIke as a Truant-Scholler (whose delay
Is worse than whipping,) having leave to play,
Makes haste to be inlarged from the Jayle
Of his neglected Schoole, turnes speedy tayle
Vpon his Tedious booke (so ill befriended)
Before his Masters *Ite* be full ended:

So

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So thanklesse Satan, full of winged haste,
Thinking all time, not spent in Mischiefe, waste,
Departs with speed, lesse patient to forbeare
The patient *Iob*, the patient *Iob* to beare.
Forth from the furnace of his Nostrill, flies
A sulpherous vapour which (by the envious eyes
Of this foule Fiend inflam'd) possest the faire
And sweet complexion of th'abused Ayre,
With Pestilence, and (having power so farre)
Tooke the advantage of his worser Starre.
Smote him with Vlcers (such as once befell
Th'Ægyptian Wizzards) Vlcers hot and fell,
Which like a searching Tetter uncorrected,
Left no part of his body unaffected,
From head to foote; no emptie place was found
That could b'afflicted with another wound:
So noysome was the nature of his griefe,
That (left by friends, and wife, that should be chiefe
Assisters) he, poore he, alone remain'd
Groveling in Ashes, being (himselfe) constrain'd
With Pot-sheards to scrape off those rip'ned cores,
(Which dogs disdain'd to licke) from out his soares,
Which when his wife beheld, adust and keene
Her passion waxt made strong with scorn and spleen;
Like as the Windes, imprison'd in the earth,
And barr'd the passage to their naturall birth,
Grow fierce; and nilling to be longer pent,
Breake in an Earthquake, shake the world, and vent;
So brake shee forth, so forth her fury brake,
Till now, pent in with shame, and thus shespake.
« Fond Saint, thine Innocence finds timely speed;
« A foolish Saint receives a Saintly meed;
« Is this the just mans recompence? Or hath
« Heaven no requitall for thy painfull Faith,

Other

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« Other than this? what have thy zealous Qualmes,
« Abstemious Fastings, and thy hopefull Almes,
« Thy private groanes, and often bended knees,
« No other end, no other thankes, but these?
« Fond man submit thee to a kinder Fate,
« Cease to be righteous at so deare a rate:
« 'Tis Heaven, not Fortune that thy weale debarres;
« Curse Heaven then, and not thy wayward starres:
« 'Tis God that plagues thee, God not knowing why;
« Curse then that God, revenge thy wrongs and die.

Iob then reply'd: « God loves where he chastiz'd;
« Thou speakest like a foole, and ill adviz'd;
« Laugh we to licke the sweet, and shall we lowre,
« If he be pleas'd to send a little sowre?
« Am I so weake, one blast or two, should chill me?
« I'le trust my Maker, though my Maker kill me.

When these sad tydings fill'd those itching eares
Of Earth's black babling daughter (she that heares
And vents alike, both truth and Forgeries,
And utters, often, cheaper than she buyes)
She spréd the pinions of her nimble wings,
Advanc't her Trumpet, and away she springs,
And fils the whispering Ayre, which soone possest
The spacious borders of th'enquiring East,
Vpon the summons of such solemne Newes,
Whose truth, malignant Fame could not abuse,
His woefull friends came to him, to the end,
To comfort, and bewaile their wretched friend.
But when they came farre off they did not know,
Whether it were the selfe-same friend or no,
(Brim fill'd with briny woe) they wept and tore
(T'expresse their griefe) the garments that they wore
Seven dayes and nights they sate upon the ground,
But spake not, for his sorrowes did abound.

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Meditat. 5.

SAy, is not Satan juſtly ſtiled than,
A Tempter, and an enemy to Man?
What could he more? His will would not extend
To death, leſt his aſſaults with death ſhould end:
Then what he did, what could he further doe?
His Hand hath ſeiz'd both goods and body too.
The hopefull Iſſue of a holy ſtraine,
In ſuch a dearth of holineſſe is ſlaine.
What hath the Lazar left him, but his griefe,
And (what might beſt be ſpar'd) his fooliſh wife?
Could miſchief bin more hard (though more in kind)
To nip the flowers, and leave the weeds behind?
Woman was made a Helper by Creation,
A Helper, not alone for Propagation,
Or fond Delight, but ſweet Society,
Which Man (alone) ſhould want, and to ſupply
Comforts to him for whom her Sexe was made,
That each may joy in eithers needfull ayde:
But faireſt Angels had the foulеſt fall;
And beſt things (once abus'd) prove worſt of all,
Elſe had not Satan beene ſo foule a Fiend,
Elſe had not Woman prov'd ſo falſe a Friend.
Ev'n as the treacherous Fowler, to intice
His ſilly winged Prey, doth firſt deviſe
To make a Bird his ſtale, at whoſe falſe call,
Others may chance into the ſelfe-ſame thrall:
Even ſo, that crafty ſnarer of Mankind,
Finding Mans righteous Palate not inclin'd
To taſte the ſweetneſſe of his guilded baites,
Makes a collaterall Suite, and ſlily waites

Vpon

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Vpon the w naſſe of ſome boſome friend,
From whoſe enticement, he expects his end.
Ah righteous *Iob*, what croſſe was left unknowne?
What griefe may be deſcrib'd, but was thine owne?
Is this a Iuſt mans caſe? What doth befall
To one man, may as well betide to all.
The worſt I'le looke for, that I can project,
If better come, 'tis more than I expect;
If otherwiſe, I'me arm'd with Preparation;
No ſorrow's ſudden to an expectation.
Lord, to thy wiſedome I ſubmit my Will,
I will be thankfull, ſend me good or ill;
If good, my preſent State will paſſe the ſweeter;
If ill, my Crowne of glory ſhall be greater.

THE ARGVMENT.

Orewhelm'd with griefe, Iob breaketh forth
Into impatience: Bans his birth,
Profeſſes that his heart did doubt
And feare, what ſince hath fallen out.

Sect. 6.

WOrn bare with griefe, the patient *Iob* betraid
His ſeven-dayes ſilence, curſt his day; & ſaid
« O that my day of birth had never bin,
« Nor yet the night which I was brought forth in!
« Be it not numbred for a Day, let Light
« Not make a difference 'twixt it and Night;
« Let gloomy Shades (then Death more ſable) paſſe
« Vpon it, to declare how fatall 'twas!

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« Let Clouds o'r-cast it, and as hate, make it,
« As life's to him, whom Tortures bid forsake it:
« From her next day, let that black Night be cut,
« Nor in the rek'ning of the Months, be put:
« Let Desolation fill it, all night long,
« In it, be never heard a Bridall song:
« Let all sad Mourners that doe curse the night:
« When light's drawne in, begin to curse this night:
« Her evening Twilight, let foule darkneſſe ſtaine;
« And may her midnight expect light in vaine;
« Nor let her infant Day (but newly borne)
« Suffer't to see the Eye-lids of the morne,
« Becauſe my Mothers Wombe it would not cloze,
« Which gave me paſſage to indure theſe Woes:
« Why dyed I not in my Conception, rather?
« Or why was not my birth, and death together?
« Why did the Midwife take me on her knees?
« Why did I ſuck, to feele ſuch griefes as theſe?
« Then had this body never beene oppreſt,
« I had injoy'd th'eternall ſleep of reſt;
« With Kings, & mighty Monarchs, that lie crown'd
« With ſtatly Monuments, poore I had found
« A place of Reſt, had borne as great a ſway,
« Had beene as happy, and as rich as they:
« Why was not I as an abortive birth,
« That ne'r had knowne the horrors of the earth?
« The ſilent Grave is quiet from the feare
« Of Tyrants: Tyrants are appeaſed there:
« The grinded Priſ'ner heares not (there) the noyſe,
« Nor harder threatnings of th' Oppreſſors voyce:
« Both rich and poore are equal'd in the Grave,
« Servants no Lords, and Lords no Servants have:
« What needs there light to him that's comfortleſſe?
« Or life to ſuch as languiſh in diſtreſſe,

And

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« And long for death, which if it come by leiſure,
« They ranſack for it, as a hidden treaſure?
« What needs there Life to him, that cannot have
« A Boone, more gracious, than a quiet Grave?
« Or elſe to him, whom God hath wall'd about,
« That would, but cannot finde a paſſage out?
« When I but taſte, my ſighes returne my food,
« The flowing of my teares have rais'd a flood;
« When my eſtate was proſperous, I did feare,
« Leſt by ſome heedleſſe ſlip, or want of care,
« I might be brought to Miſery, and (alas!)
« What I did then ſo feare is come to paſſe:
« But though ſecure, my ſoule did never ſlumber,
« Yet doe my Woes exceed both Waight, & Nũber.

Medita. 6.

SO poore a thing is Man. No Fleſh and blood
Deſerves the ſtile of *Abſolutely good*:
The righteous man ſins oft; whoſe power's ſuch,
To ſinne the leaſt, ſins (at the leaſt) too much:
The man, whoſe Faith diſdaines his *Iſaack's* life,
Diſſembled once, a Siſter, for a Wife:
The righteous *Lot*, being drunke, did make (at once)
His daughters both halfe ſiſters to their ſonnes:
The royall Favorite of heaven, ſtood
Not guiltleſſe of Adultery and Blood.
And he, whoſe hands did build the Temple, doth
Bow downe his luſtfull knees to *Aſhtaroth*.
The ſinfull woman was accus'd, but none
Was found, that could begin to fling a ſtone:

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From mudled Springs, can Chriſtall water come:
In ſome things, all men ſinne; in all things, ſome.
Even as the ſoyle, (which *Aprils* gentle ſhowres
Have fild with ſweetneſſe, and enricht with flowers)
Reares up her ſuckling plants, ſtill ſhooting forth
The tender bloſſomes of her timely Birth,
But, if deny'd the beames of chearly *May*,
They hang their withered heads, and fade away:
So man, aſſiſted by th'Almighties Hand,
His Faith doth flouriſh, and ſecurely ſtand,
But left a while, forſooke (as in a ſhade)
It languiſhes, and nipt with ſinne doth fade:
No Gold is pure from Droſſe, though oft refin'd;
The ſtrongeſt Cedar's ſhaken with the winde;
The faireſt Roſe hath no prerogative,
Againſt the fretting Canker-worme; The Hive
No Honey yeelds unblended with the waxe,
The fineſt linnen hath both ſoyle and bracks:
The beſt of men have ſins; none lives ſecure,
In Nature nothing's perfect, nothing pure,
Lord, ſince I needs muſt ſinne, yet grant that I
Forge no advantage by infirmity:
Since that my Veſture cannot want a ſtaine,
Aſſiſt me, leſt the tincture be in Graine.
To thee (my great Redeemer) doe I flie,
It is thy Death alone, can change my Die;
Teares, mingled with thy Blood, can ſcower ſo,
That Scarlet ſinnes ſhall turne as white as Snow.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

Rash Eliphaz *reproves, and rates;*
And falsly censures Job; *Relates*
His Vision; shewes him the event
Of wicked men: Bids him repent.

H

Sect. 7.

THen *Eliphas*, his mounded tongue replievd,
And said, Shold I cõtend, thou wold'st be grievd;
Yet what man can refraine, but he must breake
His angry silence, having heard thee speake?
O sudden change! many hast thou directed, (sted;
And strengthened those, whose minds have bin deje-
Thy sacred Thewes, and sweet Instructions, did
Help those were falling, rais'd up such as slid:
But now it is thy case, thy soule is vext,
And canst not help thy selfe, thy selfe perplext;
Thou lov'st thy God, but basely for thy profit,
Fear'st him in further expectation of it;
Iudge then: Did Record ever round thine eare,
That God forsooke the heart that was sincere?
But often have we seene, that such as plow
Lewdnesse, and mischiefe, reape the same they sow:
So have proud Tyrants from their Thrones bin cast,
With all their off-spring, by th' Almighties Blast;
And they whose hands have bin imbrew'd in blood,
Have with their Issue dyed, for want of Food:
A vision lately appear'd before my sight,
In depth of darknesse, and the dead of night,
Vnwonted feare usurp'd me round about,
My trembling bones were sore, from head to foot:

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Forthwith a Spirit glanc'd before mine eyes,
My browes did ſweat, my moiſtned haire did riſe,
The face I knew not, but a while it ſtaid,
And in the depth of ſilence, thus it ſaid:
Is man more juſt, more pure than his Creator?
Amongſt his Angels, (more upright by nature
Than man) he hath found Weakneſſe; how much
Shall he expect in him, that's walled o'r (more
With mortall fleſh and blood, founded, and floor'd
With Duſt, and by the Wormes to be devour'd?
They riſe ſecurely with the Morning Sunne,
And (unregarded) die e'r Day be done;
Their glory paſſes with them as a breath,
They die (like fooles) before they thinke of death.
Rage then, and ſee who will approve thy rage,
What Saint will give thy railing Patronage?
Anger deſtroyes the Foole, and he that hath
A wrathfull heart is ſlaine with his owne wrath;
Yet have I ſeene, that Fooles have oft beene able
To boaſt with Babel, but have falne with Babel:
Their ſonnes deſpairing, roare without reliefe
In open ruine, on the Rocks of Griefe:
Their harveſt (though but ſmall) the hungry eate,
And robbers ſeize their wealth, though no'r ſo great:
But wretched man, were thy Condition mine,
I'de not deſpaire as thou doſt, nor repine,
But offer up the broken Sacrifice
Of a ſad ſoule, before his angry eyes,
Whoſe workes are Miracles of admiration,
He mounts the meeke, amidſt their Deſolation,
Confounds the worldly wiſe, that (blindfold) they
Grope all in darkneſſe, at the noone of day:
But guards the humble from reproach of wrong,
And ſtops the currant of the crafty Tongue.

Thrice

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Thrice happy is the man his hands correct:
Beware leſt Fury force thee to reject
Th'Almighties Triall; He that made thy wound
In Iuſtice, can in Mercy make it ſound?
Feare not though multiplide afflictions ſhall
Beſiege thee, he, at length, will rid them all:
In Famine he ſhall feed, in Warre defend thee;
Shield thee from ſlander, and in griefes attend thee,
The beaſts ſhall ſtrike with thee eternall Peace,
The Stones ſhall not diſturbe thy fields Encreaſe;
Thy Houſe ſhall thrive, repleniſht with Content,
Which thou ſhalt rule in proſp'rous Government,
The number of thy Of-ſpring ſhall abound,
Like Summers Graſſe upon a fruitfull Ground,
Like timely Corne well rip'ned in their Eares,
Thou ſhalt depart thy life ſtruck full of yeares:
All this Experience tels, Then (*Iob*) adviſe,
Thou haſt taught many, now thy ſelfe be wiſe.

Meditat. 7.

THe perfect modell of true Friendſhip's this:
A rare affection of the ſoule, which is
Begun with ripened judgement; doth perſever
With ſimple Wiſedome, and concludes with Never.
'Tis pure in ſubſtance, as refined Gold,
That buyeth all things, but is never ſold:
It is a Coyne, and moſt men walke without it;
True Love's the Stampe, *Iehovah's* writ about it;
It ruſts unus'd, but uſing makes it brighter,
'Gainſt Heav'n high treaſon 'tis, to make it lighter.

'Tis

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'Tis a Gold Chain, linkes ſoule and ſoule together
In perfect Vnity, ties God to either.
Affliction is the touch, whereby we prove,
Whether't be Gold, or guilt with tained Love.
The wiſeſt moraliſt that ever div'd
Into the depth of Natures bowels, ſtriv'd
With th'Auger of Experience, to bore
Mens hearts ſo farre, till he had found the Ore
Of Friendſhip, but deſpairing of his end,
My friends (ſaid he) *there is no perfect Friend.*
Friendſhip's like Muſicke; two ſtrings tun'd alike,
Will both ſtirre; though but onely one you ſtrike.
It is the Quinteſſence of all perfection
Extracted into one: A ſweet connexion
Of all the Vertues morall and Divine,
Abſtracted into one. It is a Mine,
Whoſe nature is not rich, unleſſe in making
The ſtate of others wealthy, by partaking:
It bloomes and bloſſomes both in Sun and ſhade,
Doth (like the Bay in Winter) never fade:
It loveth all, and yet ſuſpecteth none,
Is provident, yet ſeeketh not her owne:
'Tis rare it ſelfe, yet maketh all things common,
And is judicious, yet judgeth no man.
The noble Theban, being asked which
Of three (propounded) he ſuppos'd moſt rich
In Vertues ſacred treaſure, thus reply'd:
Till they be dead, that doubt cannot be try'd.
It is no wiſemans part to weigh a Friend,
Without the gloſſe and goodneſſe of his End;
For Life, without the death conſidered, can
Afford but halfe a Story of the Man.
'Tis not my Friends affliction that ſhall make
Me either Wonder, Cenſure, or Forſake:

Iudge-

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Iudgement belongs to Fooles; enough that I
Finde hee's afflicted, not inquier, why
It is the hand of Heaven, that selfe-same sorrow
Grieves him to day, may make me groane to mor-
Heven be my comfort; in my highest griefe, (row.
I will not trust to Mans, but Thy reliefe.

THE ARGVMENT.

Iob counts his sorrowes, and from thence
Excuses his impatience;
Describes the shortnesse of Mans Time,
And makes confession of his Crime.

Sect. 8.

BVt wretched *Iob* sigh'd forth these words, & said,
Ah me! that my Impatience were weigh'd
With all my sorrowes, by an equall hand,
They would be found more ponderous than the sand
That lies upon the new-forsaken shore:
My griefes want utterance, & have stopt their dore:
And wonder not heav'ns shafts have struck me dead;
And God hath heapt all mischiefes on my head:
Will Asses bray, when they have grasse to eate?
Or lowes the Oxe, when as he wants no meate?
Can palates finde a reliſh in distaste?
Or can the Whites of Egges well please the taste?
My vexed soule is daily fed with such
Corruptions, as my hands disdaine to touch.
Alas! that Heav'n would heare my hearts requeſt,
And strike me dead, that I may finde some rest:
What

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What hopes have I, to see my end of griefe,
And to what end should I prolong my life?
Why should not I wish Death? My strength (alas)
Is it like Marble, or my flesh like Brasse?
What power have I to mitigate my paine?
If e'r I had, that power now is vaine;
My friends are like the Rivers, that are drie
In heat of Summer, when necessitie
Requireth water, they amazed stand
To see my griefe, but lend no helping hand.
Friends, beg I succour from you? Craved I
Your Goods, to ransome my Captivitie?
Shew me my faults, and wherein I did wrong
My Patience, and I will hold my tongue;
The force of reasonable words may move,
But what can Rage or Lunacie reprove?
Rebuke you (then) my words to have it thought
My speech is frantick, with my griefe distraught?
You take a pleasure in your friends distresse,
That is more wretched than the Fatherlesse:
Behold these soares: Be judg'd by your owne eyes
If these bee counterfeited miseries;
Ballance my words, and you shall finde me free
From these foule crimes wherewith ye branded me,
And that my speech was not distain'd with sinne,
Onely the language sorrow treated in.
Is not mans day prefixt, which when expir'd,
Sleeps he not quiet, as a servant hir'd?
A servants labour doth, at length, surcease,
His Day of travell findes a Night of peace;
But (wretched) I with woes am still oppreſt,
My Mid-day torments see no Even of Rest;
My nights (ordain'd for sleepe) are fill'd with griefe,
I looke (in vaine) for the next dayes reliefe:

With

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With duſt and wormes my fleſh is hid, my ſorrowes
Have plow'd my skin, and filth lies in her furrowes:
My dayes of joy are in a Moment gone,
And (hopeleſſe of returning) ſpent and done:
Remember (Lord) my life is but a puffe,
I but a man, that's miſery enough;
And when pale death hath once ſeal'd up my ſight,
I ne'r ſhall ſee the pleaſures of the light,
The eye of man ſhall not diſcover me,
No, nor thine (Lord) for I ſhall ceaſe to be;
When mortals die, they paſſe (like Clouds before
The Sun) and backe returne they never more;
This earthly houſe he ne'r ſhall come agin,
And then ſhall be, as if he ne'r had bin:
Therfore my tongue ſhall ſpeak, while it hath breath,
Prompted with griefe, and with the pangs of death:
Am I not weake and faint? what needſt thou ſtretch
Thy direfull hand upon ſo poore a wretch?
When as I thinke that night ſhall ſtop the ſtreames
Of my diſtreſſe, thou fright'ſt me then with dreams;
So that my ſoule doth rather chooſe to die,
Than be involved in ſuch miſery;
My life's a burthen, and will end: O grieve
No longer him, that would no longer live.
Ah! what is Man, that thou ſhould'ſt raiſe him ſo
High at the firſt, then ſinke him downe ſo low?
What's man? thy glory's great enough without him:
Why doſt thou (thus) diſturbe thy mind about him?
Lord, I have ſinn'd (Great Helper of Mankinde)
I am but Duſt and Aſhes, I have ſinn'd
Againſt thee; (as a marke) why haſt thou fixt me?
How have I treſpaſt, that thou thus afflict'ſt me?
Why, rather, didſt thou not remove my ſin,
And ſalve the ſorrowes that I raved in?

For

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For thou hast heapt such vengeance on my head;
That when thou seek'st me, thou wilt finde me dead.

Meditat. 8.

TH'Egyptians, amid'st their solemne Feasts,
Vsed to welcome, and present their Guests
With the sad sight of Mans Anatomy,
Serv'd in with this loud Motto, *All must die.*
Fooles often goe about, when as they may
Take better vantage of a nearer way.
Looke well into your bosomes; doe not flatter
Your knowne infirmities: Behold, what matter
Your flesh was made of: Man, cast back thine eye
Vpon the weakenesse of thine Infancy;
See how thy lips hang on thy mothers Breast,
Bawling for help, more helplesse than Beast.
Liv'st thou to childhood? then, behold, what toies
Doe mock the sense, how shallow are thy joyes.
Com'st thou to downy yeares? see, how deceits
Gull thee with golden fruit, and with false baits
Slily beguile the prime of thy affection.
Art thou attain'd at length to full perfection
Of ripened yeares? Ambition hath now sent
Thee on her frothy errand, Discontent
Payes thee thy wages. Doe thy grizly haires
Begin to cast account of many cares
Vpon thy head? The sacred lust of Gold
Now fits thy spirit, for fleshly lust, too cold,
Makes thee a slave to thine owne base desire,
Which melts and hardens at the selfe-same Fire.

Art

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Art thou decrepit? Then thy very breath
Is grievous to thee, and each griefe's a death.
Looke where thou lift, thy life is but a ſpan,
Thou art but duſt, and, to conclude, *A Man.*
Thy life's a Warfare, thou a Souldier art,
Satan's thy Foe-man, and a faithfull Heart
Thy two-edg'd Weapon, Patience thy Shield,
Heaven is thy Chieftaine, and the world thy Field.
To be afraid to die, or wiſh for death,
Are words and paſſions of deſpairing breath:
Who doth the firſt, the day doth faintly yeeld,
And who the ſecond, baſely flies the field.
Man's not a lawfull Stearſman of his dayes,
His bootleſſe wiſh, nor haſtens, nor delayes:
We are Gods hired Workmen; he diſcharges
Some, late at night, and (when he liſt) enlarges
Others at noone, and in the morning ſome:
None may relieve himſelfe, till he bid, Come:
If we receive for one halfe day, as much
As they that toyle till evening, ſhall we grutch?
Our life's a Road, in death our Iourney ends,
We goe on Gods Embaſſage, ſome he ſends
Gall'd with the trotting of hard Miſery,
And others, pacing on Proſperity:
Some lagge, whileſt others gallop on, before;
All goe an end, ſome faſter, and ſome ſlower.
Lead me that pace (great God) that thou think'ſt beſt,
And I will follow with a dauntleſſe breſt:
Which (ne'rtheleſſe) if I refuſe to doe,
I ſhall bee wicked, and yet follow to.
Aſſiſt me in my Combat with the fleſh,
Relive my fainting powers, and refreſh
My feeble ſpirit: I will not wiſh to be
Caſt from the World; Lord, caſt the world from me.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

Bildad, mans either ſtate expreſſes,
Gods Mercy and Iuſtice Job *confeſſes;*
He pleades his cauſe, and begs reliefe,
Foil'd with the burthen of his griefe.

Sect. 9.

SO *Bildads* ſilence (great with tongue) did break,
And like a heartleſſe Comforter did ſpeake:
How long wilt thou perſiſt to breathe thy minde
In words that vaniſh as a ſtorme of winde;
Will God forſake the innocent, or will
His Iuſtice ſmite thee, undeſerving ill?
Though righteous death thy ſinfull ſons hath rent
From thy ſad boſome, yet if thou repent,
And waſh thy wayes with undiſſembled teares,
Tuning thy troubles to th'Almighties eares,
The mercy of his eyes ſhall ſhine upon thee:
And ſhoure the ſweetneſſe of his bleſſings on thee:
And though a while thou plunge in miſery,
At length hee'll crowne thee with proſperity:
Runne backe and learne of ſage Antiquity,
What our late births, to preſent times, deny;
See how, and what (in the worlds downy age)
Befell our Fathers in their Pilgrimage;
If Ruſhes have no mire, and Graſſe no raine,
They ceaſe to flouriſh, droop their heads, and waine:
So fades the man, whoſe heart is not upright,
So periſheth the double Hypocrite;

His

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His hopes are like the Spiders web, to day
That's flourishing, to morrow swept away:
But he that's just is like the flouring tree,
Rooted by Christall Springs, that cannot bee
Scorch't by the noone of day, nor stir'd from thence;
Where firmely fixt it hath a residence;
Heaven never failes the soule that is upright,
Nor offers arme to the base Hypocrite:
The one he blesses with eternall joyes,
The other his avenging hand destroyes.
I yeeld it for a truth, (sad *Iob* reply'd)
Compar'd with God, can man be justifi'd?
If man should give account what he hath done;
Not of a thousand can he answer one:
His hand's all-Power, and his heart all pure,
Against this God, what man can stand secure?
He shakes the Mountaines, and the Sunne he barres
From circling his due course, shuts up the Starres,
He spreades the Heavens, and rideth on the Flood,
His workes may be admir'd, not understood:
No eye can see, no heart can apprehend him:
Lists he to spoile? what's he can reprehend him?
His Will's his Law. The smoothest pleader hath
No power in his lips to slake his wrath,
Much lesse can I plead faire immunitie,
VVhich could my guiltlesse tongue attaine, yet I
VVould kisse the Footstep of his Iudgement seat:
Should he receive my crie, my griefe so great,
It would perswade mee that he heard it not,
For he hath torne me with the five-fold knot
Of his sharpe Scourge, his plagues successive are,
That I can finde no ground, but of Despaire.
If my bold lips should dare to justifie
My life, my lips would give my lips the lie.

God owes his mercy, nor to good, nor bad;
The wicked oft he spares, and oft does adde
Griefe to the just mans griefe, woes after woes;
We must not judge man, as his Market goes.
But might my prayers obtaine this boone, that God
Would cease those sorrowes, and remove that Rod,
Which moves my patience; I would take upon me
T'implead before him your rash judgement on me,
Because my tender Conscience doth perswade me,
I'me not so bad, as your bad words have made mee.
My life is tedious, my distresse shall breake
Into her proper Voyce, my griefes shall speake;
(Iust Iudge of Earth) condemne me not, before
Thou please to make me understand wherefore;
Agrees it with thy Iustice, thus to bee
Kinde to the wicked, and so harsh to Mee?
Seest thou with fleshly eyes? or doe they glance
By favour? Are they clos'd with Ignorance?
Liv'st thou the life of man? Dost thou desire
A space of time to search, or to enquire
My sinne? No, in the twinkling of an eye
Thou seest my heart, seest my Immunitie (pleasure
From those foule crimes, wherewith my friends at
Taxe me, yet thou afflict'st me, in this Measure:
Thy hands have form'd, and fram'd me, what I am,
When thou hast made, wilt thou destroy the same?
Remember, I am built of Clay, and must
Returne againe (without thy helpe) to Dust,
Thou didst create, preserve mee; hast indu'd
My life with gracious blessings; oft renew'd
Thy precious favours on mee: How wert thou,
Once, so benigne, and so cruell now?
Thou hunt'st me like a Prey, my plagues encrease,
Succeed each other, and they never cease.

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Why

Why was I borne? Or why did not my Tombe
Receive me (weeping) from my mothers wombe?
I have not long to live; Lord grant that I
May see some comfort, that am soone to die.

Medit. 9.

HE that's the truest Master of his owne,
Is never lesse alone, than when alone;
His watchfull eyes are plac't within his heart;
His skill, is how to know himselfe: his Art
How to command the pride of his Affections,
With sacred Reason: how to give directions
Vnto his wandring Will; His conscience checks his
More looser thoughts; His louder sins she vexes
With frights and feares, within her owne precincts;
She rambles with her Whips of wire, ne'r winkes
At smallest faults. Like as a tender Mother
(Howe'r she loves her darling) will not smother
His childish fault, but she (her selfe) will rather
Correct, than trust him to his angry Father:
Even so, the tender Conscience of the wise,
Checks her beloved soule, and doth chastise,
And judge the crime it selfe, lest it should stand
As lyable to a severer hand.
Fond soule beware, who e'r thou art, that spies
Anothers fault, that thou thine owne chastise,
Lest like a foolish man thou judge another, (ther.
In those selfe-crimes, which in your brest you smo-
Who undertakes to dreine his brothers eye
Of noysome Humours, first, must clarifie

His owne, leſt when his brothers blemiſh is
Remov'd, he ſpie a fouler Blame in his.
It is beyond th'extent of Mans Commiſſion,
To judge of man: The ſecret diſpoſition
Of ſacred Providence is lockt, and ſeal'd
From mans conceit, and not to be reveal'd,
Vntill that Lambe breake ope the Seale, and come
With life and death, to give the world her doome.
The ground-worke of our faith muſt not relie
On bare Events; Peace and Proſperitie
Are goodly favours, but no proper marke
Wherewith God brands his Sheep: No outward barke
Secures the body to be ſound within.
The Rich man liv'd in Scarlet, dyed in Sinne.
Behold th'afflicted man; affliction moves
Compaſſion; but no confuſion proves.
A gloomy Day brings oft a glorious Even:
The Poore man dy'd with ſores, and lives in heaven.
To good and bad, both fortunes Heaven doth ſhare,
That both, an after-change, may hope, and feare.
I'le hope the beſt, (Lord) leave the reſt to thee,
Leſt while I judge another, thou judge me;
It's one mans worke to have a ſerious ſight
Of his owne ſinnes, and judge himſelfe aright.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

Zophar blames Job; Job equall makes
His wisdome unto theirs: He takes
In hand to plead with God; and then
Describes the fraile estate of men.

Sect. 10.

THen *Zophar* from deepe silence, did awake
His words, with louder language, and bespake:
Shall Pratlers bee unanswer'd, or shall such
Be counted just, that speake, for babbling much?
Shall thy words stop our mouths, he that hath blam'd
And scoft at others, shall he die unsham'd?
Our eares have heard thee, when thou hast excus'd
Thy selfe of evill, and thy God accus'd:
But if thy God should pleade with thee at large,
Thou'dst reape the sorrowes of a double charge.
Canst thou, by deepe inquiry, understand
The hidden Iustice of th'Almighties hand?
Heavens large dimensions cannot comprehend him;
What e'r he doe, what's he can reprehend him?
What refuge hast thou then, but to present
A heart, inricht with the sad complement
Of a true convert, on thy bended knee,
Before thy God, t'attone thy God and thee?
Then doubt not, but he'll rear thee from thy sorrow,
Disperse thy Clouds, and like a shining morrow,
Make cleare the Sun-beames of Prosperitie,
And rest thy soule in sweet Securitie.

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But he, whose heart, obdur'd in sinne, persists,
His hopes shall vanish, as the morning Mists.
But *Iob*, even as a Ball against the ground
Banded with violence, did thus rebound:
You are the onely wisemen, in your brests
The hidden Magazen of true Wisdome rests,
Yet (though astun'd with sorrowes) doe I know
A little, and (perchance) as much as you;
I'm scorned of my Friends, whose prosp'rous state
Surmises me (that have expir'd the date
Of earths faire Fortunes) to be cast away
From heavens regard, thinke none belov'd, but they;
I am despised like a Torch, that's spent,
Whiles that the wicked blazes in his Tent:
What have your wisdomes taught me, more thā that
VVhich birds & beasts could they but speak) would
Digests the Stomack e'r the Palat tastes? (chat?
O weigh my words, before you judge my case.
But you referre me to our Fathers dayes,
To bee instructed in their wiser Layes.
True, length of dayes brings wisdome; but, I say,
I have a wiser teacheth me, than they:
For I am taught, and tutor'd by that Hand,
VVhose unresisted power doth command
The limits of the Earth, whose VViscdome schooles
And traines the simple, makes the learned fooles:
His hand doth raise the poore, depose Kings;
On him, both Order, and the Change of things
Depend, he searches, and brings forth the light
From out the shadowes, and the depth of night.
All this, mine owne Experience hath found true,
And in all this, I know as much as you.
But you averre, If I should plead with God,
That he would double his severer Rod.

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Your tongue belies his Iuſtice, you apply
Amiſſe your Med'cine to my Maladie;
In ſilence, you would ſeeme more wiſe, leſſe weake;
You having ſpoke, now lend me leave to ſpeake.
Will you doe wrong, to doe Gods Iuſtice right?
Are you his Counſell? Need you help to fight
His quarrels? Or expect you his applauſe,
Thus (brib'd with ſelfe-conceit) to plead his cauſe?
Iudgement's your Foe, when as you take in hand
Heavens cauſe to plead it, and not Heav'n command:
If that the foulneſſe of your cenſures could
Not fright you, yet, me thinkes, his greatnes ſhould,
Whoſe Iuſtice you make Patron of your lies;
Your ſlender Maximes, and falſe Forgeries
Are ſubſtanc't like the duſt that flies beſides me;
Peace then, and I will ſpeake, what e'r betides me:
My ſoule is on the rack, my teares have drown'd me,
Yet will I truſt my God, though God confound me;
He, He's my Towre of ſtrength; No hypocrite
Stands, unconfounded in his glorious ſight:
Ballance my words; I know my caſe would quit
Me from your cenſures, ſhould I argue it.
Who takes the Plaintifes pleading? Come, for I
Muſt pleade my right, or elſe perforce muſt die.
With thee (great Lord of Heaven) I dare diſpute,
If thou wilt grant mee this my double Suite;
Firſt, that thou ſlake theſe ſorrowes that ſurround me;
Then, that thy burning face doe not confound me;
Which granted, then take thou thy chayce, let mee
Propound the queſtion, or elſe anſwer Thee.
Why doſt thou thus purſue me like thy Foe?
For what great ſinne doſt thou afflict me ſo?
Break'ſt thou a wither'd Leafe, thy Iuſtice doth
Summe up the reckonings of my ſinfull youth:

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Thou keep'ſt me priſ'ner, bound in fetters faſt,
And, like a thred-bare garment doe I waſt.
Man borne of Woman, hath but a ſhort while
To live, his dayes are fleet, and full of toyle;
Hee's like a Flower, ſhooting forth and dying,
His life is as a Shadow, ſwiftly flying.
Ah! b'ing ſo poore a thing, what needſt thou minde him?
The number of his dayes thou haſt confin'd him;
Then adde not plagues unto his Griefe, O give
Him peace, that hath ſo ſmall a time to live:
Trees that are fell'd, may ſprout againe, man never;
His dayes are numbred, and he dies for ever;
Hee's like a Miſt, exhaled by the Sunne,
His dayes once done, they are for ever done.
O that thy hand would hide me cloſe, and cover
Me in the Grave, till all thy Wrath were over!
My deſperate ſorrowes hope for no reliefe,
Yet will I waite my change. My day of griefe
Will be exchang'd for an Eternall day
Of joy: but now thou doſt not ſpare to lay
Full heapes of vengeance on my broken ſoule,
And writ'ſt my ſinnes upon an ample ſcrowle;
As Mountaines (being ſhaken) fall, and Rocks
(Though firm) are worn and rent with many knocks:
So ſtrongeſt men are batter'd with thy ſtrength,
Loſe ground, returning to the ground at length:
So mortals die, and (being dead) ne'r minde
The faireſt fortunes that they leave behinde.
While man is man (untill that death bereave him
Of his laſt breath) his griefes ſhall never leave him.

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Medita. 10.

DOth Hist'ry then, and sage Chronology,
(The Index, pointing to Antiquitie,)
So firmly grounded on deepe Iudgement, guarded
And kept by so much Miracle, rewarded
With so great glory, serve, but as sleight Fables,
To edge the dulnesse of mens wanton Tables,
And claw their itching eares? Or doe they, rather
Like a concise Abridgement, serve to gather
Mans high Adventures, and his transitory
Atchievements to expresse his Makers glory?
Acts that have blowne the lowdest Trumpe of Fame,
Are all but humours, purchas'd in His name.
Is he, that (yesterday) went forth, to bring
His Fathers Asses home, (to day) crown'd King?
Did he, that now on his brave Palace stood,
Boasting his Babels beautie, chew the cud
An hower after? Have not Babes beene Crown'd,
And mighty Monarchs beaten to the ground?
Man undertakes, heaven breathes successe upon it;
What good, what evill is done, but heaven hath done it.
The *Man* to whom the world was not asham'd
To yeeld her Colours, he that was proclam'd
A God in humane shape, whose dreadfull voyce
Did strike men dead like Thunder, at the noyse;
Was rent away, from his Imperiall Throne,
Before his flower of youth was fully blowne,
His Race was rooted out, his Issue slaine,
And left his Empire to another straine.
Who that did e'r behold the ancient Rome,
VVould rashly, give her glory such a doome,

Or

Or thought her subject to such alterations,
That was the Mistresse and the Queene of Nations?
Ægypt, that in her wals, had once engrost
More Wisedome, than the world besides, hath lost
Her senses now: Her wisest men of State,
Are turn'd, like Puppets, to be pointed at:
If Romes great power, and Egypts wisdome can
Not ayde themselves, how poore a thing is Man?
God plaies with Kingdomes, as with Tennis-Balls,
Fells some that rise, and raises some that falls:
Nor Policie can prevent, nor secret Fate,
Where Heaven hath pleas'd to blow upon a State.
If States be not secure, nor Kingdomes, than
How helplesse (Ah!) how poore a thing is Man!
Man's like a flower, the while he hath to last,
Hee's nipt with frost, and shooke with every blast,
He's borne in sorrow, and brought up in teares,
He lives a while in sinne, and dyes in feares.
Lord, I'le not boast, what ere thou give unto me,
Lest e'r my brag be done, thou take it from me.
No man may boast but of his owne, I can
Then boast of nothing, for I am a Man.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

Rash Eliphaz *doth aggravate*
The fames of Job, *malign's his state,*
Whom Job *reproving, justifies*
Himselfe, bewailes his miseries.

Sect. 11.

DOth vaine repining (*Eliphaz* replies) (wise?
Or words, like windes, beseeme the man that's
Ah sure, thy faithlesse heart rejects the feare
Of heav'n, doth not acquaint thy lips with pray'r:
Thy words accuse thy heart of Impudence,
Thy tongue (not I) brings in the evidence:
Art thou the first of men? Doe Mysteries
Vnfold to thee? art thou the onely wise?
Wherein hath wisdome beene more good to you
Than us? What know you, that we never knew?
Reverence, not Censure, fits a young mans eyes,
We are your Ancients, and should be as wise;
It's not enough, your Arrogance derides
Our Counsels, but must scorne thy God besides?
Angels (if God inquier strictly) must
Not plead Perfection: then can man be just?
It is a truth receiv'd, these aged eyes
Have seen't, and is confirmed by the wise,
That still the wicked man is void of rest,
Is alwayes fearefull, fals whenhe feares least;
In trouble he despaires, and is dejected,
He begs his bread, his death comes unexpected,

In

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In his adversitie, his griefes shall gaule him,
And, like a raging Tyrant, shall inthrall him,
He shall advance against his God, in vaine,
For Heaven shall crush & beate him downe againe;
What if his Garners thrive, and goods increase?
They shall not prosper, nor he live in peace,
Eternall horrour shall begirt him round,
And vengeance shall both him and his confound,
Amidst his joyes, despaire shall stop his breath,
His sonnes shall perish with untimely death;
The double soule shall die, and in the hollow (low
Of all false hearts, false hearts themselves shall swal-

Then Answered *Iob*, All this, before I knew;
They want no griefe, that finde such friends as you?
Ah, cease your words, the fruits of ill-spent houres!
If heaven should please to make my fortunes yours,
I would not scoffe you, nor with taunts torment ye,
My lips should comfort, and these eyes lament ye?
What shall I doe? speake not, my griefes oppresse
My soule, or speake (alas) they'r ne'rtheless;
Lord I am wasted, and my pangs have spent me,
My skin is wrinkled, for thy hand hath rent me,
Mine enemies have smit me in disdaine,
Laught at my torments, jested at my paine:
I swell'd in wealth, but (now) alas, am poore,
And (held with woe) lie groveling on the floore,
In dust and sackcloth I lament my sorrowes,
Thy hand hath trench't my cheekes with water fur-
Nor can I comprehend the cause, that this (rowes,
My smart should be so grievous as it is:
Oh earth! If then a Hypocrite I bee,
Cover my cries, as I doe cover thee;
And witnesse Heaven, that these my Vowes be true,
(Ah friends!) I spend my teares to Heav'n, not you.

My

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My time's but short, (alas!) would then that I
Might trie my cause with God before I die.
Since then I languish, and not farre from dead,
Let me a while with my Accusers plead
(Before the Iudge of Heaven and earth) my right:
Have they not wrong'd, and vext me day and night?
Who first layes downe his Gage to meet me? Say,
I doubt not (Heaven being Iudge) to win the day:
You'll say perchance, wee'll recompell our word,
E're simple truth should unawares afford
You discontent; No, no, forbeare, for I
Hate lesse your Censure, than your flatterie;
I am become a by-word, and a Tabor,
To set the Tongues, and eares of men, in labour,
Mine eyes are dimme, my bodies but a shade,
Good men that see my case, will be afraid,
But not confounded; They will hold their way,
And in a bad they'll hope a better day;
Recant your errours, for I cannot see
One man that's truely wise among you Three:
My dayes are gone, my thoughts are mis-possest,
The silent night, that heaven ordain'd for rest,
My day of travell is, but I shall have
E're long, long peace, within my welcome grave;
My neerest kindred are the wormes, the earth
My mother, for she gave me first my birth;
Where are my hopes then? where that future joy,
Which you false-prophecy'd I should enjoy?
Both hopes, and I alike, shall travell thither,
Where, clos'd in dust, we shall remaine together.

Meditat.

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Meditat. 11.

THe Morall Poets, (nor unaptly) faine,
That by lame Vulcans help, the pregnant braine
Of soveraigne *Iove*, brought forth, and at that birth,
Was borne *Minerva*, Lady of the Earth.
O strange Divinitie! but sung by rote;
Sweet is the tune, but in a wider note.
The Morall sayes, All Wisedome that is given
To hood-wink't mortals, first proceeds from heaven;
Truth's errour, Wisedome's but wise insolence,
And light's but darknesse, not deriv'd from thence;
Wisedome's a straine transcends Moralitie,
No Vertue's absent, Wisedome being by.
Vertue by constant practice is acquir'd,
This (this by sweat unpurchas'd) is inspir'd:
The master-piece of knowledge, is to know
But what is good, from what is good in show;
And there it rests: Wisedome proceeds, and chuses
The seeming evill, th' apparent good refuses;
Knowledge descries alone; Wisedome applies,
That makes some fooles; this, maketh none but wise:
The curious hand of knowledge doth but picke
Bare simples, wisedome pounds them for the sicke;
In my afflictions knowledge apprehends,
Who is the Author, what the Cause, and Ends,
It findes that Patience is my sad reliefe,
And that the hand that caus'd, can cure my griefe:
To rest contented here, is but to bring
Cloudes without raine, and heat without a Spring:
What hope arises hence? The Devils doe
The very same: They know, and tremble too;

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But

But sacred Wisedome doth apply that good,
Which simple knowledge barely understood:
Wisedome concludes, and in conclusion, proves,
That wheresoever God corrects, hee loves:
Wisedome digests, what knowledge did but tast,
That deales in futures; this, in things are past:
Wisedome's the Card of knowledge, which, without
That Guide, at randome's wreck't on every doubt:
Knowledge, when wisdome is too weak to guide her,
Is like a head-strong horse that throwes the rider:
Which made that great Philosopher avow,
He knew so much, that he did nothing know.
Lord, give me Wisdome to direct my wayes,
I beg nor riches, nor yet length of dayes:
O grant thy servant Wisdome, and with it,
I shall receive such knowledge, as will fit
To serve my turne: I wish not *Phœbus* waine,
Without his skill to drive it, lest I gaine
Too deare an Honour: Lord, I will not stay
To picke more Manna, then will serve to day.

The

THE ARGVMENT.

Bildad, *the whil'st he makes a show*
To strike the wicked, gives the blow
To Iob: Iob's miserie and faith;
Zophar *makes good what* Bildad *saith.*

Sect. 12.

SAid *Bildad* then, When will yee bring to end
The speeches whereabout ye so contend?
Waigh eithers words, lest ignorant confusion
Debarre them of their purposed conclusion:
We came to comfort, fits it then that we
Be thought as Beasts, or fooles accounted bee?
But thou, *Iob*, (like a mad-man) would'st thou force
God, to desist his order, and set course
Of Iustice? shall the wicked, for thy sake
(That would'st not taste of evill) in good partake?
No, no, his Lampe shall blaze, and die, his strength
Shall faile, and shall confound it selfe, at length
He shall be hampred with close hidden snares,
And dog'd, where e'r he starts, with troupes of feares;
Hunger shall bite, destruction shall attend him,
His skin shall rot, the worst of death shall end him:
His feare shall be a thousand linckt together,
His branch above, his root beneath shall wither,
His name shall sleepe in dust, in dust decay,
Odious to all, by all men chac't away,
No Sonne shall keepe alive his House, his Name,
And none shall thrive, that can alliance clame,

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The

The after-age shall stand amaz'd, to heare
His fall, and they that see't, shall shake for feare:
Thus stands the state of him that doth amisse,
And (*Iob*) what other is thy case, than this?
But *Iob* reply'd, How long, (as with sharp swords)
Will yee torment me, with your pointed words?
How often have your biting tongues defam'd
My simple Innocence, and yet unblam'd:
Had I deserv'd these plagues, yet let my griefe
Expresse it selfe, though it finde no reliefe;
But if you needs must weare your tongues upon me,
Know, 'tis the hand of God hath overthrowne me;
I roare, unheard, his hand will not release me,
The more I grieve, the more my griefes oppresse me:
He hath despoild my joyes, and goes about
(My branches being lopt) to 'stroy the Root;
His plagues, like souldiers, trench within my bones;
My friends, my kindred flie me all at once,
My neighbours, my familiars have forgone me;
My houshold stares, with strangers eyes upon me:
I call my servant, but his lips are dumbe,
I humbly begge his helpe, but hee'll not come:
My owne wife loathes my breath, though I did make
My solemne suite, for our dead Childrens sake:
The poore, whose wants I have supply'd, despise me,
And he that liv'd within my breast, denies me:
My bones are hide-bound, there cannot be found
One piece of skin, (unlesse my gums) that's sound.
Alas! complaints are barren shadowes, to
Expresse, or cure the substance of my woe,
Have pity (oh my friends) have pity on me,
'Tis your Gods hand and mine, that lies upon me;
Vexe me no more. O let your anger be
(If I have wrong'd you) calm'd with what ye see:

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O! that my ſpeeches were ingraven, then,
In Marble Tablets, with an yron Pen:
For ſure I am, that my Redeemer lives,
And though pale death conſume my fleſh, and gives
My Carkas to the wormes, yet am I ſure
Clad with this ſelf-ſame fleſh (but made more pure)
I ſhall behold his glory; Theſe ſad eyes
Shall ſee his Face, how-e'r my body lyes
Mouldred in duſt; Theſe fleſhly eyes, that doe
Behold theſe Sores, ſhall ſee my Maker too.
Vnequall-hearted unequall griefe,
Y'are all ingag'd to the ſelfe-ſame beliefe;
Know there's a Iudge, whoſe voyce will be as free,
To judge your words, as you have judged me.
Said *Zophar* then, I purpos'd to refraine
From ſpeaking, but thou mov'ſt me backe againe:
For having heard thy haughtie ſpirit breake
Such haſty termes, my ſpirit bids me ſpeake:
Hath not the change of Ages, and of Climes,
Taught us, as we ſhall our ſucceeding times,
How vain's the triumph, and how ſhort the blaze,
Wherein the wicked ſweeten out their dayes?
Though for a while his Palmes of glory flouriſh,
Yet, in concluſion they grow ſere, and periſh:
His life is like a Dreame, that paſſes o'r,
The eye that ſaw him, ne'r ſhall ſee him more:
The Sonne ſhall flatter, whom the Syre oppreſt,
And (poore) he ſhall returne, what he did wreſt;
He ſhall be baited with the ſinnes, that have
So ſmil'd upon his Child-hood, to his Grave;
His plenty (purchas'd by oppreſſion) ſhall
Be honey, taſted, but digeſted, Gall;
It ſhall not bleſſe him with prolonged ſtay,
But evilly come, it ſoone ſhall paſſe away;

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The

The Man whose griping hath the poore oppreſt,
Shall neither thrive in ſtate, nor yet finde reſt
In ſoule, nought of his fulneſſe ſhall remaine,
His greedy Heire ſhall long expect in vaine;
Soak't with extorted plenty, others ſhall
Squeeze him, and leave him diſpoſſeſt of all;
And when his joyes doe in their height abound,
Vengeance ſhall ſtrike him groaning, to the ground;
If Swords forbeare to wound him, Arrowes ſhall,
Returning forth, anoynted with his Gall;
No ſhade ſhall hide him, And an unblowne Fyer
Shall burne both him and his. Heav'n like a Crier
Shall blaze his ſhame, and earth ſhall ſtand his foe,
His wandring Children ſhall no dwelling know.
Behold the mans eſtate, whom God denies,
Behold thine owne, pourtraicted to thine Eyes.

Medit. 12.

CAn mercy come from bloody *Cain*? Or hath
His angry brow a ſmile? or can his wrath
Be quencht with ought, but righteous *Abels* blood?
Can guilty Priſ'ners hope for any good
From the ſeverer Iudge, whoſe diſmall breath
Dooms them to die, breathes nothing elſe but death:
Ah righteous Iudge! wherein hath Man to truſt?
Man hath offended, and thy Lawes are juſt;
Thou frowneſt like a Iudge, but I had rather,
That thou would'ſt ſmile upon me like a Father,
What if thy *Eſau* be auſtere and rough?
Thou haſt a *Iacob* that is ſmooth enough:

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Thy *Iacob's* tender Kid brings forth a blessing,
While *Esaus* tedious Ven'zon is a dressing.
Thy face hath smiles, as well as frownes, by turnes;
Thy fier giveth light, as well as burnes:
What if the Serpent stung old *Adam* dead?
Young *Adam*, lives, to breake that Serpents head.
Iustice hath struck me with a bleeding wound,
But Mercy poures in Oyle, to make it sound.
The Milk-white Lamb confounds the roaring Lyon,
Blasted by Sinah, I am heal'd by Sion:
The Law finds guiltie, and Death Iudgement gives,
But sure I am that my Redeemer lives.

How wretched was mans case in those dark dayes
When Law was onely read: Which Law dismayes,
And, taking vantage, through the breach of it,
The Letter kils, and can no way admit
Release by pardon; for by Law we die.
Why then hop'd man, without a reason why?
Although there was no Sunne, their Morning eyes
Saw by the Twilight, that the Sunne would rise.
The Law was like a misty Looking-glasse,
Wherein the shadow of a Saviour was,
Treats in a darker straine, by Types and Signes,
And what should passe in after-dayes, divines.
The Gospell sayes, that he is come and dead;
And thus the Riddle of the Law is read.
Gospell is Law, the Myst'rie being seal'd;
And Law is Gospell, being once reveal'd.

Experience tels us, when as birth denies
To man (through Natures over-sight) his eyes,
Nature (whose curious workes are never vaine)
Supplies them in the power of his Braine:
So they, whose eyes were barr'd that glorious sight
Of the *Messiah's* day, receiv'd more Light,

(Inspired

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(Inspired by the breath of Heaven) then they,
That heard the tydings of that happy day.
The man, that with a sharpe contracted eye,
Lookes in a cleare Perspective-Glasse, doth spie
Obiects remote, which to the sense appeare
(Through helpe of the Perspective) seeming neare.
So they that liv'd within the Lawes Dominion,
Did heare farre off, a bruit and buzz'd Opinion,
A Saviour one day should be borne; but he
That had a Perspective of Faith, might see
That long expected day of joy as cleere,
As if the triumph had beene then kept there.
Lord, so direct me in thy perfect Way,
That I may looke, and smile upon that Day:
O! bath me in his blood, spunge every staine,
That I may boldly sue my Counter-paine:
O! make me glorious in the doome he gives,
For sure I am, that my Redeemer lives.

THE ARGVMENT.

Earths happinesse is not Heavens brand:
A rasher accounting of Iob's crimes:
Iob trusts him to th' Almightie's hand:
God ties his Iudgements not to Times.

Sect. 13.

THEN *Iob* reply'd: O, let your patience prove,
You came (not to afflict me, but) in Love.
O! beare with me, and heare me speake at leasure,
My speech once ended, mock, & scoffe your pleasure.

Myst'ries I treat, not Toyes; If then I range
A thought beyond my selfe, it is not strange;
Behold my case, and stand amaz'd, forbeare me:
Be still, and in your deeper silence heare me.
Search you the hearts of men, (my friends) or can
You judge the Inward by the Outward Man?
How haps the wicked then, so sound in health,
So ripe in yeares, so prosperous in wealth?
They multiply, their house is fill'd with Peace,
They passe unplagu'd, their fruitfull flocks increase
Their Children thrive in joyful melody,
Prosperous they live, and peacefully they die;
Renounce us (God) say they *(if God there be,)*
What need we knowledge of thy Word or Thee?
What is th' Almighty, that we should adore him?
What boots our prayer, or us to fall before him?
'Tis not by chance, their vaine Prosperity
Crownes them with store, or Heav'n, not knowing (why
But you affirme, *That in conclusion they*
Shall fall; But not so sudden, as you say:
But can ye limit forth the space, confine
How long, or when their lamps shall cease to shine?
Will any of you undertake to teach
Your Maker, things so farre above your reach?
The bad man lives in plenty, dies in peace:
The good, as doe his houres, his griefes increase;
Yet both the good and bad alike shall have,
Though lives much differing, yet one cõmon grave.
I know your mining thoughts: You will demand,
Where is the wicked's power? And where stand
Their lofty buildings? Are they to be seene?
Enquire of wandring Pilgrims that have beene
Experienc'd in the Roade, and they'll relate
The Princely greatnesse of their Tow'rs and State:

Live

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Live any more secure than they? Or who
Dare once reprove them, for the deeds they doe?
He lives in power, and in peace he dies,
Attended in his pompeous Obsequies.
How vaine are then the comforts of your breath,
That censure goodnesse, or by Life or Death?
Said *Eliphaz*; What then remaines? Thy tongue
Hath quit thy selfe, accus'd thy God of wrong.
Gaines he by mans uprightnesse? Can man adde
To his perfection, what he never had?
Fears he the strength of Man? Doth he torment him
Lest that his untam'd power should prevent him?
What need I waste this breath? Recall thy sences,
And take the Inventory of thy offences: (sed
Thou took'st the poore mans Pawne, nor hast thou
Thy needy Brother, with thy prosp'rous Bread;
Thy hands perverted Iustice, and have spoil'd
The hopelesse Widow, with her helplesse Child.
Hence spring thy sorrowes (*Iob*) 'Tis Iustice then
Thou should'st be plagu'd, that thus plagu'd other
Is Heaven just? Can heavens just Creator (men;
Let passe (unpunish't) Sinnes of so high a nature?
Hath not experience taught, that for a while,
The Wicked may exalt their Creests, and smile,
Blowne up with Insolence: but in conclusion
They fall, and good men laugh at their confusion?
Iob, Adde not sinne to sinne, cease to beguile
Thy selfe, thinking to quench thy fire with Oyle;
Returne thee to thy God, confesse thy crimes;
Returne, and he will crowne thy after times
With former Blessings, and thy Riches shall
Be as the Sand; for God is all in all;
His face shall welcome thee, and smile upon thee,
And cease that mischief his just hand hath done thee,

He shall be pleased with thy holy Fires,
And grant the issue of thy best Desires.

Iob answer'd then: Although my soule be faint,
And griefes weigh downe the scale of my complaint,
Yet would I plead my cause (which you defam'd)
Before my Maker, and would plead, unsham'd;
Could I but finde him, I would take upon me,
To quit the censures you have passed on me,
His Iustice hath no limits, is extended
Beyond conceit, by man unapprehended,
Let Heaven be Vmpire, and make Arbitration,
Betwixt my guiltlesse heart, and your taxation,
My Embrion thoughts, and words are all inroll'd,
Pure will he finde them, as refined Gold;
His steps I followed, and uprightly stood,
His Lawes have beene my guide, his words my food;
Hath he but once decreed? (alas!) there's none
Can barre: for what he wils, must needs be done;
His Will's a Law: If he have doom'd that I
Shall still be plagu'd, 'tis bootlesse to reply,
Hence comes it, that my sore afflicted spright
Trembles, and stands confounded at his sight;
His hand hath struck my spirits in a maze,
For I can neither end my Griefes, nor dayes.

Why should not sinnes in all things be forbid,
When to the just, their time of sorrow's hid?
Some move their Land-marks, rob their neighbours
Others in gage, receive the widowes oxe, (flockes;
Some grind the poore, while others seeke the prey;
They reape their Harvest, heare their graine away;
Men presse their Oyle, & they distraine their shoe,
And rend the gleanings from the hungry poore.
The Citie roares, the blood which they have spent,
Cryes (unrevenged) for equall punishment;

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Early

Early they murther, and rob late at night,
They trade in Darkneſſe, for they hate the Light;
They ſin (unpuniſh'd) thriving, uncontrold,
And what by force they got, by force they hold.
O friends! repeale your words, your ſpeeches bring
No lawfull iſſue, prove not any thing:
Your deeper wiſedomes argue (in effect)
That God doth, or not know, or elſe neglect:
Conclude with me, or prove my words untrue,
I muſt be found the lyar, or elſe you.

Meditat. 13.

THe wiſeſt men that Nature e'r could boaſt,
For ſecret knowledge of her power, were loſt,
Confounded, and in deepe amazement ſtood,
In the diſcovery of the Chiefeſt Good:
Keenly they hunted, beat in every bracke,
Forwards they went, on either hand, and backe
Return'd they counter; but their deep-mouth'd art,
(Though often challeng'd ſent, yet) ne'r could ſtart
In all th' Enclofures of Philoſophy,
That Game, from ſquat, they terme, Felicity:
They jangle; and their Maximes diſagree,
As many men, ſo many mindes there bee.
One digs to *Pluto's* Throne, thinkes there to find
Her Grace, rak'd up in Gold: anothers mind (nor,
Mounts to the Courts of Kings, with plumes of ho-
And feather'd hopes, hopes there to ſeize upon her;
A third, unlocks the painted Gate of Pleaſure,
And ranſacks there, to finde this peereleſſe Treaſure.

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A fourth, more ſage, more wiſely melancholy,
Perſwades himſelfe, her Deitie's too holy
For common hands to touch, he rather chuſes,
To make a long dayes journey to the Muſes:
To *Athens* (gown'd) he goes and from that Schoole
Returnes unſped, a more inſtructed foole.
Where lies ſhe then? Or lies ſhe any where?
Honours are bought and ſold, ſhe reſts not there?
Much leſſe in Pleaſures hath ſhe her abiding,
For they are ſhar'd to Beaſts, and ever ſliding;
Nor yet in Vertue, Vertue's often poore,
And (cruſht with fortune) begs from doore to doore,
Nor is ſhe ſainted in the Shrine of wealth;
That, makes men ſlaves, is unſecur'd from ſtealth;
Conclude we then, *Fœlicity* conſiſts
Not in exteriour Fortunes, but her liſts
Are boundleſſe, and her large extenſion
Out-runnes the pace of humane apprehenſion;
Fortunes are ſeldome meaſur'd by deſert,
The fairer face hath oft the fouler heart;
Sacred Felicity doth ne'r extend
Beyond it ſelfe: In it all wiſhes end:
The ſwelling of an outward Fortune can
Create a proſp'rous, not a happy man;
A peacefull Conſcience is the true Content,
And wealth is but her golden Ornament.
I care not ſo my Kernell reliſh well,
How ſlender be the ſubſtance of my ſhell;
My heart b'ing vertuous, let my face be wan,
I am to God, I onely ſeeme to man.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

Bildad shows mans impurity;
Job setteth forth th' Almightes power,
Pleads still his great integrity:
Gods wisedome no man can discover.

Sect. 14.

SAid *Bildad* then, With whom dost thou contest,
But with thy Maker, that lives ever blest?
His pow'r is infinite, mans light is dirame;
And knowledge darkneſſe not deriv'd from him.
Say then, who can be just before him? No man
Can challenge Purity thats borne of Woman.
The greater Torch of heaven in his sight,
Shall be asham'd, and loſe his purer light;
Much leſſe can man, that is but living Duſt,
And but a fairer Worme, be pure and just. (ſtand
Whereat *Iob* thus: Doth heav'ns high judgement
To be supported by thy weaker hand?
Wants he thy helpe? To whom dost thou extend
Theſe theſe thy lavish lips, and to what end?
No, hee's Almightie, and his power doth give
Each thing his Beeing, and by him they live:
To him is nothing darke, his ſoveraigne hands
Whirle roũd the reſtleſſe Orbs, his power commãds
The eaven-poiz'd Earth; The water-pots of heaven
He empties at his pleaſure, and hath given
Appointed liſts, to keepe the Waters under;
The trembling skies he ſtrikes amaz'd, with thunder:

Theſe,

These, these the Trophies of his Power be,
Where is there e'r a such a God as He?
My friends, these eares have heard your censures on me,
And heavens sharpe hand doth waigh so hard upon me;
So languishing in griefe, that no defence
Seemes to remaine, to shield my Innocence:
Yet while my soule a gaspe of breath affords
I'le not distrust my Maker, nor your words
Deserve, which heaven forfend, that ever I
Prove true, but I'le plead guiltlesse till I die,
While I have breath, my pangs shall ne'r perswade me
To wander, and revolt from him that made me.
E'r such thoughts spring from this confused brest,
Let death and tortures doe their worst, their best.
What gaines the Hypocrite, although the whole
Worlds wealth he purchase, with the price on's soule?
Will Heaven heare the voyce of his disease?
Can he repent, and turne, when e'r he please?
True, God doth sometime plague with open shame
The wicked, often blurres he forth his name
From out the earth, his children shall be slaine,
And who survives, shall beg their bread in vaine;
What if his Gold be heapt, the good man shall
Possesse it, as true Master of it all;
Like Mothes, their houses shall they build, in doubt
And danger, every houre to be cast out;
Besieg'd with want, their lips make fruitlesse moane
Yet (wanting succour) be reliev'd by none;
The worme of Conscience shall torment his brest,
And he shall roare, when others be at rest,
Gods hand shall scourge him that he cannot flie,
And men shall laugh, and hisse to heare him crie.
The purest metall's hid within the mould,
Without is gravell, but within is Gold;

Man

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Man digs; and in his toile he takes a pleasure,
He seekes, and findes within the Turfe, the treasure;
He never rests unsped, but (underneath)
He mines, and progs, though in the fangs of Death:
No secret, (how obscure soever) can
Earths bosome smother, thats unfound by man;
But the Divine and high Decrees of Heaven,
What minde can search into? No power's given
To mortall man, whereby he may attaine
The rare discovery of so high a straine:
Dive to the depth of darkenesse, and the deepes
Renounce this Wisedome: The wide Ocean keepes
Her not inclos'd; 'Tis not the purest Gold
Can purchase it, or heapes of silver, told;
The Pearles, and peerlesse Treasures of the East,
Refined Gold, and Gemmes, are all, the least
Of nothing, if compar'd with it, as which,
Earths masse of treasure, (summ'd) is not so rich;
Where rests the wisedome then? If men enquire
Below, they finde her not; or if they (higher)
Soare with the Prince of Fowles, they still despaire,
The more they seeke, the further off they are.
Ah friends! how more than men? how Eagle-ey'd
Are you, to see, what to the world beside
Was darke? To you alone (in trust) was given
To search into the high Decrees of Heaven:
You reade his Oracles, you understand
To riddle forth mans fortunes by his hand;
Your wisedomes have a priviledge to know
His secret smiling from his angry Brow:
Let shame prevent your lips, recant, and give
To the Almightie his prerogative,
To him, the searching of mens hearts belong,
Mans judgement sinkes no deeper than the tongue:

He

He over-lookes the world, and in one ſpace
Of time, his eye is fixt on every place:
He waighes the Waters, ballances the Ayre,
What e'r hath Being, did his hands prepare;
He wils that Mortals be not over-wiſe,
Nor judge his Secrets with cenſorious eyes.

Meditat. 14.

TIs Vertue to flie Vice: there's none more ſtout
Than he that ventures to picke vertue out
Betwixt a brace of Vices: Dangers ſtand,
Threatning his ruine upon either hand;
His Card muſt guide him, leſt his Pinnace runne
Vpon *Charybdis*, while it *Scylla* ſhun:
In moderation all Vertue lies;
Tis greater folly to be over-wiſe,
Than rudely ignorant: The Golden meane
Is but to know enough; ſafer to leane
To Ignorance, than Curioſitie,
For lightning blaſts the Mountaines that are high:
The firſt of men, from hence deſerv'd his fall,
He ſought for ſecrets, and found death, withall:
Secrets are unfit objects for our eyes,
They blinde us in beholding: He that tries
To handle water, the more hard he ſtraines
And gripes his hand; the leſſe his hand retaines:
The minde that's troubled with that pleaſing itch
Of knowing Secrets, having flowne a pitch
Beyond it ſelfe, the higher it aſcends,
And ſtrives to know, the leſſe it apprehends:

That

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That secret Wiseman, is an open Foole,
Which takes a Counsell-chamber for a Shoole.
The eye of Man desires no farther light,
Than to descry the object of his sight:
And rests contented with the Suns reflection,
But (lab'ring to behold his bright complexion)
If it presume t'out-face his glorious light,
The beames bereave him, justly, of his sight:
Even so the minde should rest in what's reveal'd,
But over-curious, if in things conceal'd
She wades too farre, beyond her depth, unbounded,
Her knowledge will be lost, and she confounded.
Farre safer 'tis of things unsure, to doubt,
Than undertake to riddle secrets out.
It was demanded once, What God did doe
Before the World he framed? Whereunto
Answer was made, *He built a hell for such,*
As are too curious, and would know too much.
Who flies with *Icarus* his feathers, shall
Have *Icarus* his fortunes and his fall.
A noble Prince, (whose bounteous hand was bent,
To recompence his servants faith, and vent
The earnest of his favours,) did not profer,
But wild him boldly to prevent his offer:
Thankfull he thus replyed, *Then grant unto mee,*
This boone, With-hold thy Princely secrets fro me.
That holy Man, in whose familiar eare
Heav'n oft had thundred, might not come too near:
The Temple must have Curtaines, mortall hearts
Must rest content to see his Hinder-parts.
I care not (Lord) how farre thy Face be off,
If I but kisse thy Hand, I have enough.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

Iob wisheth his past happinesse,
Shewes his state present, doth confesse
That God's the Author of his griefe,
Relates the pureness of his life.

Sect. 15.

OH! that I were as happy as I was,
When Heavens bright favours shone upon my face,
And prosper'd my affaires, inrich'd my joyes,
When all my sonnes could answer to my voyces;
Then did my store, and thriving flocks encrease,
Offended Iustice sought my hands, for peace;
Old men did honour, and the young did feare me,
Princes kept silence, (when I spake) to heare mee;
I heard the poore, reliev'd the widowes crie,
Orphans I succour'd, was the blind mans eye,
The Cripples foot, my helplesse brothers drudge,
The poore mans Father, and th'oppressors Iudge;
I then supposed, that my dayes long Lease
Would passe in plentie, and expire in peace;
My Rootes were fixed, and my Branches spring,
My Glory blaz'd, my Power grew daily strong;
I speaking, men stood mute, my speeches mov'd
All hearts to joy, by all men were approv'd:
My kindly words were welcome, as a latter
Raine, and were Oracles in a doubtfull matter.
O sudden change! I'm turn'd a laughing-stocke
To boyes, and those that su'd to tend my flock,

And

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And such, whose hungry wants have taught their
To scrape the earth, and dig the barren lands (hands
For hidden roots, wherewith they might appease
Their Tyran stomacks, these, (even very these)
Flout at my sorrowes, and disdaining me,
Point with their fingers, and cry, *This is he*:
My honour's foyl'd, my troubled spirit lyes
Wide open to the worst of injuries;
Where e'r I turne, my sorrow, new, appeares,
I'm vex'd abroad with flouts, at home with feares;
My soule is faint, and nights that should give ease
To tyred spirits, make my griefes encrease;
I loath my Carkeise, for my ripened soares
Have chang'd my Garments colour with their cores.
But what is worst of worsts, (Lord) often I
Have cry'd to thee, a stranger to my cry;
Though perfect Clemency thy nature be,
Though kinde to all, thou art unkinde to me.
I ne'r waxt pale, to see another thrive,
Nor e'r did let my afflicted brother strive
With teares, alone: but I (poore I) tormented,
Expect for succour, and am unlamented:
I mourne in silence, languish all alone,
As in a Desert, am reliev'd by none;
My sores have dy'd my skin with filth, still turning
My joyes to griefe, and all my mirth to mourning.
My heart hath past Indentures with mine Eye,
Not to behold a Maid, for what should I
Expect from heaven but a deserv'd reward,
Earn'd by so foule a sinne? for death's prepar'd
And flames of wrath are blowne for such: Doth He
Not know my actions, that so well knowes me?
If I have lent my hands to slye deceit,
Or if my steps have not beene purely strait;

What I have sowne, then let a stranger eate,
And root my Plants untimely from their seate.
If e'r with Lust have e'r distain'd my life,
Or beene defiled with anothers wife,
In equall Iustice let my Wife be knowne
Of all, and let me repe as I have sowne:
For Lust, that burneth in a sinfull brest,
Till it hath burnt him too, shall never rest.
If e'r my hande did treat my Servant ill,
Without desert, making my power my Will,
Then how should I before Gods Iudgement stand,
Since we were both created by one Hand?
If e'r my power wrong'd the poore mans cause,
Or to the Widow length'ned out the Lawes:
If e'r (alone) my lips did taste my bread,
Or shut my churlish doores, the poore unfed,
Or bent my hand to doe the Orphan wrong,
Or saw him naked, unapparell'd long.
In heapes of Gold, if e'r I tooke delight,
Or gave Heavens worship to the heavenly Light,
Or e'r was flattred by my secret Will,
Or joyed in my Adversaries ill,
Let God accurse me from his glorious Seate,
And make my plagues (if possible) more great.
Oh! that some equall hearer now were by,
To judge my righteous cause: full sure am I,
I shall be quitted by th'Almighties hand.
What, therefore, if censorious tongues withstand
The judgement of my sober conscience?
Compose they Ballads on me, yet from thence
My simple Innocence shall gaine renowne,
And on my head, I'le weare them, as my Crowne;
To the Almighties eare will I reveale
My secret wayes; to him, alone, appeale:

If

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If (to conclude) the earth could finde a tongue,
T'impeach my guiltlesse hands of doing wrong:
If hidden Wages (earn'd with sweat) doe lie
Rak't in her furrowes, let her wombe deny
To blesse my Harvest, let her better Seeds
Be turn'd to Thistles, and the rest, to Weeds.

Meditat. 13.

THe man whose soule is undistain'd with Ill,
Pure from the check of a distempered Will,
Stands onely free from the distracts of Care,
And flies a pitch above the reach of Feare:
His bosome dares the threatning Bow-mans arme,
His wisedome sees, his courage feares no harme;
His brest lies open to the reeking Sword;
The darts of swarthy *Maurus* can afford
Lesse dread, than danger, to his well prepar'd
And setled minde, which (standing on her guard)
Bids Mischiefe doe the worst she can, or will,
For he that does no ill, deserves no ill.
Would any strive with *Samson* for renowne,
Whose brawny arme can strike most pillars downe?
Or try a fall with Angels, and prevaile?
Or with a Hymne unhinge the strongest Iayle?
Would any from a pris'ner prove a Prince?
Or with slow speech best Orators convince?
Preserve he then, unstained in his brest,
A milk-white Conscience; let his soule be blest
With simple Innocence: This sevenfold shield
No dart shall pierce, no sword shall make it yeeld;

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The sinewy Bow, and deadly headed Launce,
Shall break in shivers, and the splinters glaunce
Aside, returning backe, from whence they came,
And wound their hearts with an eternall shame.
The just and constant minde, that perseveres
Vnblemisht with false pleasures, never feares
The bended threatnings of a Tyranns Brow,
Death neither can disturbe, nor change his Vow;
Well guarded with himselfe, he walkes along,
When, most alone, he stands a thousand strong.
Lives he in weale, and full Prosperitie?
His wisdome tels him, that he lives to die.
Is he afflicted? Sharpe afflictions give
Him hopes of Change, and that he dyes to live.
Is he revil'd and scorn'd? He sits and smiles,
Knowing him happy whom the world reviles.
If Rich, he gives the Poore, and if he live
In poore estate, he findes rich friends to give:
He lives an Angel in a mortall forme;
And having past the brunt of many a storme,
At last arriveth at the Haven of Rest,
Where that just Iudge, that rambles in his brest,
Ioyning with Angels, with an Angels voyce
Chaunts forth sweet *Requiems* of Eternall joyes.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

Elihu Job reproves, reproves
His Friends alike; he pleades the cause
With Job in Gods behalfe, and moves
Him to repent, and call for Grace.

Sect. 16.

THus *Job* his ill-defended Cause adjournes,
And silence lends free libertie of turnes,
To his unjust Accusers, whose bad cause
Hath left them grounded in too large a pause,
Whereat *Elihu* (a young stander-by,)
Whose modest eares, upon a long reply
Did waite, his angry silence did awake,
And (craving pardon for his Youth) bespake.
Young standers-by doe oftentimes see more
Than elder Gamesters: Y'are too blame all foure:
T'ones cause is bad, but with good proofes befrien-
The others just and good, but ill defended: (ded,
Though reason makes the man, Heaven makes him
Wisdome in greatest Clerks not alway lyes: (wise,
Then let your silence give me leave to spend
My judgement, whil'st your heedfull eares attend.
I have not heard, alone, but still expected (jected
To heare what more your spleens might have ob-
Against your woefull Friend, but I have found
Your reasons built upon a sandy ground.
Flourish no Flags of Conquest: Understand,
That he's afflicted by th'Almighties hand:

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He hath not fail'd to crosse your accusations:
Yet I (Though not with your foule exprobrations)
Will crosse him too. I'me full, and I must speake,
Or like unvented vessels, I must breake;
And with my tongue, my heart will be reliev'd,
That swels, with what my patience hath conceiv'd:
Be none offended, for my lips shall tread
That ground (without respect) as Truth shall lead;
God hates a flattering language; then how can I
Vnliable to danger, flatter any?

Now, *Iob*, to thee I speake, O, let my Errant
Be welcome to thine eares, for truth's my warrant;
They are no slender trifles that I treat,
But things digested with the sacred heate
Of an inspired knowledge; 'Tis no rash
Discharge of wrath, nor wits conceited flash;
I'le speake, and heare thee speake as free, for I
Wil take no vantage of thy Misery.

Thy Tongue did challenge to maintaine thy cause
With God, if he would vaile his glorious face:
Be I the man, (though clad with clay and dust,
And mortall like thy selfe) that takes the trust
To represent his Person: Thou dost terme
Thy selfe most just, and boldly dost affirme,
That heaven afflicts thy soule without a reason:
Ah *Iob*! These very words (alone) are treason,
Against th'Almighties will: Thou oughtest rather
Submit thy passion to him as thy Father;
Than pleade with him, as with thy Peere. Is hee
Bound to reveale his secret Will to thee?
God speaketh oft to man, not understood,
Sometimes in dreames, at other times thinkes good
To thunder Iudgement in his drowzy eare;
Sometimes, with hard afflictions scourge, doth teare

Digitized by Google His

His wounded soule, which may at length give ease
(Like sharper Physicke) to his soules Disease:
But if (like pleasing Iulips) he afford
The meeke expounders of his sacred Word,
With sweet perswasions to recure his griefe,
How can his sorrowes wish more faine Reliefe?
Ah, then his body shall waxe young and bright,
Heavens face that scorcht before, shall now delight,
His tongue with Triumph, shall confesse to men,
I was a Leper, but am cleane agen.
Thus, thus that Spring of Mercy oftentimes
Doth speak to man, that man may speake his crimes.
Consider, *Iob*, my words with judgement weigh;
Which done (if thou hast ought) then boldly say,
If otherwise, shame me to hold thy peace,
And let thy wisedome with my words increase.
And you, you Wisemen that are silent here,
Vouchsafe to lend my lips your ripened eare,
Let's call a Parly, and the cause decide;
For *Iob* pleads guiltlesse, and would faine be try'd;
Yet hath his boldnesse term'd himselfe upright,
And tax't th'Almighty for not doing right;
His Innocence with Heaven doth he plead,
And that unjustly he was punished:
O Purity by Impudence suborn'd!
He scorn'd his Maker, and is justly scorn'd:
Farre be it from the heart of man that He
Who is all Iustice, yet unjust should be.
Each one shall reape the harvest he hath sowne,
His meed shall measure what his hand hath done.
Who is't can claime the Worlds great Soveraignty?
Who rais'd the Rafters of the Heavens, but He?
If God should breathe on man, or take away
The breath he gave him, what were man but Clay?

O, let thy heart, th'unbridled tongue convince!
Say, Dare thy lips defame an earthly Prince?
How dar'st thou then maligne the King of Kings,
To whom great Princes are but poorest things?
He kicks down kingdoms, spurns th' Emperial crown,
And with his blast, puffs mightie Monarches downe.
'Tis vaine to strive with him, and if he strike,
Our part's to beare, not fondly to mislike,
(Misconstruing the nature of his drift)
But husband his corrections to our thrift.
If he afflict, our best is to implore
His Blessing with his Rod, and sinne no more.
What if our torments passe the bounds of measure?
It unbefits our wils to stint his pleasure.
Iudge then, and let th'impartiall world advise,
How farre (poore *Iob*) thy judgement is from wise:
Nor are these speeches kindled with the fire
Of a distempered spleene, but with desire
T'enrich thy wisedome, lest thy fury tie
Presumption to thy rash infirmitie.

Meditat. 16.

FOr Mortals to be borne, waxe eld, and die,
Lyes not in Will, but bare Necessitie,
Common to beasts, which in the selfe degree,
Hold by the selfe-same Patent, even as we:
But to be wise is a diviner action
Of the discursive Soule, a pure abstraction
Of all her powers, united in the Will,
Ayming at Good, rejecting what is Ill:

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Ye

It is an Influence of inſpired breath,
Vnpurchaſed by birth, unloſt by death,
Entail'd to no man, no, not free to all,
Yet gently anſwers to the eager call
Of thoſe, that with inflam'd affections ſeeke,
Reſpecting tender youth and age alike;
In depth of dayes, her ſpirit not alway lies,
Yeares make man old, but heaven returns him Wiſe;
Youths Innocence, nor riper ages ſtrength
Can challenge her as due; Deſired length
Of dayes, produced to decrepit yeares,
Fill'd with experience, and grizly hayres
Can claime no right; th'Almighty ne'r ingages
His gift to times, nor is he bound to Ages;
His quickning Spirit, to ſucklings oft reveales,
What to their doating Grandſires he conceales,
The vertue of his breath can unbenumme
The frozen lips, and ſtrike the ſpeaker dumme:
Who put that moving power into his tongue,
Whoſe lips did right the chaſte *Suſanna's* wrong,
Vpon her wanton falſe Accuſers death?
What ſecret fire inflam'd that fainting breath
That blaſted *Pharo?* Or theſe ruder tongues
That ſchool'd the faithles Prophet for the wrongs
He did to ſacred Iuſtice? Matters not.
How ſleight the meane be in it ſelfe, or what
In our eſteemes, ſo wiſdome be the meſſage;
Embaſſadours are worthied in th'Embaſſage:
God ſowes his harveſt to his beſt increaſe,
And glorifies himſelfe how e'r he pleaſe.
Lord, if thou wilt, (for what is hard to thee?)
I may a Factour for thy glory be,
Then grant that (like a faithfull ſervant) I
May render back the ſtocke with Vſury.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

God reapes no gaine by mans best deeds
Mans misery from himselfe proceeds:
Gods Mercy and Iustice are unfounded;
In workes of Nature man is grounded.

Sect. 17.

ELihu, thus his pausing lips againe
Disclos'd, and said, (rash Iob) dost thou maintain
A rightfull cause, which in conclusion, must
Avow thee blamelesse, and thy God unjust?
Thy lawlesse words implying, that it can
Advantage none to live an upright man? (would
My tongue shall schoole thee, and thy friends that
(Perchance) refell thy reasons, if they could:
Behold thy glorious Makers greatnesse, see
The power of his hand; say then, can He
Be damag'd by thy sinne, or can he raise
Advantage by th' uprightnesse of thy wayes?
Tis true, the Afflicted languish oft in griefe,
And roare to heaven (unanswerd) for reliefe,
Yet is not heaven unjust, for their fond cry
Their sinne bewailes not, but their misery.
Cease then to make him guilty of thy crimes,
And waite his pleasure, that's not bound to times!
Nor heares vaine words. The sorrowes thou art in
Are sleight or nothing, ballanc'd with thy sinne:

Thy

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Thy lips accuſe thee, and thy fooliſh tongue,
To right thy ſelfe, hath done th'Almighty wrong.
Hold back thine anſwer, let thy flowing ſtreame
Finde paſſage, to ſurround my fruitfull Theame;
I'le raiſe my thoughts, to pleade my Makers caſe,
And ſpeake, as ſhall befit ſo high a place:
Behold th'Almightie's meeke as well as ſtrong,
Deſtroyes the wicked, rights the juſt mans wrong,
Mounts him to honour; If by chance he ſtray,
Inſtructs, and ſhewes him where he loſt his way:
If he returne, his bleſſing ſhall encreaſe,
Crowning his joyes with plenty and ſweet peace;
If not, th'intailed ſword ſhall ne'r depart
His ſtained houſe, but pierce his hardned heart;
Ah ſinfull *Iob!* theſe plagues had never bin,
Had'ſt thou beene guiltleſſe (as thou boaſts) of ſin:
But thy proud lips againſt their Maker plead,
And draw downe heapes of vengeance on thy head:
Look to thy ſelfe; ſeek not to underſtand
The ſecret cauſes of th'Eternals hand;
Let wiſedome make the beſt of miſery,
Know who inflicts it, aske no reaſon why:
He wils beyond thy reach, and his Divine
And ſacred knowledge farre ſurpaſſeth thine,
Ah! rather, praiſe him in his workes, that lie
(Wide open to the world) before thine eye;
His meaner Acts, our higheſt thoughts o'rtops,
He pricks the clouds, ſtils downe the raine by drops;
Who comprehends the lightning or the thunder?
Who ſees, who heares the, unamaz'd with wonder?
My troubled heart chils in my quivering breſt,
To reliſh theſe things, and is diſpoſſeſt
Of all her powers: who ever heard the voyce
Of th'angry heavens unfrighted at the noyſe:

The

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The beast by nature, daz'd with sudden dread,
Seekes out for covert to secure his head:
If God command, the duskie clouds march forth
Into a Tempest; from the freezing North
He beckens Frost, and Snow; and from the South
He bloweth whirlewindes with his angry Mouth.
Presumptuous *Iob*! if thou canst not aspire
So high to comprehend these things, admire.
Know'st thou the progresse of the rambling clouds?
From mortall eyes, when gloomy darknesse shrouds
The lamps of heaven, know'st thou the reason why?
Canst thou unriddle Heavens Philosophy?
Know'st thou th'unconstant nature of the weather?
Or whence so many Windes proceed, and whither?
Wert thou made privy, or a stander-by,
When God stretcht forth his spangled Canopy?
Submit thy selfe, and let these secrets teach,
How farre his Myst'ries doe surmount thy reach:
For Hee's Almighty, and his sacred will
Is just, nor renders an unearned ill:
His workes are objects for no soaring eyes,
But whereso'r heelookes, he findes none wise.

Meditat. 17.

THe World's an Index to Eternity,
And gives a glance of what our clearer eye,
In time shall see at large; nothing's so sleight,
Which in its nature sends not forth some light,
Or *Memorandum* of his Makers Glory:
No Dust so vile, but pens an ample story.

Of

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Of the Almighties power, nor is there that,
Which gives not man just cause to wonder at.
Cast downe thine eyes, behold the pregnant earth.
(Her selfe but one) produceth at one birth
A world of divers natures? From a seed
Entirely one, things hot and cold proceed,
She suckles with one milke, things moist, and dry,
Yet in her wombe is no repugnancy.
Or shall thy reason ramble up so high,
To view the Court of wilde Astronomy?
Behold the Planets, round about thine eares,
Whirling like firebals in their restlesse Spheares,
At one selfe-instant moving severall wayes,
Still measuring out our short, and shorter dayes.
Behold the parts whereon the World consists,
Are limited in their appointed lists,
Without rebellion unapt to vary,
Though being many, divers and contrary:
Looke where we list, above, beneath, or under,
Our eye shall see to learne, and learne to wonder;
Their depth shall drowne our judgements, and their
Besides his wits shall drive the prime cõceit: (height
Shall then our daring mindes presume t'aspire
To heavens hid Myst'ries? shal our thoughts inquire
Into the depth of secrets, unconfounded,
When in the shoare of Nature they were drowned?
Fond man be wise, strive not above thy strength,
Tempt not thy Bark beyond her Cables length;
And, like *Prometheus*, filch no sacred fire,
Least Eagles gripe thee: Let thy proud desire
Suit with thy fortunes; Curious mindes, that shall
Mount up with *Phaeton*, shall have *Phaetons* fall.
Vnbend thy bow betimes, least thou repent
Too late, for it will breake, or else stand bent.

I'le

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I'le work at home, ne'r crosse the scorching Line,
In unknowne lands, to seeke a hidden Mine:
Plaine Bullion pleaseth me, I not desire
Deare Ingots from th'Elixars techy fire:
I'le spend my paines, (where best I may be bold)
To know my selfe, wherein I shall behold
The world abridg'd, and in that world my Maker,
Beyond which taske, I with no Vndertaker.
Great God, by whom it is, what e'r is mine,
Make me thy Viceroy in this World of thine,
So cleare mine eyes, that I may comprehend
My sleight beginning, and my sudden end.

THE ARGVMENT.

God questions Iob, and proves that man
Cannot attaine to things so high,
As divine secrets, since he can
Not reach to Natures; Iobs reply.

Sect. 18.

FOrth from the bosome of a murmuring Cloud,
Heavens great *Iehovah* did at length unshroud
His Earth-amazing language (equally
Made terrible with Feare and Majesty)
(Challeng'd the Duell,) he did undertake
His grumbling servant, and him thus bespake:
Who, who art thou, that thus dost pry in vaine,
Into my secrets, hoping to attaine
With murmuring, to things conceal'd from man?
Say, (pur-blinde mortall) Who art thou that can,

Thus

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Thus cleare thy crimes, and dar'st (with vaine art)
Make me defendant in thy sinfull cause? (plaide)
Loe, here I am, Engrosse into thy hands
Thy soundest weapons: Answer my demands:
Say, where wert thou, when these my hands did lay
The worlds foundation? canst thou tell me? Say,
Was earth not measur'd by this Arme of mine,
Whose hand did ayde me? was I help't by thine?
Where wert thou, when the Planets first did blaze,
And in their spheares sang forth their Makers praise?
Who is't that tames the raging of the Seas,
And swathes them up in mists, when e're he please?
Did'st thou divide the darknesse from the Light?
Or know'st thou whence *Aurora* takes her flight?
Didst e're enquire into the Seas Abysse,
Or mark'd the Earth of what a bulk she is?
Know'st thou the place whence Light or Darknesse springs,
Can thy deepe age unfold the secret'st things?
Know'st thou the cause of Snow or Haile, which are
My fierce Artilry in my time of warre?
Who is't that rends the gloomy clouds in sunder,
Whose suddē rapture strikes forth fire and thunder?
Or who bedewes the earth with gentle showres,
Filling her pregnant soyle with fruits and flowers?
What father got the raine? from what chill wombe
Did frosts, and hard congealed waters come?
Canst thou restraine faire *Maia*'s course, or stint her;
Or sad *Orion* ushering in the Winter?
Will scorching *Cancer* at thy summons come?
Or Sun-burn't Autumne with her fruitfull wombe?
Know'st thou Heavens course above, or dost thou (know
Those gentle Influences here below?
Who was't inspir'd thy soule with understanding?
And gave thy spirit the spirit of apprehending?

Dost

Dost thou command the Cisternes of the Skie
To quench the thirsty soyle; or is it I?
Nay, let thy practice to the earth descend,
Prove there, how farre thy power doth extend;
From thy full hand will hungry Lyons eate?
Feed'st thou the empty Ravens that crie for meate?
Sett'st thou the season, when the fearfull Hind
Brings forth her painfull birth? Hast thou assign'd
The Mountaine-Gaote her Time? Or is it I?
Canst thou subject unto thy soveraigntie
The untam'd Vnicorne? Can thy hard hand
Force him to labour on thy fruitfull Land!
Did'st thou inrich the Peacock with his Plume?
Or did that Steele-digesting Bird assume
His downy Flags from thee? Didst thou endow
The noble Stallion with his strength? Canst thou
Quaile his proud courage? See, his angry breath
Puffes nothing forth, but fearne, summ'd up in death.
Marke with what pride his horny hooves doe tabor
The hard resounding earth; with how great labour;
How little ground he spends: But at the noise
And fierce Alarm of the hoarse Trumpets voyce;
He breakes the rankes amidst a thousand Spears
Pointed with death, undaunted at the feares
Of doubtfull warre, he rushes like a Ranger,
Through every Troop, & scornes so brave a danger.
Doe lofty haggards cleave the flitting Ayre,
With Plumes of thy devising? Then how dare
Thy ravenous lips thus, thus at randome runne
And countermand what (the Lord have done?
Thinkst thou to learne (fond Mortall) thus, by diving
Into my secrets, or to gaine by striving?
Plead then: No doubt but thine will be the Day;
Speake (peevish Plaintiffe) if th'ast ought to say.

Iob

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Iob then reply'd: (Great God) I am but Dust,
My heart is sinfull, and thy hands are just;
I am a Sinner (Lord) my words are winde,
My thoughts are vaine, (Ah Father) I have sinn'd:
Shall dust replie? I spake too much before,
I'le close these lips, and never answer more.

Medita. 18.

O Glorious Light! A light unapprehended
By mortall eyes! O Glory, never ended,
Nor e'r created, whence all glory springs
In heavenly bodies, and in earthly things!
O power Immense, derived from a Will
Most just and able to doe all, but ill!
O *Essence* pure, and full of Majestie!
Greatnesse (it selfe) and yet no quantity;
Goodnesse, and without quality; producing
All things from out of Nothing, and reducing
All things to nothing; past all comprehending;
Both first and Last, and yet without an ending,
Or yet beginning; filling every creature,
And not (it selfe) included; above Nature,
Yet not excluded; of it selfe subsisting,
And with it selfe all other things assisting;
Divided, yet without division;
A perfect Three, yet Three, entirely one;
Both One in Three, and Three in One, together;
Begetting, and begotten, and yet neither;
The Fountaine of all Arts confounding Art;
Both all in All, and all in every part;

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Still seeking Glory, and still wanting none;
Though just, yet reaping, where thou ne'r hast sown.
Great Majestie, since Thou art every where,
O, Why should I misdoubt thy Presence here?
I long have sought thee, but my ranging heart
Ne'r quests, and cannot see thee where thou art:
There's no Defect in thee, thy light hath shin'd,
Nor can be hid, (great God) but I am blind.
O cleare mine eyes, and with thy holy fire
Inflame my brest, and edge my dull desire:
Wash me with Hysope, clense my stained thoughts,
Renew my spirit, blurre forth my secret faults;
Thou tak'st no pleasure in a Sinners death,
For thou art Life, thy Mercy's not beneath
Thy sacred Iustice: Give thy servant power
To seeke aright, and (having sought) discover
Thy glorious Presence; Let my blemisht Eye
See my Salvation yet before I die.
O, then my Dust, that's bowell'd in the ground
Shall rise with Triumph at the welcome sound
Of my Redeemers earth-awaking Trumpe,
Vnfrighted at the noyse, no sullen Dumpe
Of selfe-confounding Conscience shall affright me,
For he's my Iudge, whose dying blood shal quite me.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

GOD speakes to Iob *the second time:*
Iob *yeelds his sin, repents his crime:*
GOD checks his friends, restores his health,
Gives him new Issue, double wealth.

Sect. 19.

ONce more the mouth of heavé rapt forth a voice,
The troubled Firmament was fill'd with noise;
The Rafters of the darkned Skie did shake,
For the Eternall thundred thus, and spake:
Collect thy scattered senses, and advise,
Rouze up (fond man) and answer my replies.
Wilt thou make Comments on my Text, and must
I be unrighteous, to conclude thee, just?
Shall my Decrees be licenced by thee?
What, canst thou thunder with a voyce like Me?
Put on thy Robes of Majestie, Be clad
With as bright glory (*Iob*) as can be had;
Make fierce thy frownes, and with an angry face,
Confound the Proud, and his high thoughts abase,
Pound him to Dust: Doe this, and I will yeeld,
Thou art a God, and need'st no other sheild.
Behold, the Castle-bearing Elephant,
That wants no bulke, nor doth his greatnesse want
An equall strength. Behold his massie bones,
Like barres of Yron; like congealed stones;

His knotty sinewes are; Him have I made,
And given him naturall weapons [illegible] his ayde;
High Mountaines beare his food, the shady boughes
His Covers are, great Rivers are his Troughes,
Whose deepe Carouses would to standers-by
Seeme at a watring to draw Iordan dry: (him?
What skilfull huntsman can with strength out-dare
Or with what Engines can a man ensnare him?
Hast thou beheld the huge Leviathan,
That swarthy Tyrant of the Ocean? Can
Thy bearded hooke impierce his Gils, or make him
Thy landed Prisner? Can thy angles take him?
Will he make suite for favour from thy hands,
Or be enthralled to thy fierce commands?
Will he be handled as a bird? or may
Thy fingers binde him for thy childrens play?
Let men be wise, for in his lookes he hath
Displayed Banners of untimely death.
If Creatures be so dreadfull, how is he
More bold than wise, that dares encounter Me?
What hand of man can hinder my designe?
Are not the Heavens, and all beneath them, mine?
Dissect the greatnesse of so vast a Creature,
By view of severall parts summe up his feature:
Like shields his scales are plac't, which neither art
Knowes how to sunder, nor yet force can part.
His belching rucks forth flames, his moving Eye
Shines like the glory of the morning skie;
His craggy sinewes are like wreathes of brasse,
And from his mouth, quicke flames of fier passe
As from an Oven, the temper of his heart
Is like a Nether-millstone, which no Dart
Can pierce, secured from the threatning Speare;
Affraid of none, he strikes the world with feare:

The

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The Bow-mans brawny arme ſends ſhafts in vaine,
They fall like ſtubble, or bound backe againe:
Stones are his pillow, and the Mud his Downe,
In earth none greater is, nor equall none,
Compar'd with him, all things he doth deride,
And well may challenge to be King of Pride.
So ſaid, th'amazed *Iob* bent downe his eyes
Vpon the ground, and (ſadly) thus replies.
I know (great God) there's nothing hard to Thee,
Thy thoughts are pure, and too too deep for mee:
I am a foole, and my diſtempered wits
Longer out-ſtraid my Tongue, than well befits;
My knowledge ſlumbred, while my lips did chat,
And like a Foole, I ſpake I knew not what.
Lord, teach me Wiſedome, leſt my proud Deſire,
Singe her bold feathers in thy Sacred fire;
Mine eare hath oft beene rounded with thy Story,
But now theſe very eyes have ſeene thy glory.
My ſinfull words I not (alone) lament,
But in the horror of my ſoule repent;
Repent with Teares in ſackcloth, mourne in Duſt;
I am a ſinfull man, and Thou art juſt.
Thou *Eliphaz*, that mak'ſt my ſacred Word
An Engine of Deſpaire, (ſaid then the Lord)
Behold full Viols of my wrath attends
On thee, and on thy two too partiall Friends;
For you have judg'd amiſſe, and have abus'd
My Word to worke your ends, falſly accus'd
My righteous Servant: Of you all there's none
Hath ſpoke uprightly, as my *Iob* hath done.
Haſte then (before my kindling fire begin
To flame) and each man offer for his ſin,
A ſacrifice, by *Job* my ſervants hand,
And for his ſake, your Offrings ſhall withſtand

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The wages of your sinnes, for what can I,
If *Iob*, my servant, make request, deny?
So straight they went, and (after speedy pardon
Desir'd and had) the righteous *Iob* (for guerdion
Of his so tedious Griefe) obtain'd the health
Of a sound body, and increase of wealth;
So that the second Harvest of his store,
Was double that which he enjoy'd before.
E'r this was blazed in the Worlds wide Eares,
(The frozen brests of his familiars,
And cold Allies, being now dissolv'd in Griefe,)
His backward friends came to him with reliefe,
To feed his wants, and with sad showring eyes,
To moane his (yet supposed) Miseries:
Some brought him sheepe to blesse his emptie Fold,
Some precious Earings, others, Rings of Gold.
God blest his loynes, fro whence there sprang againe
The number of his children that were slaine,
Nor was there any in the Land so rare
In vertue as his daughters, or so faire.
Long after this he liv'd in peace, to see
His childrens children, to the fourth degree,
Till at the length, cut short by Him that staies
For none, he dy'd in peace, and full of Dayes.

Meditat. 19.

Evill's the defect of Good, and as a shade,
That's but the ruines of the light decay'd:
It hath no being, nor is understood,
But by the opposition of Good.
What then is man? whose purest thoughts are prest
For Satans warre, which from the tender brest,

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With Infant silence have consented to
Such sinfull Deeds, as (babes) they could not doe?
What then is man, but Nothing, being Evill,
His Lunatike affections doe unlevell
What Heaven created by just Waight and measure;
In pleasures sinke, he takes a swinelike Pleasure;
His span of life, and beautie's like a Flower,
Faire flourishing, and fading in an hower.
He breakes into the world with teares, and then
Departs with Griefe, not knowing how, nor when.
His life's a Bubble, full of seeming Bliss,
The more it lengthens, the more short it is;
Begot in darkenesse, he's brought forth, and cries
For succour, passes o'r the Stage, and dies;
Yet, like a Moale, the earth he undermines,
Making the World the Forge of his designes:
He plots, complots, foresees, prevents, directs,
He hopes, he feares, he doubts, pursues, effects;
Each hath his plot,, each one his course doth bend,
Each hath his project, and each one his end.
Thus restlesse man doth still his soule molest
To finde out (that which hath no being) Rest;
Thus travels sinfull man in endlesse toyle;
Taking a pleasure in his owne turmoyle.
Fond man, first seeke to purchase that divine
And sacred prize, and all the world is thine:
Great *Salomon* made suit for Wisdome, and he found
Not (barely) Wisdome, but that Wisdome crown'd
With Diadems of wealth, and faire encrease
Of Princely Honour, with long dayes of Peace.
(With safe respect, and awfull reverence
To Myst'ries) Meditation doth commence
An earnest doubt: Was *Iobs* dispoyled Flock
Restored double? Was his former Stock

Renew'd with double vantage? Did heaven adde
To all his fortunes double what he had?
Yet those sweet Emblems of his dearest love,
(His sonnes) whom death untimely did remove
From off the face of the unthankfull earth,
Why likewise sprang not they in double birth?
Bruit Beasts that perish once, are lost for ever,
Their substance, and their All consumes together.
Once having given a farewell to the light,
They die, and with them is perpetuall night:
But man, (unorgan'd by the hand of Death)
Dyes not, is but transplanted from beneath,
Into a fairer soyle, or as a stranger, (ger:
Brought home secure, from the worlds pleasing dan-
Iobs flocks were lost, and therefore double given,
His Issu's equall shar'd twixt Earth and Heaven,
One halfe in heav'n are glorious in their doome,
Ingag'd as Pledges till the other come.
Great God! my Time's but short, and long my way,
My heart hath lost her Path, and gone astray,
My spirit's faint, and fraile, my soule's imbost,
If thou helpe not, I am for ever lost;
Though Dust, and Ashes, yet I am thy Creature,
Howe'r my sinnes are great, thy Mercie's greater:
Of nothing didst thou make me, and my sinne
Hath turn'd me backe to nothing, once agin:
Create me a new heart, (great God) inspire
My cold affections with thy sacred fire:
Instruct my Will, and rectifie my Wayes,
O teach me (Lord) to number out my Dayes.

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The Digestion of the whole HISTORY.

1 *In Prosperity.*

THou, whose *lanke fortunes* heav'n hath swell'd (with store,
Make not thy selfe, by over-wishing, poore,
Husband that good, which else, abuse makes bad,
Abstracting, where thy base desire would adde:
Lines flowing from a *Sophoclean* quill,
Deserve no *Plaudit*, being acted ill.

2 *In Adversitie.*

Hath heav'n withdrawn the *talēt* he hath giv'n thee
Hath envious Death of all thy Sons bereaven thee?
Have foule Diseases foil'd thee on the floore?
He earnes no sweet, that never tasted sowre:
Thou art a Scholar: if thy Tutor doe
Pose thee too hard, he will instruct thee too.

3 *In Temptation.*

Art thou oppos'd to thy unequall Foe?
March bravely on, thy Generall bids thee Goe;
Thou art heav'ns Champion to maintaine his right;
Who cals thee forth, will give thee strength to fight.
God seekes by conquest, thy renowne, for He
Will win enough: Fight thou, or Faint, or Flee.

4 *In Slander.*

If Winter fortunes nip thy Summer friends,
And tip their tongues with Censure, that offends
Thy tender Name, despaire not, but be wise,
Know Heaven selecteth, whom the world denies:

Thou

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Thou haſt a milke-white *Thisby* thats within thee,
Will take thy part when all the world's agin thee.

5 *In re-advancement.*

Art thou advanc't to thy ſupreme deſier?
Be ſtill the ſame; Feare Lower, ayme no higher:
Mans Play hath many Sceanes, but in the laſt,
Heaven knits up all, to ſweeten all that's paſt:
Affliction is a Rod, to ſcourge us home,
An 'a painfull earneſt of a Heaven to come.

The end.

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THE HISTORIE OF SAMSON.

By *Fra: Quarles.*

LONDON,

Printed by MILES FLESHER, for IOHN MARRIOT, in S. *Dunſtans* Church-yard in *Fleet-ſtreet.*

1634.

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41.
4. 27.
208.

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To the READER.

THe tyranny of my affairs was never yet so imperious, but I could steale some howers to my private Meditations; the fruits of which stolne time I here present thee with, in the *History* of *Samson*: Wherein if thy extreme severity checke at any thing which thou conceivest may not stand with the Majesty of this sacred Subject; know, that my intention was not to offend my brother: The wisest of Kings inspired by the King of Wisdome, thought it no detraction from the gravity of his Holy Proverbs, to describe a Harlot like a Harlot, Her whorish Attire; her

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her immodeſt Geſture, her bold Coũtenance; her flattering Tongue, her laſcivious Embraces, her unchaſt Kiſſes, her impudent Invitations: If my deſcriptions in the like kinde, offend, I make no queſtion but the validity of my Warrant will give a reaſonable ſatisfaction: He that lifts not his feet high enough, may eaſily ſtumble: But on the contrary, if any be, whoſe worſe than ſacrilegious mindes ſhall prophane our harmeleſſe intentions with wanton conceits, to ſuch I heartily wiſh, a *Procul Ite*; Let none ſuch looke farther than this Epiſtle, at their owne perils: If they doe, let them put off their ſhooes, for *this is holy Ground*: Foule hands will muddle the cleareſt waters; and baſe mindes will

corrupt

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corrupt the pureſt Text: If any offence be take, it is by way of ſtealth, for there is none willingly given: I write to *Bees*, and not to *Spiders*: They will ſuck pleaſing honey from ſuch flowers: Theſe may burſt with their owne poyſon: but you, whoſe well-ſeaſon'd hearts are not diſtẽpered with either of theſe extremities, but have the better reliſh of a Sacred underſtanding; draw neare, and reade.

I Sing th'illustrious, and renowned Story
Of mighty Samson; *The eternall glory*
Of his Heroïcke acts: His life, His death:
Quicken my Muse with thy diviner breath,
Great God of Muses, that my prosp'rous Rimes
May live and last to everlasting times;
That they unborne may in this sacred Story,
Admire thy goodnesse, and advance thy glory.

THE

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THE HISTORIE OF SAMSON.

THE ARGVMENT.

A holy Angel doth salute
The wife of Manoah, *and inlarge*
Her barren wombe with promis'd fruit
Of both their loynes. The Angels charge.

Sect. 1.

Within the Tents of *Zorah* dwelt a man
Of *Iacobs* seed, and of the Tribe of *Dan*,
Knowne by the name of *Manoah*: to whom
Heaven had deny'd the treasure of the wombe;
His Wife was barren; and her prayers could not
Remove that great reproach, or cleanse that blot
Which on her fruitlesse name appear'd so foule,
Not to encrease the Tribe of *Dan* one soule:
Long had she, doubtles, stroven with heavē by prai'rs
Made strong with teares & sighs; hopes and despairs

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No doubt had often tortur'd her desire
Vpon a Rack compos'd of frost and fire:
But heaven was pleas'd to turne his deafned eares
Against those prai'rs, made strõg with sighs & tears:
She often pray'd; but pray'rs could not obtaine:
Alas, she pray'd, she wept, she sigh'd in vaine:
She pray'd, no doubt, but pray'rs could finde no room;
They prov'd, alas, as barren as her wombe.
Vpon a time (when her unanswer'd pray'r
Had now given just occasion of despaire,
(Even when her bed-rid faith was growne so fraile,
That very hope grew heartlesse to prevaile)
Appear'd an Angel to her; In his face,
Terrour and sweetnesse labour'd for the place;
Sometimes his Sun-bright eyes would shine so fierce
As if their pointed beams would even pierce
Her soule, and strike th'amaz'd beholder dead:
Sometimes, their glory would dispersse, and spread
More easie flames; and, like the Starre that stood
O'r *Bethlem*, promise and portend some good:
Mixt was his bright aspect; as if his breath
Had equall errands both of life and death:
Glory and Mildnesse seemed to contend
In his faire eyes, so long, till in the end,
In glorious mildnesse, and in milder glory,
He thus salutes her with this pleasing story.
«Woman, Heaven greets thee well: Rise up & fear not;
«Forbeare thy faithlesse tremblings; I appeare not
«Clad in the Vestments of consuming fire;
«Cheare up, I have no warrant to enquire
«Into thy sinnes; I have no Vials here,
«Nor dreadfull Thunderbolts to make thee feare:
«I have no plagues t'inflict; nor is my breath
«Charg'd with destruction; or my hand with death.

«No,

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« No, nō; cheare up, I come not to deſtroy;
« I come to bring thee tydings of great joy:
« Rouze up thy dull beliefe; for I appeare
« To exerciſe thy Faith, and not thy Feare:
« The Guide, and great Creator of all things,
« Chiefe Lord of Lords, and ſupreme King of Kings,
« To whom an Hoſt of men are but a ſwarme
« Of murm'ring Gnats; whoſe high prevailing arme
« Can cruſh ten thouſand worlds, and at one blow
« Can ſtrike the earth to nothing, and o'r-throw
« The Lofts of Heaven, He that hath the Keyes
« Of wombs, to ſhut, and ope them when he pleaſe;
« He that can all things, that he will, this day,
« Is pleas'd to take thy long reproach away:
« Behold; thy Womb's inlarg'd; and thy deſires
« Shall finde ſucceſſe: Before long time expires,
« Thou ſhalt conceive: Ere twice five months be runne,
« Be thou the joyfull mother of a ſonne;
« But ſee, thy wary palate doe forbeare
« The juice of the bewitching Grape; Beware,
« Leſt thy deſiers tempt thy lips to wine,
« Which muſt be faithfull ſtrangers to the Vine.
« Strong drink thou muſt not taſte, and all ſuch meat
« The Law proclaimes uncleane, refraine to eate:
« And when the fruit of thy reſtored wombe
« Shall ſee the light, take heed no Raſor come
« Vpon his fruitfull head; for from his birth,
« Soone as the wombe entruſts him on the earth,
« The child ſhall be a Nazarite, to God;
« By whoſe appointment, he ſhall prove a Rod,
« To ſcourge the proud Philiſtians; and recall
« Poore ſuffring Iſrael from their flaviſh thrall.

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Medita. 2.

HOw impudent is *Nature* to account
Thoſe acts her owne, that doe ſo farre ſurmount
Her eaſie reach! How purblinde are thoſe eyes
Of ſtupid mortals, that have power to riſe
No higher than her lawes, who takes upon her
The worke; and robs the *Author* of his honour!
Seeſt thou the fruitfull *Wombe*? How every yeare
It moves thy Cradle; to thy ſlender cheare
Invites another Gheſt, and makes thee Father
To a new Sonne, who now, perchance, hadſt rather
Bring up the old, eſteeming propagation
A thankleſſe worke of Supererogation:
Perchance the formall Mid-wife ſeemes to thee
Leſſe welcome now, than ſhe was wont to bee:
Thou ſtandſt amaz'd to heare ſuch needfull Ioy,
And car'ſt as little for it, as the Boy
That's newly borne into the world; nay worſe
Perchance thou grumbleſt, counting it a curſe
Vnto thy faint eſtate, which is not able
T'increaſe the bounty of thy ſlender Table:
Poore miſerable man what e'r thou bee,
I ſuffer for thy crooked thoughts not thee':
Thou tak'ſt thy children to be gifts of nature;
Their wit, their flouring beautie, comely ſtature,
Their perfect health; their dainty diſpoſition,
Their vertues, and their eaſie acquiſition
Of curious Arts, their ſtrengths attain'd perfection
You attribute to that benigne complexion,

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Wherewith your Goddesse Nature hath indow'd
Their well-disposed Organs; and are proud,
And here your Goddesse leaves you, to deplore,
That such admir'd perfections should be poore:
Advance thine eyes, no lesse than wilfull blinde,
And with thine eyes, advance thy drooping minde:
Correct thy thoughts; Let not thy wondring eye
Adore the servant, when the Master's by:
Looke on the God of Nature: From him come
These underprized blessings of the wombe:
He makes thee rich in childrē; whē his store (poor?
Crowns thee with wealth, why mak'st thou thy selfe
He opes the wombe; why then shouldst thou repine?
They are his children, mortall, and not thine:
We are but Keepers; And the more he lends
To our tuition, he the more commends
Our faithfull trust; It is not every one
Deserves that honour, to command his Sonne;
She counts it as a fortune, that's allow'd
To nurse a Prince; (What nurse would not be proud
Of such a Fortune?) And shall we repine,
Great God, to foster any Babe of thine?
But 'tis the Charge we feare: our stock's but small;
If heaven, with Children, send us where withall
To stop their craving stomacks, then we care not;
Great God!
How hast thou crackt thy credit, that we dare not
Trust thee for bread? How is't, we dare not venture
To keepe thy Babes, unlesse thou please to enter
In bond, for paiment? Art thou growne so poore,
To leave thy famisht Infants at our doore,
And not allow them food? Canst thou supply
The empty Ravens, and let thy children die?
Send me that stint, thy wisedome shall thinke fit,

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Thy pleasure is my will; and I submit:
Make me deserve that honour thou hast lent
To my fraile trust, and I will rest content.

THE ARGVMENT.

The wife of Manoah *attended*
with fearfull Hope, and hopefull Feare,
The joyfull tydings recommended
To her amazed Husbands eare.

Sect. 2.

THus, when the great Embassadour of Heaven
Had done that sacred service, which was given,
And trusted to his faithfull charge, he spred
His ayre-dividing pinions, and fled:
But now, th'affrighted woman apprehends
The strangenesse of the Message; recommends
Both it, and him that did it, to her feares;
The newes was welcome to her gratefull eares,
But what the newes-man was did so increase
Her doubts, that her strange hopes could finde no peace;
For when her hopes would build a Tower of joy,
O, then her feares would shake it, and destroy
The maine foundation; What her hopes in vaine
Did raise, her feares would ruinate againe:
One while she thought, It was an Angel sent;
And then her feares would teach her to repent
That frightfull thought; but whe she deeply waigh'd
The joyfull message, then her thoughts obey'd
Her first conceit; Distracted, with confusion,
Sometimes she fear'd it was a false delusion,

Suggested

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Suggested in her too beleeving eares;
Sometimes she doubts it was a Dreame, that beares
No waight, but in a slumber, till at last,
Her feet, advised by her thoughts, made haste
Vnto her husband; in whose eares she brake
This mind-perplexing secret thus, and spake;
Sir,
« As my discursive thoughts did lately muse
« On those great blessings, wherewith heaven doth use
« To crowne his children, here; among the rest,
« Me thoughts no one could make a wife more blest,
« And crowne her youth, her age with greater measure
« Of true content, than the unprized treasure
« Of her chaste wombe: but as my thoughts were bent
« Vpon this subject, being in our Tent,
« And none but I, appear'd before mine eyes
« A man of God: His habit, and his guise
« Was such as holy Prophets use to weare,
« But in his dreadfull lookes there did appeare
« Something that made me tremble; In his eye
« Midnesse was mixt with awfull Majestie;
« Strange was his language, and I could not chuse
« But feare the man, although I lik'd his newes;
Woman (said he) Cheare up, and doe not feare;
I have no Vials, nor no Iudgements here;
My hand hath no Commission, to enquire
Into thy sinnes; nor am I clad in fire:
I come to bring thee tydings of such things,
As have their warrant from the King of Kings;
Thou shalt conceive, and when thy time is come,
Thou shalt enjoy the blessings of thy wombe;
Before the space of twice five months be runne,
Thou shalt become the Parent of a Sonne;
Till then, take heed, thou neither drinke, nor eate

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Wines, or ſtrong drinke, or Law-forbidden meate,
For when this promis'd child ſhall ſee the light,
Thou ſhalt be mother to a Nazarite.
« While thus he ſpake, I trembled: Horrid feare
« Vſurpt my quivering heart; onely mine eare
« Was pleas'd to be the Veſſell of ſuch newes, (uſe
« Which Heavé make good, and give me ſtrength to
« My better Faith: The holy Prophets name
« I was afraid t'enquire, or whence he came.

Meditat. 2.

AND doſt thou not admier? Can ſuch things
Obtaine leſſe priviledge, than a Tale that brings
The audience wonder, entermixt with pleaſure?
Is't a ſmall thing, that Angels can finde leiſure
To leave their bleſſed ſeats, where face to face,
They ſee their God, and quit that heavenly place,
The leaſt conception of whoſe joy, and mirth,
Tranſcends th'united pleaſures of the earth?
Muſt Angels leave their Thrones of glory thus,
To watch our foot-ſteps, and attend on us?
How good a God have we! whoſe eyes can winke,
For feare they ſhould diſcover the baſe ſincke
Of our loath'd ſinnes; How doth he ſtop his eare,
Leſt when they call for Iuſtice, he ſhould heare?
How often, ah, how often doth He ſend
His willing Angels, howerly to attend
Our ſteps; and, with his bounty, to ſupply
Our helpleſſe wants, at our falſe-hearted cry?

The

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The bounteous Ocean with a liberall hand,
Tranſports her laden treaſure, to the land;
Enriches every Port, and makes each towne
Proud with that wealth, which now ſhe cals her owne;
And what returne they for ſo great a gaine,
But ſincks and noyſome Gutters, back againe?
Even ſo (great God) thou ſendſt thy bleſſings in,
And we returne thee Dunghils of our ſinne:
How are thy Angels hackney'd up and downe
To viſit man? How poorly doe we crowne
Their bleſſed labours? They with Ioy, diſmount
Laden with bleſſings, but returne th'account
Of Filth and Traſh: They bring th'unvalued prize
Of Grace and promis'd Glory, while our eyes
Diſdaine theſe heavenly Factours, and refuſe
Their profer'd wares; affecting, more, to chuſe
A graine of pleaſure than a Iemme of glory;
We finde no Treaſure, but in Tranſitory
And earth-bred Toyes, while things immortall ſtand
Like Garments, to be ſold at ſecond hand:
Great God, Thou know'ſt, we are but fleſh & blood;
Alas! we can interpret nothing, good,
But what is evill, deceitfull are our Ioyes;
We are but children, and we whine for Toyes:
Of things unknowne there can be no deſire;
Quicken our hearts with the celeſtiall fire
Of thy diſcerning Spirit, and we ſhall know
Both what is good, and good defier too:
Vouchſafe to let thy bleſſed Angel come,
And bring the tydings, that the barren wombe
Of our affections is inlarg'd; O when
That welcome newes ſhall bee revealed, then,
Our ſoules ſhall ſoone conceive, & bring thee forth
The firſtlings of a new, and holy birth.

THE

THE ARGVMENT.

Manoah's *wonder turnes to zeale;*
his zeale, to pray'r: His pray'rs obtaine:
The Angel that did late reveale
the joyfull newes, returnes againe.

Sect. 3.

NOw when th'amazed woman had commended
Her tongue to silence, and her tale was ended;
Perplexed *Manoah*, ravisht at the newes,
Within himselfe he thus began to muse;
« Strange is the message! And as strangely done!
« Shall *Manoah's* loynes be fruitfull? Shall a Sonne
« Blesse his last dayes? Or shall an Issue come
« From the chill Closet of a barren wombe?
« Shall *Manoah's* wife give suck? and now, at last
« Finde pleasure, when her prime of youth is past?
« Shall her cold wombe be now, in age restor'd?
« And was't a *Man of God*, that brought the word?
« Or was't some false delusion, that possest
« The weaknesse of a lonely womans brest?
« Or was't an Angel, sent from heaven, to show
« What heaven hath will, as well as pow'r, to doe.
Till then thou must refraine to drinke, or eate,
Wines and strong drink, and Law-forbidden meate?
« Evill Angels rather would instruct to riot,
« They use not to prescribe so strict a Diet;
« No, no, I make no further question of it,
« 'Twas some good Angel, or some holy Prophet.
« Thus,

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« Thus, having mus'd a while, he bow'd his face
« Vpon the ground; and (prostrate in the place,
« Where first he heard the welcome tydings) pray'd,
« (His wonder now transform'd to zeale) and said:
« Great God, thou hast ingag'd thy selfe, by Vow,
« When e'r thy little Israel begs, to bow
« Thy gracious eare; O hearken to the least
« Of Israel's sonns, and grant me my request:
« By thee I live, and breathe: Thou didst become
« My gracious God, both in, and from the wombe;
« Thy precious favours I have still possest,
« And have depended on thee, from the Brest:
« My simple Infancy hath bin protected
« By thee, my Child-hood taught, my youth corre-
« And sweetly chastned with thy gentle Rod; (cted,
« I was no sooner, but thou wert my God:
« All times declare thee good; this very houre
« Can testifie the greatnesse of thy power,
« And promptnesse of thy Mercy, which hast sent
« This blessed Angel to us, to augment
« The Catalogue of thy favours, and restore
« Thy servants wombe, whose hopes had even given
« T'expect an Issue: What thou hast begun, (o're
« Prosper, and perfect, till the worke be done:
« Let not my Lord be angry, if I crave
« A boone, too great for me to beg, or have:
« Let that blest Angel, that thou sent'st, of late,
« Reblesse us with his presence, and relate
« Thy Will at large, and what must then be done,
« When time shall bring to light this promis'd son.

About that time, when the declining Lampe
Trebles each shadow: when the Evening dampe
Begins to moisten, and refresh the land,
The wife of *Manoah* under whose command

The

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The weaned Lambes did feed) being lowly seated
Vpon a Shrub (where often she repeated
That pleasing newes, the subject of her thought)
Appear'd the Angell: he, that lately brought
Those blessed tidings to her: up she rose;
Her second feare had warrant to dispose
Her nimble foot-steps to unwonted haste;
Shee runnes with speed, (she cannot runne too fast)
At length, she findes her husband; In her eyes,
Were Ioy and Feare; whil'st her lost breath denies
Her speech to him, her trembling hands make signs;
She puffs and pants; her breathlesse tongue disjoyns
Her broken words: *Behold, behold,* (said she)
The man of God, (*if man of God he be*)
Appear'd againe: These very eyes beheld,
The man of God: I left him in our field.

Meditat.

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Meditat. 3.

HEav'n is Gods Magazen; wherein, he hath
Stor'd up his Vials both of love, and wrath;
Iuſtice and Mercy waite upon his Throne;
Favours and Thunderbolts attend upon
His ſacred Will and Pleaſure; Life and Death
Doe both receive their influence from his breath;
Iudgements attend his left; at his right hand
Bleſſings and everlaſting Pleaſures ſtand:
Heav'n is the Magazen; wherein, he puts
Both good and evill; Pray'r is the Key, that ſhuts
And opens this great Treaſure; 'Tis a Key,
Whoſe Wards are Faith, and hope, and Charity.
Wouldſt thou prevent a judgment due to ſinne?
Turne but the key, and thou maiſt lock it in:
Or wouldſt thou have a Bleſſing fall upon thee?
Open the doore, and it will ſhower on thee.
Can Heav'n be falſe? or can th'Almighties tongue,
That is all very truth, doe truth that wrong,
Not to performe a vow? His lips have ſworne,
Sworne by himſelfe, that if a Sinner turne
To him, by pray'r; his pray'r ſhall not be loſt
For want of eare; nor his deſier, croſt:
How is it then we often aske and have not:
We aske, and often miſſe, becauſe we crave not
The things we ſhould: his wiſedome can foreſee
Thoſe bleſſings, better, that we want, than we.
Haſt thou not heard a peeviſh Infant baule
To gaine poſſeſſion of a knife? And ſhall

Th'in-

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Th'indulgent Nurse be counted wisely kinde,
If she be mov'd to please his childish minde?
Is it not greater wisedome to deny
The sharp-edg'd knife, and to present his eye
With a fine harmelesse Puppit? We require
Things, oft, unfit; and our too fond desire
Fastens on goods, that are but glorious ills;
Whil'st Heav'ns high wisdome contradicts our wils,
With more advantage, for we oft receive
Things that are farre more fit, for us, to have:
Experience tels; we seeke, and cannot finde:
We seeke, and often want, because we binde
The Giver to our times: He knowes we want
Patience; and therefore he suspends his grant,
T'encrease our faith, that so we may depend
Vpon his hand; he loves to heare us spend
Our childish mouthes: Things easily obtain'd
Are lowly priz'd; but what our prayers have gain'd
By teares and groanes that cannot be expreſt,
Are farre more deare, and sweeter, when possest.
Great God! whose power hath so oft prevail'd
Against the strength of Princes, and hast quail'd
Their prouder stomacks; with thy breath discrown'd
Their heads, & thrown their Scepters to the ground,
Striking their swelling hearts with cold despaire,
How art thou conquer'd and o'rcome by Pray'r!
Infuse that Spirit, Great God, into my heart,
And I will have a blessing ere we part.

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THE ARGVMENT.

Manoah *desires to know the fashion*
And breeding of his promis'd sonne:
To whom the Angel makes relation
Of all things needfull to be done.

Sect. 4.

WIth that the Danite rose, and being guided
By his perplexed wife, they both divided
Their heedlesse paces, till they had attain'd
The field, wherein the *Man of God* remain'd:
And, drawing nearer to his presence, stay'd
His weary steps, and, with obeysance, said:
« Art thou the man, whose blessed lips foretold
« Those joyfull tydings? Shall my tongue be bold,
« Without the breach of manners to request
« This boone, Art thou that Prophet, that possest
« This barren woman, with a hope, that she
« Shall beare a Sonne? He answered, « I am He:
Said *Manoah*, then; « Let not a word of thine
« Be lost; let them continue to divine
« Our future happinesse: let them be crown'd
« With truth, and thou with honour, to be found
« A holy Prophet: Let performance blesse
« And speed thy speeches with a faire successe:
« But tell me, Sir; when this great worke is done,
« And time shall bring to light this promis'd Sonne,
« What sacred Ceremonies shall we use?
« What Rites? What way of breeding shall we chuse

« T'ob-

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« T'obserue? What holy course of life shall he
« Be trained in? What shall his Office be?
Whereat th'attentive Angel did divide
The portall of his lips, and thus reply'd.
« The Child, that from thy fruitfull loyns shal come
« Shall be a holy Nazarite from the wombe;
« Take heed; that womb, that shall inclose this child,
« In no case be polluted or defil'd
« With Law-forbidden meates: Let her forbeare
« To taste those things that are forbidden there.
« The bunch-back Camell shall be no repast
« For her; her palate shall forbeare to taste
« The burrow-haunting Coney, and decline
« The swiftfoot-Hare, and mire-delighting Swine;
« The griping Gosshauke; and the towring Eagle;
« The particoloured Pye must not inveigle
« Her lips to move; the brood-devouring Kite;
« The croaking Raven; th'Owle that hates the light;
« The steele-digesting bird; the lazy Snaile;
« The Cuckow, ever telling of one tale;
« The fish-consuming Osprey, and the Want,
« That undermines; the greedy Cormorant;
« Th'indulgent Pellican; the predictious Crow;
« The chattring Stork, and the Ravenous Vulter too,
« The thorne-backt Hedgehog, and the prating Iay;
« The Lapwing, flying still the other way;
« The lofty-flying Falkon, and the Mouse,
« That findes no pleasure in a poore mans house;
« The suck-egge Weasell, and the winding Swallow,
« From these she shall abstaine, and not unhallow
« Her op'ned lips with their polluted flesh;
« Strong drinke she must forbeare, and to refresh
« Her lingring Palate, with lust-breeding Wine;
« The Grape, or what proceedeth from the Vine,

« She

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« She must not taste, for feare she be defil'd,
« And so pollute her womb-enclosed childe:
« When time shall make her mother of a Sonne,
« Beware no keen-edg'd Raisor come upon
« His Hallowed Crowne: the haire upon his head
« Must not be cut: his bounteous lockes must spred
« On his broad shoulders: Frō his first drawn breath,
« The Childe shall be a Nazarite, to his death.

Meditat. 4.

WHat shallow judgement, or what easie braine
Can choose but laugh at those that strive in vaine
To build a Tower, whose ambitious Spire
Should reach to heaven? what foole would not admire
To see their greater folly? who would raise
A Tower, to perpetuate the praise
And lasting glory of their renowned name,
What have they left, but Monuments of shame?
How poore and slender are the enterprises
Of man; that onely whispers and advises
With heedlesse flesh and blood, and never makes
His God, of counsell, where he undertakes!
How is our God and we of late falne out!
We rather chuse to languish in our doubt,
Than be resolv'd by him: We rather use
The helpe of hell-bred wizzards, that abuse
The stile of wise men, than to have recourse
To him that is the fountaine and the sourse
Of all good Counsels, and from whom proceeds
A living Spring, to water all our needs;

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How willing are his Angels to descend
From off their Throne of Glory, and attend
Vpon our wants! How oft returne they back
Mourning to Heaven, as if they griev'd for lack
Of our imployment! O how prone are they
To be assistant to us, every way!
Have we just cause to joy? they'll come and sing
About our beds: Does any judgement bring
Iust cause of griefe? they'll fall a grieving too;
Doe we triumph? their joyfull mouth will blow
Their louder Trumpets; Or doe feares affect us?
They'll guard our heads from danger, & protect us:
Are we in prison, or in Persecution?
They'll fill our hearts with joy, and resolution:
Or doe we languish in our sickly beds?
They'll come and pitch their Tents about our heads;
See they a sinner penitent, and mourne
For his bewail'd offences, and returne? (voyces,
They clap their hands, and joyne their warbling
They sing, and all the Quire of Heaven rejoyces.
What is in us poore Dust and Ashes, Lord,
That thou should'st looke upon us, and afford
Thy precious favours to us, and impart
Thy gracious Counsels? what is our desert,
But Death and Horror? What can we more clame,
Than they, that now are scorching in that flame,
That hath nor moderation, rest, nor end?
How does thy mercy, above thought extend
To thē thou lov'st! teach me (great God) to prize
Thy sacred Counsels: open my blinde eyes,
That I may see to walke the perfect way;
For as I am, Lord, I am apt to stray
And wander to the gulph of endlesse woe:
Teach me what must be done, and helpe to doe.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

Manoah desires to understand,
but is deny'd the Angels Name.
He offers by the Angels hand:
the Angel vanishes in a flame.

Sect. 5.

SO said, The sonne of Israel, (easily apt
To credit, what his soule desir'd, and rapt
With bitter hopes, which serv'd him as a guide
To his beliefe, o'rjoy'd) he thus reply'd;
"Let not the Man of God, whose heavenly voyce
"Hath blest mine eare, and made my soule rejoyce,
"Beyond expression, now refuse to come
"Within my Tent, and honour my poore home
"With his desired presence; there to taste
"His servants slender dyet, and repast
"Vpon his Rurall fare: These hands shall take
"A tender Kidde from out the flocks, and make
"(Without long tarriance) some delightfull meate
"Which may invite the man of God to eate:
"Come, come (my Lord) and what defect of food
"Shall be, thy servants welcome shall make good:
Whereto the Angel (who as yet had made
Himselfe unknowne) re-answer'd thus, and said:
"Excuse me: though thy hospitable love
"Prevaile to make me stay, it cannot move
"My thankfull lips to taste thy liberall cheare;
"Let not thy bounty urge in vaine, Forbeare

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« To ſtrive with whom thy welcome cannot leade
« To eate thy Kid, or taſte thy profer'd bread;
« Convert thy bounty to a better end,
« And let thy undefiled hands commend
« A burnt oblation to the King of Kings;
« 'Tis he deſerves the thankes; his ſervant brings
« But that bare meſſage, which his lips enjoyne;
« His be the glory of the Act, not mine.
Said then the Iſraelite; « If my deſire
« Be not too over-raſh, but may conſpire
« With thy good pleaſure, let thy ſervants eare
« Be honour'd with thy name, that whenſoe'r
« Theſe bleſſed tydings (that poſſeſſe my heart
« With firme beliefe) ſhall in due time impart
« Their full perfection, and deſir'd ſucceſſe
« To my expecting eye, my ſoule may bleſſe
« The tongue that brought the meſſage, & proclaim
« An equall honour to his honour'd name.
To whom the Angell (whoſe ſeverer brow
Sent forth a frowne) made anſwer; « Doe not thou
« Trouble thy buſie thoughts with things, that are
« Above thy reach; enquier not too farre;
« My name is cloth'd in miſts; 'tis not my taske
« To make it knowne to thee; nor thine, to aſk.
With that the Danite tooke a tender Kid,
And ſaid; my Lord, « The Tribe of Dan's forbid
« To burne an offering; onely Levites may,
« And holy Prophets; if thou pleaſe to lay
« The ſacrifice on yonder ſacred Stone,
« I'le fetch thee fire, for fier there is none:
« Forbeare thy needleſſe paines, (the Angel ſaid)
« Heaven will ſupply that want; With that he laid
The offering on; and, from the ſtone, there came
A ſudden fire, whoſe high-aſcending flame

Burnt

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Burnt and consum'd th'accepted Sacrifice;
Now whil'st th'amaz'd beholders wondring eyes
Were taken Captives with so strange a sight,
And whil'st the new-wrought miracle did affright
Their trebling hearts, the Man of God (whose name
Must not b'inquired) vanisht in the flame,
And left them both unable to expound
Each others feares; both groveling on the ground.

Meditat. 5.

A Thankfull heart hath earn'd one favour twice;
But he that is ungratefull, wants no vice:
The beast, that onely lives the life of Sense,
Prone to his severall actions and propense
To what he does, without th'advice of will
Guided by Nature, (that does nothing ill)
In practicke *Maximes*, proves it a thing hatefull,
T'accept a favour, and to live ungratefull:
But man, whose more divine soule hath gain'd
A higher step to reason: Nay, attain'd
A higher step than that, the light of grace,
Comes short of them, and in that point, more base,
Than they, most prompt and perfect in that rude,
Vnnaturall, and high sinne, *Ingratitude*:
The stall-fed Oxe, that is growne fat, will know
His carefull feeder, and acknowledge too:
The prouder Stallion will at length espie
His Masters bounty, in his keepers eye:
The ayre-dividing Faulkon, will requite
Her Faulkner's paines, with a well-pleasing flight:

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The generous Spaniell, loves his Masters eye,
And licks his fingers, though no meat be by;
But Man, ungratefull Man, that's borne, and bred
By Heavens immediate pow'r; maintain'd and fed
By his providing hand; observ'd, attended
By his indulgent grace; preserv'd, defended
By his prevailing arme; this Man, I say,
Is more ungratefull, more obdure than they:
By him we live and move, from him we have
What blessings he can give, or we can crave:
Food for our hunger; Dainties, for our pleasure;
Trades, for our businesse; Pastimes, for our leasure;
In griefe, he is our Ioy; in want, our Wealth;
In bondage, Freedome; and in sickness, Health;
In peace, our Counsell; and in warre, our Leader;
At Sea, our Pilot; and in Suits, our Pleader;
In paine, our Helpe; in triumph, our Renowne;
In life, our Comfort; and in death, our Crowne;
Yet man, O most ungratefull Man, can ever
Enjoy the Gift, but never minde the Giver;
And like the Swine, though pamper'd with enough,
His eyes are never higher than the Trough:
We still receive; our hearts we seldome lift
To heaven; but drowne the Giver in the Gift;
We taste the Skollops, and returne the Shels;
Our sweet Pomegranats want their silver Bels:
We take the Gift; the hand that did present it,
We oft reward; forget the Friend that sent it.
A blessing given to those, will not disburse
Some thankes, is little better than a curse.
Great Giver of all blessings; thou that art
The Lord of Gifts; give me a gratefull heart:
O give me that, or keepe thy favours from me:
I wish no blessings, with a Vengeance to me.

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THE

THE ARGVMENT.

Affrighted Manoah *and his wife*
both prostrate on the naked earth:
Both rise: The man despaires of life,
the woman cheares him: Samsons *birth.*

Sect. 6.

VVHen time, (whose progresse mod'rates and (out-weares
Th'extreamest passions of the highest fears,)
By his benignant power, had re-inlarg'd
Their captive senses, and at length discharg'd
Their frighted thoughts, the trembling couple rose
From their unquiet, and disturb'd repose.
Have you beheld a *Tempest*, how the waves
(Whose unresisted tyranny out-braves
And threats to graple with the darkned Skies)
How like to moving Mountaines they arise
From their distempred *Ocean*, and assaile
Heav'ns *Battlements*; nay, when the winds doe faile
To breathe another blast, with their owne motion,
They still are swelling, and disturbe the Ocean:
Even so the Danite and his trembling wife,
Their yet confused thoughts are still at strife
In their perplexed brests, which entertain'd
Continued feares too strong to bee refrain'd:
Speechlesse they stood, till *Manoah* that brake
The silence first, disclos'd his lips and spake;
"What strange aspect was this, that to our sight
"Appeard so terrible, and did affright

« Our ſcattering thoughts? What did our eyes be-
« I fear our lavish tōgues have bin too bold: (hold?
« What ſpeeches paſt betweene us? Can'ſt recall
« The words we entertain'd the time withall?
« It was no man; It was no fleſh and blood;
« Me thought mines eares did tingle, while he ſtood
« And commun'd with me: At each word he ſpake,
« Me thought, my heart recoyl'd; his voice did ſhake
« My very ſoule, but when as he became
« So angry, and ſo dainty of his name,
« O, how my wonder-ſmitten heart began
« To faile! O, then I knew, it was no man:
« No, no; it was the face of God: Our eyes
« Have ſeene his face: (who ever ſaw't, but dyes?)
« We are but dead; Death dwels within his eye,
« And we have ſeen't, and we ſhall ſurely die:
Whereto the Woman (who did either hide,
Or elſe had overcome her fears,) reply'd;
« Deſpairing Man; take courage, and forbeare
« Theſe falſe predictions; there's no cauſe of feare:
« Would Heaven accept our offerings, and receive
« Our holy things, and, after that, bereive
« His ſervants of their lives? Can he be thus
« Pleas'd with our offerings, unappeas'd with us?
« Hath he not promis'd that the time ſhall come,
« Wherein the fruits of my reſtored wombe
« Shall make thee father to a hopefull Sonne?
« Can Heaven be falſe? or can theſe things be done
« When we are dead? No, no, his holy breath
« Had ſpent in vaine, if they had meant our death:
« Recall thy needleſſe feares; Heaven cannot lye;
« Although we ſaw his face, we ſhall not die.
So ſaid; they brake off their diſcourſe, and went,
He to the field, and ſhe into her Tent:

Thrice

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Thrice forty dayes not full compleate, being come,
Within th'enclosure of her quickned wombe,
The Babe began to spring; and with his motion
Confirm'd the faith, and quickned the devotion
Of his beleeving parents, whose devout
And heaven-ascending Orizons, no doubt,
Were turn'd to thanks, and heart-rejoycing praise,
To holy Hymnes, and heavenly Roundelaies:
The childe growes sturdy, every day gives strength
Vnto his wombe-fed limmes; till at the length
Th'apparent mother having past the date
Of her accompt, does onely now awaite
The happy houre, wherein she may obtaine
Her greatest pleasure, with her greatest paine.
When as the faire directresse of the night
Had thrice three times repair'd her waining light,
Her wombe no longer able to retaine
So great a guest, betraid her to her paine,
And for the toylsome worke that she had done,
She found the wages of a new-borne Sonne:
Samson she call'd his name: the child encreast,
And hourely suckt a blessing with the breast,
Daily his strength did double: hee began
To grow in favour both with God and Man:
His well-attended Infancy was blest
With sweetnesse; In his childhood he expreſt
True seeds of honour; and his youth was crown'd
With high and brave adventures, which renown'd
His honour'd name; His courage was supply'd
With mighty strength: his haughty spirit defi'd
An hoast of men; his power had the praise
'Bove all that were before, or since his dayes:
And to conclude, Heav'n never yet conjoynd
So strong a body, with so stout a minde.

Meditat.

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Medita. 6.

HOw precious were those blessed dayes, wherein
Soules never startled at the name of Sin!
Whenas, the voyce of death had never yet
A mouth to open, or to claime a debt!
When bashfull nakednesse forbare to call
For needlesse skins to cover shame withall;
Whenas the fruit-encreasing earth obey'd
The will of man, without the wounding spade,
Or help of Art! When he, that now remaines
A cursed Captive to infernall chaines,
Sate singing Anthems in the heavenly Quire,
Among his fellow Angels! When the Bryer,
The fruitlesse bramble, the fast growing weed,
And downy-Thistle had, as yet, no seed!
When labour was not knowne, and man did eate
The earths faire fruits, unearned with his sweate!
When wombs might have conceiv'd, without the stain
Of sin, and brought forth children without paine?
When Heaven could speake to mans unfrighted eare
Without the sense of Sin-begotten feare!
How golden were those dayes? How happy than
Was the condition, and the State of man!
But Man obey'd not: and his proud desire
Cing'd her bold feathers in forbidden fire:
But Man transgrest; and now his freedome feeles
A sudden change: Sinne followes at his heeles:
The Voyce cals *Adam*; but poore *Adam* flees,
And, trembling, hides his face behinde the trees:
The voyce, while-ere, that ravisht with delight
His joyfull eare, does now, alas, affright

His

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His wounded Conſcience with amaze and wonder:
And what of late was muſick, now is thunder.
How have our ſinnes abus'd us! and betrai'd
Our deſperate ſoules! What ſtrangeneſſe have they
Betwixt the great Creator, and the worke (made
Of his owne hands! How cloſely doe they lurk
To our diſtempred ſoules, and whiſper feares
And doubts into our frighted hearts and eares!
Our eyes cannot behold that glorious face,
Which is all life, unruin'd in the place:
How is our nature chang'd? that every breath
Which gave us beeing, is become our death:
Great God! O, whither ſhall poore mortals flie
For Comfort? If they ſee thy face, they dye;
And if thy life-reſtoring count'nance give
Thy preſence from us; then we cannot live:
How neceſſary is the ruine than,
And miſery of ſin-beguiled Man!
On what foundation ſhall his hopes relie?
See we thy face, or ſee it not, we die:
O let thy Word (great God) inſtruct the youth,
And frailty of our faith; thy Word is truth:
And what our eyes want power to pereeive,
O, let our hearts admier, and beleeve.

THE

THE ARGVMENT.

Samson at Timnah *sa's in love*
and sanctes a Philistian maide:
He moves his Parents: They reprove
his sinfull choyce: dislike, disswade.

Sect. 7.

NOw wheas strong-limb'd *Samson* had dispos'd
His trifling thoughts to children, and disclos'd
His bud of child-hood, which being over-growne,
And blossome of his youth so fully blowne,
That strength of nature now thought good to seeke
Her entertainment on his downy cheeke,
And with her manly bounty did begin
To uneffeminate his smoother chin,
He went to *Timnah*; whither did resort
A great concourse of people, to disport
Themselves with pastime; or, perchance, to shew
Some martiall Feats (as they were wont to doe)
Scaffolds were builded round about, whereon
The crowne of eye-delighted lookers on
Were closely pil'd: As *Samsons* wandring eye
Was ranging up and downe, he did espie
A comely Virgin, beautifull and young,
Where she was seated midst the gazing throng:
The more he view'd, the more his eye desir'd
To view her face; and as it view'd, admir'd;
His heart, inflam'd; his thoughts were all on fire;

His

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His paſſions all were turn'd into deſire;
Such were his lookes, that ſhe might well diſcry
A ſpeaking lover in his ſparkling eye:
Sometimes his reaſon bids his thoughts beware,
Leſt he be catcht in a Philiſtian ſnare;
And then his thwarting paſſion would reply,
Feare not to be a priſoner to that eye:
Reaſon ſuggeſts; 'tis vaine to make a choyce,
Where parents have an over-ruling voyce:
Paſſion replies, That feare and filiall duty
Muſt ſerve affection, and ſubſcribe to beauty:
Whil'ſt reaſon faintly mov'd him to neglect,
Prevailing paſſion urg'd his ſoule t'affect:
Paſſion concludes; Let her enjoy thy heart:
Reaſon concludes; But let thy tongue impart
Thy affection to thy parents, and diſcover (lover,
To them, thy thoughts: With that the wounded
(Whoſe quick divided paces had out-runne
His lingring heart) like an obſervant ſonne,
Repaires unto his Parents; fully made
Relation of his troubled thoughts, and ſaid:
Sir,
« This day, at *Timnah*, to theſe wretched eyes,
« Being taken captive with the novelties
« Which entertain'd my pleaſed thoughts, appear'd
« A fairer object; which hath ſo endear'd
« My very ſoule (with ſadneſſe ſo diſtreſt)
« That this poore heart can finde no eaſe, no reſt;
« It was a Virgin; in whoſe heavenly face,
« Vnpattern'd Beauty, and diviner Grace
« Were ſo conjoyn'd, as if they both conſpir'd
« To make one Angel; when theſe eyes enquir'd
« Into the excellence of her rare perfection,
« They could not chuſe but like, and my affection

« Is

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« Is so inflamed with desire, that I
« Am now become close prisoner to her eye;
« Now if my sad Petition may but finde
« A faire successe to ease my tortur'd minde;
« And if your tender hearts be pleas'd to prove
« As prone to pitty mine, as mine to love;
« Let me, with joy, exchange my single life,
« And be the husband of so faire a wife.
Whereto, th'amazed parents, (in whose eye
Distast and wonder percht) made this reply:
« What strange desire, what unadvis'd request
« Hath broken loose from thy distracted brest?
« What! are the Daughters of thy brethren growne
« So poore in Worth, and Beauty? Is there none
« To please that over-curious eye of thine,
« But th'issue of a cursed *Philistine*?
« Can thy miswandring eyes choose none, but her,
« That is the child of an Idolater?
« Correct thy thoughts, and let thy soule rejoyce
« In lawfull beauty: Make a wiser choyce:
« How well this counsell pleas'd the tyred eares
« Of love-sick *Samson*; O, let him that beares
« A crost affection, judge: Let him discover
« The woefull case of this afflicted Lover:
« What easie pencill cannot represent
« His very looks? How his sterne brows were bent?
His drooping head: his very port and guise:
His bloodlesse cheekes, and deadnesse of his eyes.
Till, at the length, his moving tongue betrai'd
His sullen lips to language, thus; and said: Sir,
« Th'extreame affection of my heart does lead
« My tongue, that's quickned with my love, to plead;
« What if her Parents be not circumcis'd?
« Her Issue shall; and she, perchance, advis'd

« To

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« To worſhip *Iſraels* God, and to forget
« Her fathers houſe; Alas, ſhe is as yet,
« But yong; her downy years are greene, and tender;
« Shee's but a twigge, and time my eaſily bend her
« T'embrace the truth : Our counſels my controule
« Her ſinfull breeding, and ſo ſave a ſoule :
« Nay; who can tell, but Heaven did recommend
« Her beauty to theſe eyes, for ſuch an end ?
« O loſe not that which Heaven is pleas'd to ſave,
« Let *Samſon* then obtaine, as well as crave ?
« You gave me being, then prolong my life,
« And make me husband to ſo faire a wife.
With that the parents joyn'd their whiſpring heads;
Samſon obſerves, and, in their parley, reades
Some Characters of hope; The mother ſmiles;
The father frownes; which, *Samſon* reconciles
With hopefull fears; She ſmiles, and ſmiling crownes
His hopes; which, He depoſes with his frownes :
The whiſpring ended; joyntly they diſplaid,
A halfe reſolved countenance, and ſaid,
« *Samſon*, ſuſpend thy troubled minde a while,
« Let not thy over-charged thoughts recoyle :
« Take heed of Shipwrack; Rocks are near the Shore;
« Wee'll ſee the Virgin, and reſolve thee more.

Meditat.

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Medit. 7.

LOve is a noble paſſion of the heart;
That with it very eſſence doth impart
All needfull Circumſtances, and effects,
Vnto the choſen party it affects;
In abſence, it enjoyes; and with an eye
Fill'd with celeſtiall fier, doth eſpie
Objects remote: It joyes, and ſmiles in griefe;
It ſweetens poverty; it brings reliefe;
It gives the Feeble, ſtrength; the Coward, ſpirit;
The ſick man, health; the undeſerving, merit;
It makes the proud man, humble; and the ſtout
It overcomes, and treads him underfoot;
It makes the mighty man of warre to droope;
And him to ſerve, that never, yet, could ſtoope;
It is a fire whoſe Bellowes are the breath
Of heaven above, and kindled here beneath:
'Tis not the power of a mans election
To love, he loves not by his owne direction;
It is not beauty, nor benigne aſpect
That alwayes moves the Lover, to affect;
Theſe are but meanes: Heavens pleaſure is the cauſe:
Love is not bound to reaſon, and her Lawes
Are not ſubjected to th' imperious will
Of man: It lies not in his power to nill:
How is this love abus'd! That's onely made
A ſnare for wealth, or to ſet up a trade;
T'enrich a great mans table, or to pay
A deſperate debt; or meerely to allay

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A base and wanton lust; which done, no doubt,
The love is ended, and her fier out:
No; he that loves for pleasure, or for pelfe,
Loves truly, none; and, fallly, but himselfe:
The pleasure past, the wealth consum'd and gone,
Love hath no subject now to worke upon:
The props being falne, that did support the roofe,
Nothing but rubbish and neglected Stuffe,
Like a wilde *Chaos* of Confusion, lies
Presenting useleſſe ruines to our eyes:
The Oyle that does maintaine loves sacred fire,
Is vertue mixt with mutuall desire
Of sweet society, begun and bred
I'th soule, not ended in the marriage bed:
This is the dew of Hermon, that does fill
The soule with sweetneſſe, watring Sions hill;
This is that holy fire, that burnes and lasts,
Till quencht by death; the other are but blasts,
That faintly blaze like Oyle-forsaken snuffes,
Which every breath of discontentment puffs,
And quite extinguishes; and leaves us nothing,
But an offensive subject of our loathing.

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THE ARGVMENT.

He goes to Timnah: *As he home;*
he ſlew a Lyon, by the way;
He ſues; obtaines the Maids conſent:
and they appoint the marriage day.

Sect. 8.

VVHen the next day had, with his morning light,
Redeem'd the Eaſt from the darke ſhades of night;
And, with his golden rayes, had overſpred
The neighb'ring Mountaines; from his loathed Bed,
Sick-thoughted *Samſon* roſe, whoſe watchfull eyes,
Morpheus that night had, with his leaden keyes,
Not power to cloſe; his thoughts did ſo incumber
His reſtleſſe ſoule, his eyes could never ſlumber;
Whoſe ſofter language, by degrees did wake
His fathers ſleep-bedeafned eares, and ſpake;
« Sir; Let your early bleſſings light upon
« The tender boſome of your proſprous Sonne,
« And let the God of *Iſrael* repay
« Thoſe bleſſings, double, on your head, this day:
« The long-ſince baniſht ſhadowes make me bold
« To let you know, the morning waxes old; (hiew
« The Sunbeames are growne ſtrong; their brighter
« Have broke the Miſts, and dride the morning dew;
« The ſweetneſſe of the ſeaſon does invite
« Your ſteps to viſit *Timnah*, and acquite
« Your laſt nights promiſe:
With that the Danite and his wife aroſe,

Scarce

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Scarce yet resolv'd, at last they did dispose
Their doubtfull paces, to behold the prize,
Of *Samsons* heart, and pleasure of his eyes;
They went, and when their travell had attain'd
Those fruitfull hils, whose clusters entertain'd
Their thirsty palats, with their swelling pride,
The musing lover being stept aside,
To gaine the pleasure of a lonely thought,
Appear'd a full ag'd Lyon, who had sought
(But could not finde) his long-desired prey:
Soone as his eye had given him hopes to pay
His debt to nature, and to mend that fault,
His empty stomach found, he made assault
Vpon th'unarmed Lovers breft, whose hand
Had neither staffe, nor weapon, to withstand
His greedy rage; but he whose mighty strength
Or sudden death must now appeare, at length
Stretcht forth his brawny arme, (his arme supplide
With power from heaven) and did with ease divide
His body limme from limme, and did betray
His flesh to foules, that lately sought his prey:
This done; his quick redoubled paces make
His stay amends; his nimble steps o'rtake
His leading parents, who by this, discover
The smoake of *Timnah*: Now the greedy Lover
Thinkes every step a mile; and every pace
A measur'd league, untill he see that face,
And finde the treasure of his heart, that lies
In the faire Casket of his Mistresse eyes;
But all this while close *Samson* made not knowne
Vnto his Parents, what his hands had done:
By this the gate of *Timnah* entertaines
The welcome travellers: The parents paines
Are now rewarded with their sonnes best pleasure:

The Virgin comes; his eyes can finde no leisure,
To owne another object: O, the greeting
Th'impatient lovers had at their first meeting!
The Lover speakes, she answers; he replies;
She blushes; he demandeth; she denies;
He pleades affection; shee doubts; hee sues
For nuptiall love; she questions; he renewes
His earnest suit; importunes; she relents;
He must have no deniall; she consents:
They passe their mutuall loves: their joyned hands
Are equall earnests of the nuptiall bands:
The Parents are agreed; all parties pleas'd;
The daye's set downe; the lovers hearts are eas'd,
Nothing displeases now, but the long stay
Betwixt th'apointment and the marriage day,

Meditat.

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Scena 8.

TIs too severe a censure: If the Sonne
Take him a wife; the mariage fairely done,
Without consent of Parents (who perchance
Had rais'd his higher price, knew where t advance
His better'd fortunes to one hundred more)
He lives, a Fornicator; She, a Whore:
Too hard a censure! And it seemes to me,
The Parent's most delinquent of the three:
What, if the better minded Sonne doe aime
At worth? What, if rare vertues doe inflame
His rapt affection? what, if the condition
Of an admir'd, and dainty disposition
Hath won his soule? Whereas the covetous Father,
Findes her Gold light, and recommends him, rather,
T'an old worne widow, whose more weighty purse
Is fill'd with Gold, and with the Orphans curse:
The sweet exuberace of whose full-month'd portion
Is but the cursed issue of extortion:
Whose worth, perchance, lies onely in her weight,
Or in the bosome of her great estate:
What if the Sonne (that does not care to buy
Abundance at so deare a rate) deny
The soule-detesting profer of his Father,
And in his better judgement chooses, rather,
To match with meaner Fortunes, and desert?
I thinke that *Mary* chose the better part.
What noble Families (that have out-growne
The best records) have quite bin overthrowne

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By wilfull parents, that will either force
Their sonnes to match, or haunt them with a curse!
That can adapt their humors, to rejoyce,
And fancy all things, but their childrens choyce!
Which makes them, often, timorous to reveale
The close desiers of their hearts, and steale
Such matches, as, perchance, their faire advice
Might, in the bud, have hindred in a trice;
Which done, and past, O, then their hasty spirit
Can thinke of nothing, under *Dis-inherit*;
He must be quite discarded, and exil'd;
The furious father must renounce his childe;
Nor Pray'r nor Blessing must he have; bereiven
Of all; nor must he live, nor die forgiven;
When as the fathers rashnesse, oftentimes,
Was the first causer of the Childrens crimes.
Parents; be not too cruell: Children doe
Things, oft, too deepe for us t'inquire into:
What father would not storme, if his wilde Sonne
Should doe the deed, that *Samson* here had done?
Nor doe I make it an exemplar act
Onely, let parents not be too exact
To curse their children, or to dispossesse (blesse:
Them of their blessings; Heaven may chance to
Be not too strict! faire language may recure
A fault of youth, whilst rougher words obdure.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

Samson goes downe to celebrate
his mariage and his nuptiall feast:
The Lyon, which he slew of late,
hath honey in his putrid breast.

Sect. 9.

WHenas the long expected time was come,
Wherein those lingring Lovers should con-
The promis'd mariage, & observe the rites, (summate
Pertaining to those festivall delights,
Samson went downe to *Timnah*; there t'enjoy
The sweet possession of his dearest joy;
But as he past those fruitfull Vineyards, where
His hands of late, acquir'd him of that feare
(Wherewith the fierce assaulting Lyon quail'd
His yet unpractis'd courage) and prevail'd
Vpon his life; as by that place he past,
He turn'd aside, and borrowed of his hast
A little time, wherein his eyes might view
The Carkas of the Lyon which he slew:
But when his wandring footsteps had drawne neare
The unlamented herse, his wondring eare
Perceiv'd a murm'ring noyse, discerning not
From whence that strange confusion was, or what;
He stayes his steps, and hearkens; still the voyce
Presents his eare, with a continued noyse;
At length, his gently moving feet apply
Their paces to the Carkas, where his eye

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Discernes a swarme of Bees, whose laden thighes
Repos'd their burthens, and the painfull prize
Of their sweet labour in the hollow Cheft
Of the dead Lyon, whose unbowell'd breft
Became their plenteous storehouse, where, they laid
The blest increase of their laborious Trade;
The fleshly Hive was fill'd with curious Combes,
Within whose dainty waxe-divided roomes,
Were shops of honey, whose delicious taste
Did sweetly recompence th'adjourned haft
Of lingring *Samson*, who does now repay
The time he borrow'd from his better way,
And with renewed speed, and pleasure, flies,
Where all his soule-delighting treasure lies;
He goes to *Timnah*, where his heart doth finde
A greater sweetnesse, than he left behinde;
His hasty hands invites her gladder eyes
To see, and lips to taste that obvious prize
His interrupted stay had lately tooke;
And as she tasted, his fixt eyes would looke
Vpon her varnisht lips, and there discover
A sweeter sweetnesse to content a Lover:
And now the busie Virgins are preparing
Their costly Iewels, for the next days wearing;
Each lappe is fill'd with Flowers, to compose
The nuptiall Garland, for the Brides faire browes;
The cost-neglecting Cookes have now entreasht
Their pastry dainties to adorne the Feast;
Each willing hand is labouring to provide
The needfull ornaments to deck the Bride.

But now, the crafty Philistines, for feare
Left *Samsons* strength, (which startled every eare
With dread and wonder) under that pretence,
Should gaine the meanes, to offer violence;

And,

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And, through the shew of nuptiall devotion,
Should take advantages to breed commotion,
Or leſt his popular power by coaction
Or faire intreats, may gather to his faction
Some looſe and diſcontented men of theirs,
And ſo betray them to ſuſpected feares;
They therefore to prevent enſuing harmes,
Gave ſtrict command, that thirty men of armes,
Vnder the maske of Bridemen, ſhould attend
Vntill the nuptiall Ceremonies end.

Meditat. 9.

HOw high, unuterable, how profound,
(Whoſe depth the line of knowledge cannot
Are the decrees of the Eternall God! (ſound)
How ſecret are his wayes, and how untrod
By mans conceipt, ſo deepely charg'd with doubt!
How are his Counſels paſt our finding out!
O, how unſcrutable are his deſignes!
How deepe, and how unſearchable are the Mines
Of his abundant Wiſedome! how obſcure
Are his eternall judgements! and how ſure!
Liſts he to ſtrike? the very ſtones ſhall flie
From their unmov'd Foundations, and deſtroy:
Liſts he to puniſh? Things that have no ſenſe
Shall vindicate his Quarrell, on th'Offence:
Liſts he to ſend a plague? the winters heate
And ſummers damp, ſhall make his will compleate:
Liſts he to ſend the Sword? Occaſion brings
New jealouſies betwixt the hearts of Kings:

Wils

Wils he a famine? Heaven shall turne to brasse,
And earth to Iron, till it come to passe:
Both stocks, and stones, and plants, and beasts fulfill
The secret Counsell of his sacred will.
Man, onely wretched Man, is disagreeing
To doe that thing, for which he had his being:
Samson must downe to *Timnah*; in the way
Must meet a Lyon, whom his hands must slay;
The Lyons putrid Carkas must inclose
A swarme of Bees; and, from the Bees, arose
A Riddle; and that Riddle must be read,
And by the reading Choler must be bred,
And that must bring to passe Gods just designes
Vpon the death of the false Philistines:
Behold the progresse, and the Royall Gests
Of Heavens high Vengeance; how it never rests,
Till, by appointed courses, it fulfill
The secret pleasure of his sacred will.

Great Saviour of the world; thou Lambe of Sion,
That hides our sinnes; that art the wounded Lyon:
O, in thy dying body, we have found
A world of honey; whence we may propound
Such sacred Riddles, as shall, underneath
Our feet, subdue the power of Hell and Death;
Such Mysteries, as none but he that plough'd
With thy sweet Haifer's able to uncloud;
Such sacred Mysteries, whose eternall praise
Shall make both Angels, and Archangels raise
Their louder voyces, and in triumph sing,
All Glory and honour to our highest King,
And to the Lambe, that sits upon the throne;
Worthy of power and praise is hee; alone,
Whose glory hath advanc'd our Key of mirth;
Glory to God on high, and peace on Earth.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

The Bridegroome, at his nuptiall Feast
to the Philistians doth propound
A Riddle: which they all addrest
themselves in counsell, to expound.

Sect. 10.

NOw when the glory of the next dayes light
Had chas'd the shadowes of the tedious night,
When coupling Hymen with his nuptiall bands,
And golden Fetters, had conjoyn'd their hands;
When jolly welcome had to every Guest,
Expos'd the bounty of the marriage Feast;
Their now appeased stomacks did enlarge
Their captive tongues, with power to discharge
And quite their Table-duty and disburse
Their store of enterchangeable discourse,
Th'ingenious Bridegroome turn'd his rolling eyes
Vpon his guard of Bridemen, and applies
His speech to them: And whil'st that every man
Lent his attentive eare, he thus began;
« My tongue's in labour, and my thoughts abound;
« I have a doubtfull Riddle, to propound;
« Which if your joyned wisdomes can discover,
Before our seven dayes feasting be past over;
Then, thirty Sheets, and thirty new supplies
Of Raiment shall be your deserved prize:
« But if the seven dayes feast shall be dissolv'd,
« Before my darkned *Riddle* be resolv'd,

« Ye

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« Ye shall be all ingaged to resigne
« The like to me, the victʼry being mine :
So said; the Bridemen, whose exchanged eyes
Found secret hopes of conquest, thus replies :
« Propound thy *Riddle* : Let thy tongue dispatch
« Her cloudy errand : We accept the match :
With that the hopefull Challenger convai'd
His *Riddle* to their harkning eares, and said ;

The Riddle.

Our food, in penny, doth proceed
from him that us'd to eate ;
And he, whose custome was to feed
does now afford us meate :
A thing that I did lately meet,
as I did passe along,
Afforded me a dainty sweet,
yet was both sharp and strong.

The doubtfull Riddle being thus propounded, (dead:
They muse; the more they mus'd, the more confoun-
One rounds his whispring neighbour in the eare,
Whose lab'ring lips deny him leave to heare :
Another, trusting rather to his owne
Conceit, sits musing, by himselfe, alone :
Here two are closely whispring, till a third
Comes in, nor to the purpose speakes a word :
There sits two more, and they cannot agree
How rich the clothes, how fine the Sheetes must be:
Yonder stands one that, musing, smiles; no doubt
But he is neare it, if not found it out ;
To whom another rudely rushes in,
And puts him quite beside his thought again :

Here,

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Here three are whiſpring, and a fourths intruſion
Spoiles all, and puts them all into confuſion:
There ſits another in a chaire, ſo deepe
In thought, that hee is nodding faſt aſleepe:
The more their buſie fancies doe endeavour,
The more they erre; now farther off than ever:
Thus when their wits, ſpurr'd on with ſharpe deſire,
Had loſt their breath, and now began to tire,
They ceas'd to tempt conceit beyond her ſtrength,
And weary of their thoughts, their thoughts at length
Preſent a new exploit: Craft muſt ſupply
Defects of wit; their hopes muſt now relie
Vpon the frailty of the tender Bride;
She muſt be mov'd; perſwaſions may attaine;
If not, then rougher language muſt conſtraine:
She muſt diſcloſe the Riddle, and diſcover
The boſome ſecrets of her faithfull Lover.

Medita.

Meditat. 10.

THere is a time, to laugh : A time, to turne
Our ſmiles to teares : there is a time to mourne;
There is a time for joy; and a time for griefe,
A time to want, and a time to finde reliefe,
A time to binde, and there's a time to breake,
A time for ſilence, and a time to ſpeake,
A time to labour, and a time to reſt,
A time to faſt in, and a time to feaſt;
Things, that are lawfull, have their times, and uſe;
Created good; and, onely by abuſe,
Made bad : Our ſinfull uſage does unfaſhion
What heaven hath made, and makes a new creation:
Ioy is a bleſſing; but too great exceſſe
Makes Ioy a madneſſe, and does quite unbleſſe
So ſweet a gift; And, what, by moderate uſe,
Crownes our deſires, banes them in th' abuſe:
Wealth is a bleſſing; but too eager thirſt
Of having more, makes that we have, accurſt:
Reſt is a bleſſing; but when Reſt withſtands
The healthfull labour of our helpfull hands,
It proves a curſe, and ſtaines our guilt with crime,
Betraies our irrecoverable time:
To feaſt and to refreſh our hearts with pleaſure,
And fill our ſoules with th'overflowing meaſure
Of heavens bleſt bounty, cannot but commend
The precious favours of ſo ſweet a friend;
But when th'abundance of a liberall diet,
Meant for a bleſſing, is abus'd by Riot,

Th'ab-

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Th'abuſed bleſſing leaves the gift, nay, worſe,
It is transformed, and turn'd into a curſe:
Things that afford moſt pleaſure, in the uſe,
Are ever found moſt harmefull in the abuſe:
Vſe them like Maſters; and their tyrannous hand
Subjects thee, like a ſlave, to their command;
Vſe them as ſervants, and they will obey thee;
Take heed, they'll either bleſſe thee, or betray thee.
Could our Fore-fathers but revive, and ſee
Their Childrens Feaſts, as now a dayes they bee:
Their ſtudyed diſhes, their reſtoring ſtuffe,
To make their wanton bodies ſinne enough;
Their ſtomack-whetting Sallats, to invite
Their waſtfull palat to an appetite;
Their thirſt-procuring dainties, to refine
Their wanton taſts, and make them ſtrong for wine;
Their coſtly viands, charg'd with rich perfume;
Their Viper-Wines, to make old age preſume
To feele new luſt, and youthfull flames agin,
And ſerve another prentiſhip to ſinne:
Their time-betraying Muſick; their baſe noiſe
Of odious Fidlers; with their ſmooth-fac'd boyes,
Whoſe tongues are perfect, if they can proclame
The Quinteſſence of baſeneſſe, without ſhame;
Their deep-mouth'd curſes, new-invented oathes,
Their execrable Blaſphemy, that loathes
A minde to thinke on; their obſcener words,
Their drunken Quarrels, their unſheathed ſwords:
O how they'd bleſſe themſelves, & bluſh, for ſhame,
In our behalfes, and haſte from whence they came,
To kiſſe their graves, that hid them from the crimes
Of theſe accurſed and prodigious times.
Great God; O, can thy patient eye behold
This height of ſinne, and can thy vengeance hold?

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

The Philistins cannot unsolve
the Riddle: They corrupt the Bride;
She wooes her Bridegroome to resolve
her doubt; but goes away deny'd.

Sect. 11.

NOw whē three dayes had run their howers out,
And left no hope for wit-forsaken doubt
To be resolv'd, the desp'rate undertakers
Conjoyn'd their whispring heads; (being all partakers
And joynt-advisers in their new-laid plot)
The time's concluded: Have ye not forgot
How the old Tempter, when he first began
To worke th'unhappy overthrow of man,
Accosts the simple woman, and reflects
Vpon the frailty of her weaker Sexe;
Even so these curs'd Philistians (being taught
And tutor'd by the selfe-same spirit) wrought
The selfe-same way; Their speedy steps are bent
To the faire Bride; their haste could give no vent
To their coarcted thoughts; their language made
A little respite, and at length they said;
"Fairest of Creatures: Let thy gentle heart
"Receive the crowne, due to so faire desert;
"We have a Suite, that must attend the leisure
"Of thy best thoughts, and joy-restoring pleasure;
"Our names, and credits linger at the stake
"Of deepe dishonour; If thou undertake,

"With

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« With pleasing language, to prevent the losse,
« They must sustaine, and draw them from the drosse
« Of their owne ruines, they shall meerly owe
« Themselves unto the goodnesse, and shall know
« No other Patron, and acknowledge none,
« As their redeemer, but thy love alone:
« We cannot reade the *Riddle*, whereunto
« We have ingag'd our goods, and credits too;
« Entice thy jolly Bridegroome, to unfold
« The hidden Mysterie, (what can he withhold
« From the rare beautie of so rare a brow?)
« And when thou knowst it, let thy servants know:
« What? dost thou frowne? and must our easie triall,
« At first, reade Hieroglyphickes of deniall?
« And art thou silent too? Nay, wee'll give o'r
« To tempt thy Bridall fondnesse any more:
« Betray your lovely husbands secrets? No,
« You'll first betray us, and our land: But know,
« Proud *Samsons* wife, our furies shall make good
« Our losse of wealth and honour, in thy blood:
« Where faire intreaties spend themselves in vaine,
« There fier shall consume, or else constraine.
« Know then, false-hearted Bride, if our request
« Can finde no place within thy sullen breast,
« Our hands shall vindicate our lost desire,
« And burne thy Fathers house, and thee with fire.
Thus having lodg'd their errand in her eares,
They left the roome; and her, unto her feares;
Who thus bethought; Hard is the case, that I
Must or betray my husbands trust, or die;
I have a Wolfe by th'eares: I dare be bold,
Neither with safety, to let goe, nor hold:
What shall I doe? Their mindes if I fulfill not,
'Tis death; And to betray his trust, I will not:

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Nay, ſhould my lips demand, perchance, his breath
Will not reſolve me; then no way but death:
The wager is not great; Rather the ſtrife
Were ended in his loſſe, than in my life;
His life conſiſts in mine, if ought amiſſe
Befall my life, it may endanger his:
Wagers muſt yeeld to life; I hold it beſt,
Of neceſſary evils to chuſe the leaſt:
Why doubt I then? when Reaſon bids me doe,
I'le know the *Riddle*, and betray it too;
With that ſhe quits her chamber with her cares,
And in her cloſſet locks up all her feares;
And, with a ſpeed untainted with delay,
She found that breſt, wherein her owne heart lay;
Where reſting for a while, at length, did take
A faire occaſion to looke up, and ſpake:
« Life of my ſoule, and loves perpetuall treaſure,
« If my deſires be ſuiting to thy pleaſure,
« My lips would move a Suite; my doubtfull breſt
« Would faine preferre an undeny'd requeſt:
« Speake then (my joy): Let thy faire lips expound
« That dainty *Riddle*, whoſe dark pleaſure crown'd
« Our firſt dayes feaſt; Enlighten my dull braine,
« That ever ſince hath mus'd, and mus'd in vaine;
Who, often ſmiling on his lovely Bride,
That longs to goe away reſolv'd, reply'd;
« Ioy of my heart, let not thy troubled breſt
« Take the denyall of thy ſmall requeſt,
« As a defect of love; excuſe my tongue
« That muſt not grant thy Suite without a wrong
« To reſolution, daring not diſcover
« The hidden Myſt'rie, till the time be over;
« Ceaſe to importune then, what cannot be;
« My parents know it not, as well as thee:

« In

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« In ought but this, thy Suit shall overcome me;
« Excuse me then, and goe not angry from me.

Medita. II.

HOw apprehensive is the heart of Man
Of all, and onely those poore things that can
Lend him a minutes pleasure, and appay
His sweat but with the happinesse of a day!
How can he toyle for trifles, and take paine
For fading goods, that onely entertaine
His pleased thoughts with poore & painted showes,
Whose joy hath no more truth, than what it owes
To change! How are the objects of his musing
Worthlesse, and vaine, that perish in the using?
How reasonable are his poore desires,
The height of whose ambition, but aspires
To flitting shadowes, which can onely crowne
His labour, with that nothing, of their owne!
Wee feed on huskes, that might as well attaine
The fatted Calfe, by comming home againe:
And, like to *Esau*, while we are suppressing
Our present wants, neglect and lose the blessing:
How wise we are for things, whose pleasure cooles
Like breath; for everlasting joyes, what Fooles!
How witty, how ingeniously wise,
To save our credits, or to win a prize!
We plot; Our browes are studious: First wee try
One way; If that succeed not, wee apply
Our doubtfull mindes to attempt another course:
We take advice; consult; our tongues discourse

Of better wayes, and what our failing braines
Cannot effect with faire and fruitleſſe paines;
There crooked fraud muſt helpe, and ſley deceit
Muſt lend a hand, which by the potent ſleight
Of right-forſaking Brib'ry, muſt betray
The prize into our hands, and win the day,
Which, if it faile (it does but ſeldome faile)
Then open force and fury muſt prevaile:
When ſtrength of wit, and ſecret power of fraud
Grow dull, conſtraint muſt conquer, and applaud
With ill-got vict'ry; which at length obtain'd,
Alas, how poore a trifle have we gain'd!
How are our ſoules diſtempered, to engroſſe
Such fading pleaſures! To o'rprize the droſſe,
And under-rate the gold! for painted Ioyes,
To ſell the true, and heaven it ſelfe for toyes!
Lord, clarifie mine eyes, that I may know
Things that are good, from what are good in ſhew:
And give me wiſdome, that my heart may learne
The difference of thy favours, and diſcerne
What's truly good, from what is good in part;
With *Martha's* trouble, give me *Maries* heart.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

The Bride she begs, and begs in vaine:
but like to a prevailing woer,
Shee sues, and sues, and sues againe;
at last he reads the Riddle to her.

Sect. 12.

VVHen the next morning had renew'd the day,
And th'early twilight now had chac'd away
The pride of night, and made her lay aside
Her spangled Robes, the discontented Bride (night,
(Whose troubled thoughts were tired with the
And broken slumbers long had wisht for light)
With a deepe sigh her sorrow did awake
Her drowsie Bridegroome, whom she thus bespake:
« O, if thy love could share an equall part
« In the sad griefes of my afflicted heart,
« Thy closed eyes had never, in this sort,
« Bin pleas' with rest, and made thy night so short:
« Perchance, if my dull eyes had slumbred too,
« My dreames had done, what thou deny'd to doe:
Perchance, my Fancy would have bin so kinde,
T'unsolve the doubts of my perplexed minde,
'Twas a small suite, that thy unlucky Bride
« Must light upon: Too small to be denide:
« Can love so soone---? But ere her lips could spend
« The following words, he said, Suspend, suspend
« Thy rash attempt, and let thy tongue dispense
« With forc'd denyall: Let thy lips commence

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« Some greater Suite, and *Samson* shall make good
« Thy faire desiers with his deerest blood :
« Speake then, my love; thou shalt not wish, & want;
« Thou canst not beg, what *Samson* cannot grant :
« Onely in this excuse me, and refraine
« To beg, what thou, perforce, must beg in vaine.

Inexorable Samson : *Can the teares*
From those faire eyes, not move thy deafned eares?
O can those drops, that trickle from those eyes
Upon thy naked bosome, not surprize
Thy neigh'bring heart? and force it to obey?
O can thy heart not melt as well as they?
Thou little think'st thy poore afflicted wife
Importunes thee, and wooes thee for her life:
Her Suit's as great a Riddle to thine eares,
As thine, to hers; O, these distilling teares
Are silent pleaders, and her moistned breath
would faine redeeme her, from the gates of death?
May not her teares prevaile; Alas, thy strife
Is but for wagers; Her's, poore Soule, for life.

V.

Now when this day had yeelded up his right
To the succeeding Empresse of the night,
Whose soone-deposed raigne did reconvay
Her crowne and Scepter to the new-borne day,
The restlesse Bride (feares cannot brooke deniall)
Renewes her suit, and attemps a further tryall;
Entreates, conjures, she leaves no way untride :
She will not, no, she must not be deny'd :
But he (the portall of whose marble heart
Was lock't and barr'd against the powerfull art
Of oft repeated teares,) stood deafe and dumbe;
He must not, no, he will not be o'rcome.

* *Poore*

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Poore Bride! How is thy glory overcast!
How is the pleasure of thy nuptials past,
When scarce begun! Alas, how poore a breath
Of Ioy, must passe thee to unsiimely death!
The day's at hand, wherein thou must untie
The Riddles tangled Snarle, or else must die.

Now, when that day was come, wherein the feast
Was to expire; the Bride (whose pensive brest
Grew sad to death) did once more undertake
Her too resolved Bridegroome thus, and spake:
« Vpon these knees, that prostrate on the floore,
« Are lowly bended, and shall ne'r give o'r
« To move thy goodnesse, that shall never rise,
« Vntill my Suit finde favour in thine eyes,
« Vpon these naked knees, I here present
« My sad request: O let thy heart relent;
« A Suitor sues, that never sued before;
« And she begs now, that never will beg more;
« Hast thou vow'd silence? O remember, how
« Thou art ingaged by a former Vow;
« Thy heart is mine; the secrets of thy heart
« Are mine; why art thou dainty to impart
« Mine owne to me? Then give me leave to sue
« For what my right may challenge as her due;
« Vnfold thy *Riddle* then, that I may know,
« Thy love is more, than onely love in shew.
The Bridegroome thus inchanted by his Bride,
Vnseal'd his long-kept silence, and replide:
« Thou sole and great Commandresse of my heart,
« Thou hast prevail'd; my bosome shall impart
« The summe of thy desiers, and discharge
« The faithfull secrets of my soule, at large;
Know then, (my joy) Vpon that very day,
I first made knowne my affection, on the way,

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I met, and grapled with a ſturdy Lyon,
Having nor ſtaffe nor weapon to relie on,
I was inforc'd to prove my naked ſtrength;
Vnequall was the match, but at the length,
This brawny arme receiving ſtrength from him
That gave it life, I tore him limme from limme,
And left him dead: now when the time was come,
Wherein our promis'd nuptialls were to ſumme
And perfect all my joyes, as I was comming
That very way, a ſtrange confuſed humming,
Not diſtant farre, poſſeſt my wondring eare,
Where, guided by the noyſe, there did appeare
A ſwarme of Bees, whoſe buſie labours fill'd
The Carkaſſe of that Lyon which I kill'd,
With Combes of Honey, wherewithall I fed
My lips and thine: And now my Riddle's read.

Meditat.

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Meditat. 12.

THe ſoule of man, before the taint of Nature,
Bore the faire Image of his great Creator;
His underſtanding had no cloud: His will
No croſſe: That, knew no Errour; This, no ill:
But man tranſgreſt; and by his woefull fall,
Loſt that faire Image, and that little all
Was left, was all corrupt; His underſtanding
Exchang'd her object; Reaſon left commanding;
His Memory was depraved, and his will
Can finde no other ſubject now; but ill:
It grew diſtemper'd, left the righteous reine
Of better Reaſon, and did entertaine
The rule of Paſſion, under whoſe command,
It ſuffered Ship-wrack, upon every Sand:
Where it ſhould march, it evermore retires;
And, what is moſt forbid, it moſt deſires:
Love makes it ſee too much, and often, blinde;
Doubt makes it light, and waver like the winde:
Hate makes it fierce, and ſtudious; *Anger*, mad;
Joy makes it careleſſe; *Sorrow*, dull and ſad;
Hope makes it nimble, for a needleſſe tryall;
Feare make it too impatient of denyall.
Great Lord of humane ſoules; O thou, that art
The onely true refiner of the heart;
Whoſe hands created all things perfect good,
What canſt thou now expect of fleſh and blood?
How are our leprous Soules put out of faſhion!
How are our Wils ſubjected to our paſſion!

How

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How is thy glorious Image ſoyl'd, defac'd, (plac'd!
And ſtain'd with ſinne! How are our thoughts diſ-
How wav'ring are our hopes, turn'd here and there
With every blaſt! How carnall is our feare!
Where needs no feare, we ſtart at every ſhade,
But feare not where we ought to be afraid.
Great God! if thou wilt pleaſe but to refine
Our hearts, and reconforme our wils to thine,
Thou'lt take a pleaſure in us, and poore we
Should finde as infinite delight in Thee;
Our doubts would ceaſe, our fears would all remove,
And all our paſſions would turne Ioy, and Love;
Till then expect for nothing that is good:
Remember, Lord, we are but Fleſh and Blood.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

The Philiſtines, by her advice,
expound the Riddle: Samſon *kill'd*
Thirty Philiſtians, in a trice;
ſo ſakes his Bride: His Bed's deſil'd.

Sect. 13.

NO ſooner was the Brides attentive eares
Reſolv'd and pleas'd, but her impetuous feares
Cals in the Bridemen; and to them betraid
The ſecret of the *Riddle* thus, and ſaid: (noiſe
« You ſonnes of Thunder, 'twas not the lowder
« Of your provoking threats, nor the ſoft voyce
« Of my prevailing feares, that thus addreſt
« My yeelding heart to grant your forc'd requeſt;
« Your language needed not have beene ſo rough
« To ſpeake too much, when leſſe had bin enough:
« Your ſpeech at firſt was honey in mine eare;
« At length it prov'd a Lyon, and did teare
« My wounded ſoule: It ſought to force me to
« What your intreaties were more apt to doe:
« Know then (to keep your lingring eares no longer
« Frō what ye long to hear;) There's nothing ſtrōger
Than a fierce Lyon: Nothing can more greet
Your pleaſed palats with a greater ſweet,
Than honey; But more fully to expound,
In a dead Lyon there was Honey found.
Now when the Sun was welking in the Weſt,
(Whoſe fall determines both the day, and Feaſt)

The

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The hopefull Bridegroome (he whose smiling brow
Assur'd his hopes a speedy Conquest now)
Even thirsting for victorious Triumph, brake
The crafty silence of his lips, and spake:
« The time is come whose lateſt hower ends
« Our nuptiall Feast, and fairely recommends
« The wreathe of Conquest to the Victors brow:
« Say, is the *Riddle* read? Expound it now;
« And, for your pains, these hands shall soon resigne
« Your conquer'd prize: If not, The prize is mine.
With that they joyn'd their whisp'ring heads, and made
A Speaker, who in louder language, said:

Of all the sweets that e'r were known:
there's none so pleasing be,
As those rare dainties which doe crowne
the labour of the Bee:
Of all the creatures in the field;
that ever man set eye on,
There's none, whose power doth not yeeld
unto the stronger Lyon.

Whereto th'offended Challenger, whose eye
Proclaim'd a quick Revenge, made this reply:
« No Honey's sweeter than a womans tongue;
« And, when she list, Lyons are not so strong:
« How thrice accurs'd are they, that doe fulfill
« The lewd desiers of a womans will!
« How more accurs'd is he, that doth impart
« His bosome secrets to a womans heart;
« They plead like Angels, and, like Crocadiles,
« Kil with their tears, they murther with their smiles:
« How weake a thing is woman? Nay, how weake
« Is senslesse man, that will be urgd to breake
« His counsels in her eare, that hath no power
« To make secure a secret, for an hower!

« No;

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« No, Victors, no : Had not a womans minde
« Bin faithleſſe, and unconſtant, as the winde,
« My *Riddle* had till now a *Riddle* bin;
« You might have mus'd and miſt, and mus'd agin.
When the next day had heav'd his golden head
From the ſoft pillow of his Sea-greene bed;
And, with his riſing glory, had poſſeſt
The ſpacious borders of th'enlightned Eaſt,
Samſon aroſe, and in a rage, went downe
(By heaven directed) to a neighbring towne:
His choler was inflam'd, and from his eye
The ſudden flaſhes of his wrath did flie,
Paleneſſe was in his cheekes, and from his breath,
There flew the fierce Embaſſadours of death;
He heav'd his hand, and where it fell it ſlew :
He ſpent, and ſtill his forces would renew :
His quicke redoubled blowes fell thick as thunder :
And, whom he tooke alive, he tore in ſunder :
His arme ne'r miſt; and often at a blow
He made a Widow, and an Orphan too :
Here it divides the Father from the childe,
The husband from his wife : there, it diſpoil'd
The friend on's friend, the Siſter of her brother :
And oft with one man he would thraſh another :
Where never was, he made a little flood,
And where there was no Kin, he joyn'd in blood,
Wherein, his ruthleſſe hands he did imbrue :
Thrice ten, before he ſcarce could breath, he ſlew :
Their upper Garments, which he tooke away,
Were all the ſpoyles the Victor had that day :
Wherewith he quit the wagers that he loſt,
Paying Philiſtians with Philiſtians coſt :
And thus, at length, with blood he did aſſwage,
But yet not quench the fier of his rage,

For

For now the thought of his diſloyall wife,
In his ſad ſoule renew'd a ſecond ſtrife,
From whom, for feare his fury ſhould recoyle,
He thought moſt fit t'abſent himſelfe a while;
Vnto his fathers Tent he now return'd;
Where his divided paſſion rag'd, and mourn'd;
In part he mourned, and he rag'd in part,
To ſee ſo faire a face, ſo falſe a heart:
But marke the miſchiefe that his abſence brings;
Hid bed's defiled, and the nuptiall ſtrings
Are ſtretcht and crackt; A ſecond love doth ſmother
The firſt; and ſhe is wedded to another.

Medita:

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Medita. 13.

WAs this that Wombe the Angel did enlarge
Frō barrenneſs? and gave ſo ſtrict a charge?
Was this that Wombe that muſt not be defil'd
With uncleane meates, leſt it pollute the childe?
Is this the Nazarite? May a Nazarite then,
Embrue and paddle in the bloods of men?
Or may their vowes be ſo diſpens'd withall,
That they, who ſcarce may ſee a funerall,
Whoſe holy foot-ſteps muſt beware to treade
Vpon, or touch the carkaſſe of the dead?
May theſe revenge their wrongs by blood? may theſe
Have power to kill, and murther where they pleaſe?
'Tis true: a holy Nazarite is forbid
To doe ſuch things as this our Nazarite did:
He may not touch the bodies of the dead,
Without pollution: much leſſe may ſhed
The blood of Man, or touch it being ſpilt,
Without the danger of a double guilt:
But who art thou that art an undertaker,
To queſtion with, or plead againſt thy Maker?
May not that God, that gave thee thy Creation,
Turne thee to nothing, by his diſpenſation?
He that hath made the Sabbath, and commands
It ſhall bee kept with unpolluted hands:
Yet if he pleaſe to countermand agin,
Man may ſecurely labour, and not ſin;
A Nazarite is not allow'd to ſhed
The blood of man, or once to touch the dead;
But if the God of Nazarites, bids kill,
He may, and be a holy Nazarite ſtill:

But

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But stay, is God like Man? Or can he border
Vpon confusion, that's the God of order?
The Persian Lawes no time may contradict,
And are the Lawes of God lesse firme and strict?
An earthly Father wils his childe to stand
And wait; within a while he gives command,
(Finding the weakenesse of his sonne oppresst
With wearinesse) that he sit downe and rest;
Is God unconstant then, because he pleases
To alter, what he wilf'd us, for our eases?
Know likewise, O ungratefull flesh and blood,
God limits his owne glory for our good:
He is the God of mercy, and he prizes
Thine Asses life above his Sacrifices:
His Sabbath is his glory, and thy rest:
Hee'll lose some honour, ere thou lose a beast:
Great God of mercy; O, how apt are we
To rob thee of thy due, that art so free
To give unaskt! teach mee, O God, to know
What portion I deserve, and tremble too.

THE ARGVMENT.

Samson comes downe to re enjoy
his wife: her father does withstand:
For which he threatens to destroy
and ruine him, and all the Land.

Sect. 14.

BVt *Samson*, (yet not knowing what was past,
For wronged husbands ever are the last

That

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That heare the pewes) thus with himselfe beſought;
« It cannot be excus'd: It was a fault,
« It was a foule one too; and, at firſt ſight,
« Too great for love, or pardon to acquite:
« O, had it beene a ſtranger, that betraid
« Repoſed ſecrets, I had onely laid
« The blame upon my unadviſed tongue;
« Or had a common friend but done this wrong
« To boſome truſt, my patience might out-worne it;
« I could indur'd, I could have eaſily borne it;
« But thus to be betraied by a wife,
« The partner of my heart; to whom my life,
« My very ſoule was not eſteemed deare,
« Is more than fleſh, is more than blood can beare:
« But yet alas, She was but greene and young,
« And had not gain'd the conqueſt of her tongue;
« Vnſeaſon'd Veſſels oft will finde a leake
« At firſt; but after hold: She is but weake;
« Nay, cannot yet write woman; which, at beſt,
« Is a fraile thing: Alas, young things will queſt
« At every turne; Indeed, to ſay the truth,
« Her years could make it but a fault of youth:
« *Samſon*, returne: and let that fault be ſet
« Vpon the ſcore of youth: forgive, forget:
« She is my wife; Her love hath power to hide
« A fouler errour; why ſhould I divide
« My preſence from her? There's no greater wrong
« To love, than to be ſilent over-long:
« Alas, poore ſoule! No doubt, her tender eye
« Hath wept enough; perchance ſhe knows not why
« I'm turn'd ſo great a ſtranger to her bed,
« And boord: No doubt her empty eyes have ſhed
« A world of tears: perchance, her guiltleſs thought
« Conceives my abſence as a greater fault,

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« Then that of late, her harmeleſſe errour did;
« I'le goe and draw a reconciling *Kid*
« From the faire flock; my feet ſhall never reſt,
« Till I repoſe me in my Brides faire breſt:
He went, but e'r his ſpeedy lips obtain'd
The merits of his haſte, darkneſſe had ſtain'd
The criſtall brow of day; and gloomy night
Had ſpoil'd and rifled heaven of all his light:
H'approach't the gates; but being entred in,
His careleſſe welcome ſeem'd ſo cold and thin,
As if that ſilence meant, it ſhould appeare,
He was no other than a ſtranger there;
In every ſervants looke he did eſpie
An eaſie copie of their Maſters eye;
He call'd his wife, but ſhe was gone to reſt;
Vnto her wonted chamber he addreſt
His doubtfull ſteps; till by her father, ſtaid,
Who taking him aſide a little, ſaid:

Sonne,

« It was the late eſpouſals that doe move
« My tongue to uſe that title; not thy love:
« 'Tis true, there was a marriage lately paſt
« Betweene my childe and you; The knot was faſt
« And firmely tyed, not ſubject to the force
« Of any power, but death, or elſe divorce:
« For ought I ſaw, a mutuall deſire
« Kindled your likings, and an equall fire
« Of ſtrong affection, joyned both your hands
« With the perpetuall knot of nuptiall bands;
« Mutuall delight, and equall joyes attended
« Your pleaſed hearts, untill the feaſt was ended,
« But then, I know no ground, (you know it beſt,)
« As if your loves were meaſur'd by the Feaſt,
« The building fell, before the houſe did ſhake,

« Loves

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« Loves fire was quencht, ere it began to flake;
« All on a sudden were your joyes disseis'd;
« Forsooke your Bride, and went away displeas'd;
« You left my childe to the approbrious tongues
« Of open censure, whose malicious wrongs
« (Maligning her faire merits) did defame
« Her wounded honour, and unblemisht name;
« I thought thy love, which was so strong of late,
« Had on a sudden, turn'd to perfect hate:
« At length, when as your longer absence did
« Confirme my thoughts, and time had quite forbid
« Our hopes t'expect a re-accesse of love,
« Thinking some new affectiō did remove (smother
« Your heart, and that some second choice might
« The first, I matcht your Bride unto another;
« If we have done amisse, the fault must be
« Imputed yours, and not to her, nor me;
« But if your easie losse may be redeem'd
« With her faire Sister, (who, you know's esteem'd
« More beautifull than she, and younger too)
« She shall be firmely joyn'd by nuptiall vow,
« And, by a present contract, shall become
« Thy faithfull Spouse, in her lost Sisters roome.
With that poore *Samson*, like a man entranc'd,
And newly wakened, thus his voyce advanc'd;
« Presumptuous Philistine! that dost proceed
« From the base loynes of that accursed seed,
« Branded for slaughter, and mark'd out for death;
« And utter ruine; this my threatning breath
« Shall blast thy Nation; this revenging hand
« Shall crush thy carkasse, and thy cursed land;
« I'le give thy flesh to Ravens, and ravenous Swine
« Shall take that ranke, and tainted blood of thine
« For wash and swill, to quench their eager thirst,

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« Which they shall sucke, and guzzle till they burst;
« I'le burne your standing Corne with flames of fire,
« That none shall quench; I'le drag ye in the mire
« Of your own bloods, which shall o'rflow the land,
« And make your pasture barren as the sand;
« This ruthlesse arme shall smite, and never stay,
« Vntill your land be turn'd a *Golgotha*;
« And if my actions proye my words untrue,
« Let *Samson* die, and be accurs'd as you.

Meditat. 14.

GOD is the God of peace: And if my brother
Strike me on one cheek, must I turne the other?
God is the God of mercy; and his childe
Must be as he is, mercifull and milde:
God is the God of Love, but sinner know,
His love abus'd, hee's God of vengeance too.
Is God the God of vengeance? And may none
Revenge his private wrongs, but he alone?
What meanes this frantick Nazarite to take
Gods Office from his hand, and thus to make
His wrongs amends? Who warranted his breath
To threaten ruine, and to thunder death?
Curious Inquisitour; when God shall strike
By thy stout arme, thy arme may dog the like:
His Patent gives him power to create
A deputie, to whom he doth collate
Assistant power, in sufficient measure,
To exercise the Office of his pleasure;
A lawfull Prince is Gods Lieutenant here;
As great a Majestie as flesh can beare,
He is indued with all, in his bright eyes
(Cloath'd

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(Cloath'd in the flames of Majeſtie) doth lie
Both life and death; into his royall heart
Heaven doth inſpire, and ſecretly impart
The treaſure of his Lawes; into his hand
He thruſts his ſword of Iuſtice and Command:
He is Gods Champion; where his voyce bids, kill,
He muſt not feare t'imbrew his hands, and ſpill
Abundant blood; Who gives him power to doe,
Will finde him guiltleſſe, and aſſiſt him too:
O, but let fleſh and blood take heed, that none
Pretend Gods quarrell, to revenge his owne;
Malice and baſe Revenge muſt ſtep aſide,
When heavens uprighter Bateels muſt be tride.
Where carnall glory, or ambitious thirſt
Of ſimple conqueſt, or revenge, does burſt
Vpon a neighbouring Kingdome; there to thruſt
Into anothers Crowne, the warre's not juſt;
'Tis but a private quarrell; and bereft
Of lawfull grounds; 'Tis but a Princely theft:
But where the ground's Religion; to defend
Abuſed faith, let Princes there contend;
With dauntleſſe courage: May their acts be glorious;
Let them goe, proſperous; and returne victorious:
What if the grounds be mixt? Feare not to goe;
Were not the grounds of *Samſons* Combates ſo?
Goe then with double courage and renowne,
When God ſhall mixe thy quarrels with his owne:
'Tis a brave conflict; and a glorious Pray,
Where God and Princes ſhall divide the Prey.

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THE ARGVMENT.

He burns their standing corne; makes void
their land: the Philistins enquire
The cause of all their evill; destroy'd
the Timnite *and his house with fire.*

Sect. 15.

AS ragefull *Samsons* threatning language ceas'd,
His resolution of revenge increast;
Vengeance was in his thoughts, and his desire
Wanted no fuell to maintaine her fire:
Passion grew hot and furious, whose delay
Of execution, was but taking day
For greater paiment: His revengefull heart
Boyl'd in his breast, whil'st Fury did impart
Her readie Counsels, whose imperious breath,
Could whisper nothing under blood and death:
Revenge was studious, quickned his conceit,
And screw'd her Engines to the very height:
At length, when time had rip'ned his desires,
And puffing rage had blowne his secret fires
To open flame, now ready for confusion,
He thus began t'attempt his first conclusion;
The patient Angler first provides his baite,
Before his eyes can teach him to awaite
Th'enjoyment of his long expected prey;
Revengefull *Samson*, ere he can appay
His wrongs with timely vengeance, must intend
To gaine the Instruments, to worke his end;
He plants his Engines, hides his snares about,
Pitches his Toyles, findes new devices out,

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To

To tangle wilie Foxes: in few dayes
(That land had ſtore) his ſtudious hand betrayes
A leaſh of hundreds, which he thus imployes
As Agents in his raſhfull enterprize;
With tough, and force-enduring thongs of Lether,
He joynes and couples taile and taile together,
And every thong bound in a Brand of fire,
So made by Art, that motion would inſpire
Continuall flames, and as the motion ceaſt,
The thriftie blaze would then retire and reſt
In the cloſe Brand, untill a ſecond ſtrife
Gave it new motion, and that motion, life:
Soone as theſe coupled Meſſengers receiv'd
Their fiery Errand, though they were bereav'd
Of power to make great haſt, they make good ſpeed,
Their thoghts were diffring, though their tails agreed;
T'one drags and draws to th'Eaſt, the other Weſt,
One fit they runne, another while they reſt;
T'one skulks and ſnarles, the t'other tugs and hales;
At length both flee with firebrands in their tayles;
And in the top and height of all their ſpeed;
T'one ſtops before the other be agreed,
The other puls, and drags his fellow back,
Whil'ſt both their tailes were tortur'd on the racke;
At laſt both weary of their warme Embaſſage,
Their better eaſe diſcride a fairer paſſage;
And time hath taught their wiſer thoughts to joyne
More cloſe, and travell in a ſtraiter line:
Into the open Champion they divide
Their ſtraggling paces (where the ploughmans pride
Found a faire object in his rip'ned Corne;
Whereof ſome part was reapt, ſome ſtood unſhorne)
Sometimes the fiery travellers would ſeeke
Protection beneath a ſwelling Reeke;

But

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But soone that harbour grew too hot for stay,
Affording onely light to runne away;
Sometimes, the full-ear'd standing-wheat must cover
And hide their flames, and there the flames would hover
About their eares, and send them to enquire
A cooler place, but there the flaming fire
Would scorch their hides, & send the sindg'd away;
Thus doubtfull where to goe, or where to stay,
They range about, flee forward, then retire;
Now here, now there, where e'r they come they fire:
Nothing was left, that was not lost, and burn'd;
And now that fruitfull land of Iewry's turn'd
A heape of Ashes; that faire land, while ere
Which fill'd all hearts with joy, and every eare
With newes of plenty, and of blest increase,
(The joyfull Issue of a happy peace)
See, how it lies in her owne ruines, void
Of all her happinesse, disguis'd, destroy'd.
With that the Philistines, whose last reliefe,
And comfort's deeply buried in their griefe,
Began to question (they did all partake
In th'irrecoverable losse) and spake,
« What curled brand of hell? what more than de-vill?
« What envious Miscreant hath done this evill?
Whereto, one sadly standing by, reply'd;
« It was that curled *Samson*, (whose fare Bride
« Was lately ravisht from his absent brest
« By her false father,) who before the feast
« Of nuptiall was a month expir'd, and done,
« By second marriage, own'd another Sonne;
« For which this *Samson*, heav'd from off the hinge
« Of his lost reason, studied this revenge,
« That *Timnits* falsehood wrought this desolation;
« *Samson* the Actor was, but he, th'occasion.

« With

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With that they all consulted to proceed
In height of justice to revenge this deed;
Samson whose hand was the immediate cause
Of this foule act, is stronger than their lawes;
Him they reserre to time; for his proud hand
May bring a second ruine to their land;
The cursed *Timnite*, he that did divide
The lawfull Bridegroome from his lawfull Bride,
And mov'd the patience of so strong a foe,
To bring these evils, and worke their overthrow,
To him they hast; and with resolv'd desire
Of blood, they burne his house, and him with fire.

Meditat. 15.

DOst thou not tremble? does thy troubled eare
Not tingle? nor thy spirits faint to heare
The voyce of those, whose dying shrieks proclaime
Their tortures, that are broyling in the flame?
She, whose illustrious beauty did not know
Where to be matcht, but one poore houre agoe;
Shee, whose faire eyes were apt to make man erre
From his knowne faith, and turn Idolater,
She, whose faire cheeks, inricht with true cõplexion,
Seem'd Beauties store-house of her best perfection;
See how she lies, see how this beautie lies,
A foule offence unto thy loathing eyes;
A fleshly Cinder, lying on the floore
Starke naked, had it not beene covered o'r
With bathfull ruines, which were fallen downe
From the consumed Roofe, and rudely thrownе
On this halfe-roasted earth. O, canst thou reade
Her double story, and thy heart not bleed?

What

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What art thou more than she? Tell me wherein
Art thou more priviledg'd? Or can thy sinne
Pleade more t'excuse it? Art thou faire, and young?
Why so was she: Were thy temptations strong?
Why so were hers: What canst thou plead, but she
Had power to plead the same, as well as thee?
Nor was't her death alone, could satisfie
Revenge; her father, and his house must die:
Vnpunisht crimes doe often bring them in,
That were no lesse than strangers to the sinne:
Eli must die, because his faire reproofe
Of too foule sinne, was not austere enough:
Was vengeance now appeas'd? Hath not the crime
Paid a sufficient Int'rest for the time?
Remove thine eye to the Philistian fields,
See what increase their fruitfull harvest yeelds:
There's nothing there, but a confused heape
Of ruinous Ashes: There's no corne to reape:
Behold the poyson of unpunisht sinne;
For which the very earth's accurst agin:
Famine must act her part; her griping hand,
For one mans sinne must punish all the land:
Is vengeance now appeas'd? Hath sinne given o'r
To cry for plagues: Must vengeance yet have more?
O, now th' impartiall sword must come, and spill
The blood of such as famine could not kill:
The language of unpunisht sinne cries loud,
It roares for Iustice, and it must have blood:
Famine must follow, where the fire begun;
The sword must end, what both have left undone.
Iust God! our sinnes doe dare thee to thy face;
Our score is great, our *Ephah* fils apace;
The leaden cover threatens every minute,
To close the *Ephah*, and our sinnes within it.

Turne

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Turne back thine eye : Let not thine eye behold
Such vile pollutions, let thy vengeance hold :
Looke on thy dying Sonne, there shalt thou spie
An object that's more fitter for thine eye;
His sufferings (Lord) are farre above our sinnes :
O, looke thou there; Eré Iustice Arme begins
T'unsheath her sword : O let one precious drop
Fall from that pierced side, and that will stop
The eares of vengeance, from that clamorous voice
Of our loud sinnes, which make so great a noyse :
O send that drop, before Revenge begins,
And that will cry farre louder than our sinnes.

THE ARGVMENT.

He makes a slaughter; Doth remove
to Etans *Rocke, where, to repay him*
The wrongs that he had done, they move
the men of Iudah *to betray him.*

Sect. 16.

THus when th'accurs'd Philistians had appaid
The *Timnits* sinne, with ruine : and betraid
Th'unjust Offenders to their fierce desire,
And burn'd their cursed family with fire :
Samson, the greatnesse of whose debt deny'd
So short a payment : and whose wrongs yet cry'd
For further vengeance, to be further laid
Vpon the sinne-conniving Nation, said,
« Vnjust Philistians, you that could behold
« So capitall a crime, and yet with-hold
« This well-deserved punishment so long;
« Which made you partners in their sin, my wrong;
« Had

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« Had yee at first, when as the fault was young;
« Before that Time had lent her clamorous tongue
« So great a strength to call for so much blood;
« O, had your early Justice but thought good
« To strike in time; Nay, had you then devis'd
« Some easier punishment, it had suffic'd;
« But now it comes too late, the sinne has cried,
« Till Heaven hath heard, and mercy is denied:
Nay, had the sinne but spar'd to roare so loud,
A drop had serv'd, when now a Tide of blood
« Will hardly stop her mouth:
« Had ye done this betimes! But now, this hand
« Must plague your persons, and afflict your land.
Have yee beheld a youth-instructing Tutor,
(Whose wisdome's seldome seene, but in the future)
When well-deserved punishment shall call
For the delinquent Boy; how, first of all,
He preaches fairely; then proceeds austerer
To the foule crime, whil'st the suspitious hearer
Trembles at every word, untill at length,
His language being ceas'd, th'unwelcome strength
Of his rude arme, that often proves too rash,
Strikes home, and fetches blood at every lash:
Even so stout *Samson*, whose more gentle tongue,
In easie tearmes doth first declare the wrong,
Injustice did, then tels the evill effects
That mans connivence, and unjust neglects
Does often bring upon th'afflicted land;
But, at the last, upheaves his ruthlesse hand;
He hewes, he hacks, and fury being guide,
His unresisted power doth divide
From top to toe; his furious weapon cleft
Where e'r it strucke: It slew, and never left,
Vntill his flesh-destroying arme, at length,

Could

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Could finde no subject where t'imploy his strength:
Here stands a head-strong Steed, whose fainting gui-
Drops down; another drags his wounded rider: (der
Now here, now there his frantick arm would thunder
And at one stroake cleaves horse and man insunder,
In whose mixt blood his hands would oft imbrue,
And whereso'r they did but touch, they slew:
Here's no imployment for the Surgeons trade,
All wounds were mortall that his weapon made;
There's none was left, but dying, or else dead,
And onely they that scap'd his fury, fled;
The slaughter ended, the proud victor past
Through the afflicted Land, untill at last,
He comes to *Judah*, where he pitcht his Tent,
At the Rock *Etan*; there some time he spent;
He spent not much, till the Philistian band,
That found small comfort in their wasted land,
Came up to *Judah*, and there pitcht not farre
From *Samsons* Tent; their hands were arm'd to war:
With that the men of *Judah*, struck with feare,
To see so great an Army; straight drew neare
To the said Campe; who, after they had made
Some signes of a continued peace, they said;

« What new designes have brought your royall
« Vpon the Borders of our peacefull Land? (Band
« What strange adventures? what disastrous weather
« Drove you this way? what busines brought you hi-
« Let not my Lords be angry, or conceive (ther?
« An evill against your Servants: what we have,
« Is yours; the peacefull plenty of the Land
« And we, are yours, and at your owne command:
« Why, to what purpose are you pleas'd to shew us
« Your strength! Why bring you thus an Army to us
« Are not our yearly tributes justly paid?

« Have

« Have we not kept our vowes? have we delaid
« Our faithfull service, or denyed to doe it,
« When you have pleas'd to call your servants to it?
« Have we at any time, upon your triall,
« Shrunk frō your plighted faith, or prov'd disloyal?
« If that proud *Samson* have abus'd your land,
« 'Tis not our faults; Alas, we had no hand
« In his designes, we lent him no reliefe;
« No ayd; no, we were partners in your griefe.
Whereto the Philistines, whose hopes rely'd
Vpon their faire assistance, thus reply'd:
« Feare not ye men of *Iudah*; Our intentions
« Are not to wrong your peace: Your apprehensions
« Are too too timerous; our desires are bent
« Against the common Foe, whose hands have spent
« Our lavish blood, and rob'd our wasted land
« Of all her joyes: 'Tis he our armed Band
« Expects, and followes: He is cloystred here,
« Within your Quarters: Let your faiths appeare
« Now in your loyall actions, and convay
« The skulking Rebell to us, that we may
« Revenge our blood, which he hath wasted thus,
« And doe to him, as he hath done to us.

Meditat. 16.

IT was a sharpe revenge; But was it just?
Shall one man suffer for another? Must
The childrens teeth be set on edge, because
Their fathers ate the Grapes? Are heavens lawes
So strict? whose lips did, with a promise, melt,
That no such law should passe in Israel:
Because the injurious *Tymnite's* treacherous hand

Com-

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Commits the fault, must *Samson* scourge the land?
Sinne is a furious plague, and it infects
The next inhabitant, if he neglects
The meanes t'avoid it: 'Tis not because he sins
That thou art punisht: No, it then begins
T'infect thy soule, when thou a stander by,
Reprov'st it not; or when thy careless eye
Slights it as nothing: If a sinne of mine
Grieve not thy wounded soule, it becomes thine.
Thinke ye that God commits the Sword of power
Into the hands of Magistrates, to scower
And keepe it bright? Or onely to advance
His yet unknowne Authority? Perchance,
The glorious Hilt and Scabberd make a shew
To serve his turne, have it a blade, or no,
He neither knowes, nor cares: Is this man fit
T'obtaine so great an honour, as to sit
As Gods Lieutenant, and to punish sinne?
Know leaden Magistrates, and know agin,
Your Sword was given to draw, and to be dy'd
In guilty blood, not to be laid aside
At the request of friends, or for base feare,
Lest when your honour's ended with the yeare,
Ye may be baffled: 'tis not enough that you
Finde bread be waight, or that the waights be true:
'Tis not enough, that every foule disorder
Must be refer'd to your more wise Recorder:
The charge is given to you; you must returne
A faire account, or else, the Land must mourne:
You keepe your swords too long a season in,
And God strikes us, because you strike not sinne:
Y'are too remisse, and want a Resolution:
Good Lawes lie dead for lack of execution:
An oath is growne so bold, that it will laugh

The

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The easie Act to scorne; Nay, we can quaffe
And reele with priviledge: and we can trample
Vpon our shame-shrunke cloakes, by your example:
You are too dull: too great offences passe
Vntoucht; God loves no service from the Asse;
Rouze up, O use the spurre, and spare the bridle,
God strikes, because your swords and you are idle;
Grant Lord that every one may mend a fault;
And then our Magistrates may stand for nought.

THE ARGVMENT.

The faithlesse men of Iudah *went*
to make him subject to their hands:
They bound him by his owne consent,
and brought him prisoner to their hands.

Sect. 17.

SO said; the men of *Iudah* (whose base feare
Taught them to open an obedient eare
To their revengefull and unjust request)
Accept the trecherous motion, and addrest
Their slavish thoughes; to put in execution
The subject of their servile resolution:
With that, three thousand of their ablest men
Are soone employ'd; to the fierce Lyons den
They come, (yet daring not approach too neare)
And send this louder language to his eare;
"Victorious *Samson*, whose renowned facts
"Have made the world a Register of thy acts;
"Great Army of men, the wonder of whose power
"Gives thee the Title of a willing Tower;

"Why

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« Why hast thou thus betraid us to the hand
« Of the curs'd Philistines? Thou know'st our Land-
« Does owe it selfe to thee; there's none can clame
« So great an interest in our hearts: thy name,
« Thy highly honour'd name for ever beares
« A welcome Accent in our joyfull eares;
« But now the times are dangerous, and a band
« Of proud Philistians quarter in our Land,
« And for thy sake the tyrannie of their tongues
« Hath newly threatned to revenge their wrongs
« Vpon our peacefull lives: Their lips have vow'd
« And sworne to salve their injuries with our blood;
« Their jealous fury hollowes in our eares,
« They'l plague our land, as thou hast plagued theirs,
« If we refuse to doe their fierce command,
« And bring not *Samson* prisoner to their hand;
« Alas, thou know'st our servile necks must bow
« To their imperious Yoake; Alas, our vow
« Of loyalty is past: if they bid, doe;
« We must; or lose our lands, and our lives too;
« Were but our lives in hazzard, or if none
« Should feele the smart of death, but we alone;
« Wee'd turne thy Martyrs, rather than obey'm;
« Wee'd die with *Samson* sooner than betray'm;
« But we have Wives and children, that must bee
« The subjects of their rage as well as we:
« Wherefore submit thy person, and fulfill
« What we desire so much against our will:
« Alas, our griefes in equall poysure lie;
« Yeeld, and thou dyest; yeeld not, and we must die.
Whereto sad *Samson*, whose faire thoughts did guide
His lips to fairer language, thus repli'd;
« Ye men of *Iudah*, what distruftfull thought
« Of Single *Samsons* violence hath brought

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« So great a ſtrength, as if you meant t'orethrow
« Some mighty Monarch, or ſurprize a Foe!
« Your eaſie errand might as well bin done
« By two or three, or by the lips of one;
« The meaneſt child of holy Iſraels ſeed
« Might conquer'd *Samſon* with a bruiſed reed:
« Alas, the boldneſſe of your welcome words
« Need no protection of theſe ſtaves and ſwords:
« Brethren, the intention of my comming hither
« Was not to wrong you, or deprive you, either
« Of lives or goods, or of your poorcſt due;
« My ſelfe is cheaper to my ſelfe than you;
« My comming is on a more faire deſigne,
« I come to cruſh your tyrannous foes, and mine,
« I come to free your countrey, and recall
« Your ſervile ſhoulders from the flaviſh thrall
« Of the proud Philiſtines; and with this hand
« To make you freemen in your promis'd Land;
« But you are come to binde me, and betray
« Your faithfull Champion to thoſe hands, that lay
« Perpetuall burthens on, which dayly vexe
« Your galled ſhoulders, and your ſervile neckes:
« The wrongs theſe curſed Philiſtines have done
« My ſimple innocence, have quite out-runne
« My eaſie patience: if my arme may right
« My too much injur'd ſufferance, and requite
« What they have done to me, it would appeaſe
« My raging thoughts, and give my tortures eaſe;
« But ye are come to binde me: I ſubmit;
« I yeeld; and if my bondage will acquit
« Your new-borne feares, 'tis well: But they that
« Attempt to ruine me, will ranſack you: (doe
First, you ſhall firmly engage your plighted troth,
« By the acceptance of a ſacred oath,

« That

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« That when I shall be pris'ner to your hands,
« I may not suffer violence by your hands.
With that, they drawing nearer to him, laid
Their hands beneath his brawny thigh, and said;
« Then let the God of *Iacob* cease to blesse
« The Tribe of *Iudah* with a faire successe,
« In ought they put their cursed hand unto,
« And raze their seed, If we attempt to doe
« Bound *Samson* violence; And if this curse
" Be not sufficient, heaven contrive a worse:
With that the willing pris'ner joyn'd his hands,
To be subjected to their stronger bands:
With treble twisted cords, that never tried
The twitch of strength, their busie fingers tied
His sinewy wrists, which being often wound
About his beating pulse, they brought him bound
To the forefront of the Philistian band,
And left him captive in their cursed hand.

Medita. 17.

O What a pearle is hidden in this field,
Whose orient luster, and perfections yeeld
So great a treasure, that the Easterne Kings,
With all the wealth, their colder Climate brings,
Ne'r saw the like: It is a pearle whose glory
Is the diviner subject of a story,
Pend by an Angels quill; not understood
By the too dull conceit of flesh and blood!
Vnkinde *Indeans*, what have you presented
Before your eyes? O, what have you attented?

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He that was borne on purpose to release
His life for yours, to bring your Nation peace;
To turne your mournings into joyfull Songs;
To fight your battels, to revenge your wrongs;
Even him, alas, your cursed hands have made
This day your pris'ner; Him have you betraid
To death: O, he whose sinowy arme had power
To crush you all to nothing, and to shower (breath
Downe strokes like thunderbolts, whose blasting
Might in a moment, puft you all to death,
And made ye fall before his frowning brow,
See how he goes away, betraid by you!
Thou great Redeemer of the world! whose blood
Hath power to save more worlds, than *Noahs* flood
Destroyed bodies; thou, O thou that art
The *Samson* of our soules, How can the heart
Of man give thankes enough, that does not know
How much his death-redeemed soule does owe
To thy deare merits? We can apprehend
No more than flesh and blood does recommend
To our confined thoughts: Alas, we can
Conceive thy love, but as the love of man:
We cannot tell the horror of that paine
Thou bought us from; nor can our hearts attaine
Those joyes that thou hast purchas'd in our name,
Nor yet the price thou paidst; our thoughts are lame,
And craz'd; Alas, things mortall have no might,
No meanes to comprehend an Infinite:
We can behold thee cradled in a Manger
In a poore Stable: We can see the danger
The *Tetrarch's* fury made thee subject to;
We can conceive thy poverty; We know
Thy blessed hands (that might bin freed) were bound,
We know, alas, thy bleeding browes were crown'd

With

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With pricking thorne; thy body torne with whips;
Thy palmes impeirc'd with ragged nailes; Thy lips
Saluted with a Traitors kisse; thy Browes
Sweating forth blood: Thy oft-repeated blowes;
Thy fastning to the Crosse; thy shamefull death;
These outward tortures all come underneath
Our dull conceits: but what thy blessed soule
(That bore the burden of our guilt, and Scroule
Of all our sinnes, and horrid paines of Hell)
O, what that soule indur'd, what soule can tell!

THE ARGVMENT.

He breakes their bands; And with a bone
a thousand Philistiatts he slew:
He thirsted; fainted; made his moane
to Heaven: He drinkes, his spirits renew.

Sect. 18.

THus when the glad Philistians had obtain'd
The summe of all their hopes, they entertain'd
The welcome pris'ner with a greater noyse
Of triumph, than the greatnesse of their joyes
Required: Some with sudden death would greet
The new come guest; whilst others, more discreet,
With lingring paines, and tortures more exact,
Would force him to discover, in the Fact,
Who his Abettors were: others gainsaid
That course, for feare a rescue may be made:
Some crie, *'Tis fittest that th'Offender bleed*
There where his curs'ed hands had done the deed:

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Others cryed, *No, where fortune hath cõsign'd him;*
We'll kill him: Best; to kill him, where we find him.
Thus variously they spent their doubtfull breath,
At last they all agreed on sudden death;
There's no contention now, but onely who
Shall strike the first, or give the speeding blow.
Have ye beheld a single thred of flaxe,
Touch'd by the fier, how the fier crackes
With ease, and parts the tender twine in sunder:
Even so, as the first arme began to thunder
Vpon the Pris'ners life, he burst the bands
From his strong wrists, and freed his loos'ned hands;
He stoop'd, from off the blood-expecting grasse,
He snacht the crooked jaw-bone of an Asse;
Wherewith his fury dealt such downe-right blows,
So oft redoubled, that it overthrowes
Man after man; and being ring'd about
With the distracted, and amazed rout
Of rude Philistians, turn'd his body round,
And in a circle dings them to the ground:
Each blow had proofe; for where the jaw-bone mist,
The Furious Champion wounded with his fist:
Betwixt them both his Fury did uncase
A thousand soules, which in that fatall place,
Had left their ruin'd carkeises, to feast
The flesh-devouring fowle, and ravinous beast:
With that the Conquerour, that now had fed
And surfeited his eye upon the dead
His hand had slaine, sate downe; and having flung
His purple weapon by, triumph'd, and sung;

Samson

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SAmſon rejoyce: Be fill'd with mirth;
let all Iudæa know,
And tell the Princes of the earth
how ſtrong an arme haſt thou:
How has thy dead conficht the land,
and purpled o'r the graſſe,
That hadſt no weapon in thy hand,
but the jaw-bone of an Aſſe!
How does thy ſtrength and high renowme
the glory of men ſurpaſſe!
Thine arme has ſtruck a thouſand downe,
with the jaw-bone of an Aſſe:
Let Samſons glorious name endure,
till time ſhall render One,
Whoſe greater glory ſhall obſcure
the glory thou haſt wonne.

His ſong being ended, riſing from the place
Whereon he lay, he turn'd his ruthleſſe face
Vpon thoſe heapes his direfull hands had made,
And op'ning of his thirſty lips, he ſaid:
« Great God of conqueſt, thou by whoſe cómand
« The heart received courage, and this hand
« Strength to revenge thy quarrels, and fulfill
« The ſecret motion of thy ſacred will;
« What, ſhall thy Champion periſh now with thirſt?
« Thou knowſt I have done nothing, but what firſt
« Was warranted by thy command: 'Twas thou
« That gave my ſpirit boldneſſe, and my brow
« A reſolution; 'tis mine arme did doe
« No more than what thou didſt injoyne me to:
« And ſhall I die for thirſt? O thou that ſav'd
« Me from the Lyons rage, that would have rav'd

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« Vpon my life: by whom I have subdu'd
« Thy cursed enemies, and have imbru'd
« My heaven-commanded hands, in a spring-tide
« Of guilty blood? Lord, shall I be deny'd
« A draught of cooling water to allay
« The tyrannie of my thirst? I, that this day
« Have labour'd in thy Vineyard; rooted out
« So many weeds, whose lofty crests did sprout
« Above thy trodden Vines; What, shall I die
« For want of water, thou the Fountaine by?
« I know that thou wert here, for had'st thou not
« Supply'd my arme with strength, I ne'r had got
« So strange a vict'rie; Hath thy servant taken
« Thy worke in hand, and is he now forsaken?
« Hast thou not promis'd that my strengthned hand
« Shall scourge thy Foe-men, and secure thy Land
« From slavish bondage? will that arme of thine
« Make me their slave, whom thou hast promist mine?
« Bow downe thy care, and heare my needful cry;
« O quench my thirst, great God, or else I die:
With that the Iaw, wherewith his arme had laid
So many sleeping in the dust, obey'd
The voyce of God, and cast a tooth, from whence
A sudden spring arose, whose confluence
Of chrystall waters, plenteously disburst
Their precious streames, and so alay'd his thirst.

Meditat. 18.

THe Iaw-bone of an Asse! how poore a thing
God makes his powerfull Instrument to bring

Some

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Some honour to his name, and to advance
His greater glory! came this bone, by chance,
To *Samsons* hand? Or could the Army goe
No further? but must needs expect a foe
Iust where his weapon of destruction lay?
Was there no fitter place, for them to stay,
But even just there? How small a thing't had bin
(If they had beene so provident) to winne
The day with ease? Had they but taken thence
That cursed bone, what colour of defence
Had *Samson* found? Or how could he withstood
The necessary danger of his blood?

Where Heav'n doth please to ruine, humane wit
Must faile, and deeper policie must submit:
There, wisdome must be fool'd, & strength of brain
Must worke against it selfe, or worke in vaine:
The track that seemes most likely, often leads
To death; and where securitie most pleads,
There dangers in their faireſt shapes appeare,
And give us not so great a helpe, as feare:
The things we lest suspect, are often they,
That most effect our ruine, and betray:
Who would have thought, the silly Asses bone,
Not worth the spurning, should have overthrowne
So stout a Band? Heav'n oftentimes thinkes best
To overcome the greatest with the least:
He gaines most glory in things that are most slight,
And winnes in honour what they want in might:
Who would have thought that *Sāsons* deadly thirst
Should have bin quencht with waters, that did burst
And flow from that dry bone? who would not think
The thirsty Conquerour, for want of drinke,
Should first have died? what mad-mā could presume
So dry a tooth should yeeld so great a Rheume?

God

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God does not worke like man; nor is he tyed
To outward meanes: His pleasure is his guide,
Not Reason: He that is the God of nature,
Can worke against it: He that is Creator
Of all things, can dispose them, to attend
His will, forgetting their created end:
He whose Almightie power did supply
This bone with water, made the red Sea dry.
Great God of Nature, 'tis as great an ease
For thee to alter nature, if thou please,
As to create it; Let that hand of thine
Shew forth thy power, and please to alter mine:
My sinnes are open, but my sorrow's hid;
I cannot drench my couch, as *David* did;
My braines are marble, and my heart is stone:
O strike mine eyes, as thou didst strike that bone.

THE ARGVMENT.

He lodgeth with a Harlot: wait
is laid, and guards are pitcht about:
He beares away the Citie gate
upon his shoulders, and goes out.

Sect. 19.

THus when victorious *Samson* had unliv'd
This hoast of armed men; and had reviv'd
His fainting spirits; and refresht his tongue
With those sweet christall streames, that lately sprung
From his neglected weapon, he arose
(Secured from the tyranny of his Foes

By

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By his Heaven-borrowed ſtrength)& boldly came
To a Philiſtian City, knowne by th'name
Of *Azza*; where, as he was paſſing by,
The careleſſe Champion caſt his wandring eye
Vpon a face, whoſe beautie did invite
His wanton heart to wonder and delight:
Her curious haire was criſp'd: Her naked breſt
Was white as Ivory, and fairely dreſt
With coſtly Iewels: in her glorious face,
Nature was hidden, and diſſembled grace
Damaskt her roſie cheekes: Her eyes did ſparke,
At every glance, like Diamonds in the darke:
Bold was her brow; whoſe frowne was but a foyle
To glorifie her better pleaſing ſmile;
Her pace was careleſſe, ſeeming to diſcover
The paſſions of a diſcontented Lover:
Sometime her op'ned Caſement gives her eye
A twinckling paſſage to the paſſer by;
And when her fickle fancy had given o'r
That place, ſhe comes and wantons at the dore;
There *Samſon* view'd her, and his ſteps could finde
No further ground; but (guided by his minde)
Caſt Anchor there. Have thy obſerving eyes
E'r mark'd the Spiders garbe, how cloſe ſhe lies
Within her curious webbe; and by and by,
How quick ſhe haſtes to her intangled Flie;
And whiſp'ring poyſon in her murmuring eares,
At laſt ſhe tugs her ſilent gueſt, and beares
His hampred body to the inner roome
Of her obſcure and ſolitary Home:
Even ſo this ſnaring beautie entertaines
Our eye-led *Samſon*, tampred with the chaines
Of her imperious eyes; and he, that no man
Could conquer; now lies conquered by a woman:

Faire

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Faire was his welcome, and as fairely expreſt
By her delicious language, which profeſt
No leſſe affection than ſo ſweet a friend,
Could, with her beſt expreſſions, recommend?
Into her glorious chamber ſhe directs
Her welcome gueſt, and with her faire reſpects
She entertaines him; with a bounteous kiſſe,
She gives him earneſt of a greater bliſſe;
And with a brazen countenance, ſhe brake
The way to her unchaſte deſires, and ſpake;
« Mirrour of mankind; thou ſelected flowre
« Of loves faire knot, welcome to *Flora's* Bowre;
« Cheare up my love; and looke upon theſe eyes,
« Wherein my beauty, and thy picture lyes;
« Come take me priſ'ner in thy folded armes;
« And boldly ſtrike up ſprightly loves alarmes
« Vpon theſe ruby lips, and let us trie
« The ſweets of love; Here's none but thee and I:
« My beds are ſofteſt Downe, and pureſt Lawne
« My ſheets; my Vallents and my Curtaines drawne
« In gold and ſilkes of curious die: Behold,
« My coverings are of Tap'ſtry, inrich't with gold;
« Come, come, and let us take our fill of pleaſure;
« My husbands abſence lends me dainty leaſure
« To give thee welcome: come let's ſpend the night
« In ſweet enjoyment of unknowne delight.
Her words prevail'd: And being both undreſt,
Together went to their defiled reſt.
By this the newes of *Samſons* being there
Poſſeſt the Citie, and fill'd every eare:
His death is plotted; And advantage lends
New hopes of ſpeed: An armed guard attends
At every gate, that when the breaking day
Shall ſend him forth, expecting forces may

Betray

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Betray him to his ſudden death; and ſo
Revenge their kingdomes ruines at a blow:
But luſtfull *Samſon* (whoſe diſtruſtfull eares
Kept open houſe) was now poſſeſt with feares:
He heares a whiſp'ring, and the trampling feet
Of people paſſing in the ſilent ſtreet;
He whom undaunted courage lately made
A glorious Conquerour, is now afraid;
His conſcious heart is ſmitten with his ſinne;
He cannot chuſe but feare, and feare agin:
He feares; and now the terrible alarmes
Of ſinne doe call him from th'unlawfull armes
And lips of his luxurious Concubine;
Bids him ariſe from dalliance, and reſigne
The uſurpation of his luke-warme place
To ſome new ſinner, whoſe leſſe dangerous caſe
May lend more leaſure to ſo foule a deed:
Samſon, with greater and unwonted ſpeed
Leapes from his wanton bed; his feares doe preſſe
More haſte to cloath, than luſt did to undreſſe;
He makes no tarriance, but with winged haſte,
Beſtrides the ſtreets; and to the gates he paſt,
And through the armed troupes he makes his way;
Beares gates, and barres, and pillars all away;
So ſcap'd the rage of the Philiſtian band,
That ſtill muſt owe his ruine to their Land.

Meditat. 19.

HOw weake, at ſtrongeſt, is poore fleſh and blood!
Samſon, the greatnes of whoſe power withſtood
A little world of armed men, with death,
Muſt now be foyled with a womans breath:

The

The Mother sometimes lets her infant fall,
To make it hold the surer by the wall:
God lets his servant often goe amisse,
That he may turne, and see how weake he is:
David that found an overflowing measure
Of heavens high favours, and as great a treasure
Of saving grace, and portion of the Spirit,
As flesh and blood was able to inherit,
Must have a fall to exercise his feares,
And make him drowne his restles couch with teares:
Wise *Salomon*, within whose heart was planted
A fruitfull stocke of heavenly wisedome, wanted
Not that, whereby his weaknesse understood
The perfect vanity of flesh and blood:
Whose hand seem'd prodigall of his *Isaacs* life,
He durst not trust Gods Providence with his wife:
The righteous Lot had slidings: Holy *Paul*
He had his prick; and *Peter* had his fall:
The sacred Bride, in whose faire face remaines
The greatest earthly beauty, hath her staines:
If man were perfect and intirely good,
He were not man; he were not Flesh and blood:
Or should he never fall, he would at length,
Not see his weaknesse, and presume in strength:
Ere children know the sharpnesse of the Edge,
They thinke their fingers have a privilledge
Against a wound; but having felt the knife,
A bleeding finger sometimes saves a life.
Lord, we are children. & our sharp-edg'd knives,
Together with our blood, let out our lives;
Alas, if we but draw them from the sheath,
They cut our fingers, and they bleed to death.
Thou great Chirurgion of a bleeding soule,
Whose soveraigne balme, is able to make whole

The

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The deepeſt wound. Thy ſacred ſalve is ſure;
We cannot bleed ſo faſt, as thou canſt cure:
Heale thou our wounds, that having ſalv'd the ſore
Our hearts may ſcare, and learne to ſinne no more;
And let our hands be ſtrangers to thoſe knives,
That wound not fingers onely, but our lives.

THE ARGVMENT.

He ſats in leagve with Delila:
the Nobles bribe her to diſcover
Her Samſons *ſtrength, and learne the way*
to binde her armes prevayling Lover.

Scil. 20.

NOt farre from *Azza*, in a fruitfull Valley
Cloſe by a brook, whoſe ſilver ſtreames did dal-
With the ſmooth boſome of the wanton ſands, (ley
Whoſe winding current parts the neighb'ring lands,
And often waſhes the beloved ſides
Of her delightfull bankes, with gentle tides;
There dwelt a *Beauty*, in whoſe Sun-bright eye,
Love ſate inthron'd; and full of Majeſtie,
Sent forth ſuch glorious eye-ſurprizing rayes,
That ſhe was thought the wonder of her dayes:
Her name was called *Delila*, the faire;
Thither did amorous *Samſon* oft repaire,
And with the piercing flame of her bright eye,
He toy'd ſo long; that like a wanton flie
He burnt his luſtfull wings, and ſo became
The ſlaviſh priſ'ner to that conquering flame:

She

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Shee askt, and had: There's nothing was too high
For her to beg, or *Samson* to deny:
Who now but *Delila*? What name can raise
And crowne his drooping thoughts, but *Delila's*!
All time's misspent, each houre is cast away,
That's not imploy'd upon his *Delila*:
Gifts must be given to *Delila*: No cost,
If sweetest *Delila* but smile, is lost:
No joy can please, no happinesse can crowne
His best desires, if *Delila* but frowne:
No good can blesse his amorous heart, but this,
Hee's *Delila's*, and *Delila* is his.
Now when the lowder breath of fame had blowne
Her newes-proclaming Trumpet, and made knowne
This Lovers passion to the joyfull eares
Of the cow'd Philistines; their nimble feares
Advis'd their better hopes, not to neglect
So faire advantage, which may bring t'effect
Their best desires, and right their wasted land
Of all her wrongs, by a securer hand:
With that some few of the Philistian Lords
Repaire to *Delila*; with baited words
They tempt the frailty of the simple maid,
And having sworne her to their Counsell, said:
« Faire *Delila*; Thou canst not chuse but know
« The miseries of our land: whose ruines show
« The danger, wherinto not we, but all,
« If thou deny thy helpfull hand, must fall:
« Those fruitfull fields, that offer'd, but of late,
« Their plenteous favours to our prosperous State;
« See, how they lie a ruinous heape, and voide
« Of all their plenty; wasted, and destroy'd:
« Our common Foe hath sported with our lives:
« Hath slaine our children, and destroy'd our wives:
« Alas,

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« Alas, our poore distressed land doth groane
« Vnder that mischiefe that his hands have done;
« Widowes implore thee, and poore Orphans tongues
« Call to faire *Delila* to right their wrongs:
« It lies in thee to helpe; thy helpfull hand
« May have the Glory to revenge thy land;
« For which our thankfull Nation shall allow
« Not onely honour, but reward; and thou,
« From every hand that's present here, shalt gaine
« Above a thousand *Sickles* for thy paine.
To whom faire *Delila*, whom reward had tyed
To satisfie her owne desires, reply'd;
My Lords;
« My humble service I acknowledge due,
« First to my Native Country, next to you:
« If Heaven and Fortune have inricht my hand
« With so much power to relieve our Land,
« When ere your Honors please to call me to it,
« Beleeve it, *Delila* shall die, or doe it:
« Say then (my Lords) wherein my power may doe
« This willing service to my Land, or you.
« Thou knowest (say they) no forces can withstand
« The mighty strength of curst *Samsons* hand;
« He ruines armies, and does overthrow
« Our greatest Bands, nay, kingdomes at a blow;
« The limits of his, more than manly, powers
« Are not confin'd, nor is his arme like ours: (Arme
« His strength is more than man, his conquering
« Hath, sure, th'assistance of some potent charme;
« Which, nothing but the glory of thine eyes,
« (Wherein a farre more strong enchantment lies;)
« Can overthrow: He's pris'ner to thine eye,
« Nor canst thou aske, what *Samson* can deny:
« The sweetnesse of thy language hath the Art,

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« To dive into the secrets of his heart;
« Move *Samson* then: unbarre his bolted breſt,
« And let his deafned eares attaine no reſt,
« Vntill his eye-inchanted tongue replies,
« And tels thee where his hidden power lies:
« Vrge him to whiſper in thy private eare,
« And to repoſe his magick myſt'ry there;
« How, by what means, his ſtrength may be betrai'd
« To bonds, and how his power may be allaid;
« That we may right theſe wrongs, which his proud hand
« Hath rudely offer'd to our ruinous land:
« In this thou ſhalt obtaine the reputation
« To be the ſole redeemer of thy Nation,
« Whoſe wealth ſhal crown thy loyalty with a meed
« Due to the merits of ſo faire a deed:
Whereto faire *Delila*, (whoſe heart was tyed
To *Samſons* love for her owne ends;) replyed:
« My honourable Lords: If my ſucceſſe
« In theſe your juſt imployments prove no leſſe
« Than my deſiers, I ſhould thinke my paines
« Rewarded in the Action: If the raines
« Of *Samſons* headſtrong power were in my hands,
« Theſe lips ſhould vow performance, your cõmands
« Should worke obedience, in the loyall breſt
« Of your true ſervant; who would never reſt,
« Till ſhe had done the deed: But know my Lords,
« If the poore frailty of a womans words
« May ſhake ſo great a power, and prevaile,
« My beſt adviſ'd endeavours ſhall not faile
« To be imploy'd, Ile make a ſudden tryall;
« And quickly ſpeed, or finde a foule denyall.

Mediat.

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Meditat. 20.

INsatiate *Samſon!* Could not *Azza* ſmother
Thy flaming luſt, but muſt thou finde another?
Is th' old growne ſtale? and ſeek'ſt thou for a new?
Alas, where Two's too many, Three's too few:
Mans ſoule is infinite, and never tires
In the extenſion of her owne deſires:
The ſprightly nature of his active minde
Aimes ſtill at further; Will not be confinde
To th' poore dimenſions of Fleſh and blood;
Something it ſtill deſiers: Covets good,
Would faine be happy, in the ſweet enjoyment
Of what it proſecutes, with the imployment
Of beſt endeavours; but it cannot finde
So great a good, but ſomething's ſtill behind:
It firſt propounds, applauds, deſires, endevours;
At laſt injoyes; but (like to men in Fevours,
Who fancy alway thoſe things that are worſt)
The more it drinkes, the more it is athirſt:
The fruitfull earth, (whoſe nature is the worſe
For ſinne; with man partaker in the curſe)
Aymes at perfection; and would faine bring forth
(As firſt it did) things of the greateſt worth;
Her colder wombe endeavours (as of old)
To ripen all her Metals unto gold;
O, but that ſin-procured curſe hath chill'd
The heate of pregnant Nature, and hath fill'd
Her barren ſeed with coldneſſe, which does lurke
In her faint wombe, that her more perfect worke

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Is hindred; and, for want of heate brings forth
Imperfect metals, of a baser worth:
Even so the soule of Man in her first state,
Receiv'd a power, and a will to that
Which was most pure, and good; but, since the losse
Of that faire freedome, onely trades in drosse.
Aymes she at wealth? alas, her proud desire
Strives for the best, but failing to mount higher
Than earth, her errour grapples, and takes hold
On that, which earth can onely give her, Gold.
Aymes she at Glory? Her ambition flies
As high a pitch as her dull wings can rise;
But, failing in her strength, she leaves to strive,
And takes such Honour, as base earth can give.
Aymes she at pleasure? her desires extend
To lasting joyes whose pleasures have no end;
But wanting wings, she grovels on the Dust,
And there she lights upon a carnall Lust:
Yet ne'rtheless, th'aspiring Soule desires
A perfect good; but, wanting those sweet fires,
Whose heat should perfect her unrip'ned will,
Cleaves to th'apparent Good, which Good is ill;
Whose sweet enjoyment being farre unable
To give a satisfaction answerable
To her unbounded wishes, leaves a thirst
Of re-enjoyment, greater than the first.
Lord, when our fruitlesse fallowes are growne cold,
And out of heart, we can inrich the mould
With a new heate; we can restore againe
Her weakned soyle, and make it apt for graine;
And wilt thou suffer our faint soules, to lie
Thus unmanur'd, that is thy Husbandry?
They beare no other bulke, but idle weeds,
Alas, they have no heart, no heate; Thy seeds

Are

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Are cast away, untill thou please t'inspire
New strength, & quench them with thy sacred fire.
Stirre thou my Fallowes, and enrich my mould,
And they shall bring thee encrease a hundredfold.

THE ARGVMENT.

False Delila *accosts her Lover:*
her lips endeavour to entice
His gentle nature to discover
his strength: Samson *deceives her thrice.*

Sect. 21.

SO one as occasion lent our Champions eare
To *Delila*, which could not chuse but heare,
If *Delila* but whisper'd; she, whose wiles
Were neatly baited with her simple smiles,
Accosted *Samson*; her alluring hand (span'd
Sometime would stroke his Temples; sometime
His braway arme; sometimes would gently gripe
His sinewy wrest; another while would wipe
His sweating browes; Her wanton fingers plaid,
Sometimes, with his faire locks; sometimes, would (braid
His long dishevell'd hair; her eyes one while
Would steale a glance upon his eyes, and smile;
And then her crafty lips would speak; then, smother
Her broken speech; and then begin another:
At last, as if a sudden thought had brake
From the faire prison of her lips, she spake;
« How poore a Grisle is this arme of mine!
« Me thinkes 'tis nothing in respect of thine;
« I'd rather feell the power of thy Love,
« Than of thy hand; in that my heart would prove

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« The ſtouter Champion, & would make thee yeeld,
« And leave thee captive in the conq'r'd field.
« The ſtrength of my affection paſſes thine,
« As much as thy victorious arme does mine;
« The greateſt conqueſt then is due to me;
« Thou conquer'ſt others, but I conquer thee:
« But ſay my love, is it ſome hidden charme,
« Or does thy ſtock of youth enrich thy arme
« With ſo great power that can overthrow,
« And conquer mighty Kingdomes at a blow?
« What cauſe have I to joy! I need not feare
« The greateſt danger, now my *Samſon's* here:
« I feare no Rebels now; me thinkes thy power
« Makes me a Princeſſe, and my houſe a Tower:
« But ſay, my Love, if *Delila* ſhould finde thee
« Loſt in a ſleepe, could not her fingers binde thee?
« Me thinks they ſhould: But I would ſcorn to make
« So poore a Conqueſt: When th'art broad awake,
« Teach me the trick: Or if thou wilt deny me,
« Know, that my owne invention ſhall ſupply me;
« Without thy helpe: I'le uſe a womans charmes,
« And binde thee faſt within theſe circled Armes:
To whom the Champion ſmiling, thus replied;
« Take the greene Oſyers that were never dried,
« And binde thy *Samſons* wriſts together, then,
« He ſhall be faſt, and weake as other men:
With that the Philiſtines, that lay in waite
Within an eares command, commanded ſtraite
That Oſyers ſhould be brought: wherwith ſhe tyed
Victorious *Samſons* joyned hands, and cryed;
« *Samſon* make haſte; and let thy ſtrength appeare:
« *Samſon* take heed; the Philiſtines are here:
He ſtarts, and as the flaming fier cracks
The ſlender ſubſtance of th'untwiſted flaxe,

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Hee

He twicht in sunder his divided bands,
And in a moment freed his fastned hands;
With that offended *Delila* bewraid
A frowne, halfe sweetned with a smile, and said;
« Think'st thou thy *Delila* does goe about
« T'entrap thy life? Or can my *Samson* doubt
« To lodge a secret in the loyall brest
« Of faithfull *Delila*, that findes no rest,
« No happinesse, but in thy heart, alone,
« Whose joy I prize farre dearer than my owne?
« Why then shouldst thou deceive me, and impart,
« So foule a falshood to so true a heart?
« Come, grant my suite, and let that faithlesse tongue
« Make love amends wch hath done love this wrong:
To whom dissembling *Samson* thus replyed;
« Take twisted ropes, whose strength was never tried,
« And tie these closed hands together, then
I shall be fast, and weake as other men:
With that she bound him close; and having made
The knot more suer, than her love's, she said;
Samson arise, and take thy strength upon thee;
Samson make haste; the Philistines are on thee:
He straight arose. and as a striving hand
Would breake a Sisters thred, he crackt the band
That bound his arms, he crackt the bands in sunder;
But frowning *Delila*, whose heart did wonder
No lesse than vexe, being fil'd with discontent,
She said; « False lover, If thy heart had meant
« What thy faire tongue had formerly profest,
« Thou ne'r hadst kept thy secrets from my brest:
« Wherein hath *Delila* beene found unjust,
« Not to deserve the honour of thy trust?
« Wherein have I been faithlesse or disloyall?
« Or what request of thine e'r found denyall?

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« Had I but bin so wise, as to deny,
« *Samson* might beg'd, and mist, as well as I:
« But tis my fortune, still to be most free
« To those, as are the most reserv'd to me:
« Be not ingratefull, *Samson*, If my brest
« Were but as false, as thine is hard, I'd rest
« To tempt thy silence, or to move my suite:
« Speake then, but speake the truth, or else be mute.
To whom fond *Samson*: « If thy hands would tie
« These locks to yonder Beame, they will discrie
« My native weakenesse; and thy *Samson* then
« Would be as poore in strength, as other men.
So said: her bulse fingers soone obey'd,
His locks being platted to the Beame, she said:
« *Samson*, bestirre thee; and let thy power appeare:
« *Samson* take heed, the *Philistines* are here:
With that he quits the place (whereon he lay.
Falne fast asleepe,) and bore the Beame away.

Medita. 21.

SEE how the crafty Serpent twists and windes
Into the brest of man! What paths he findes,
And crooked by-wayes! With how sweet a baite
He hides the hooke of his inveterate hate!
What sugar'd words, and care-delighting Art
He uses, to supplant the yeelding heart
Of poore deceived man, who stands and trusts
Vpon the broken staffe of his false lusts!
He tempts, allures, suggests, and in conclusion,
Makes Man the Pander to his owne confusion:

The

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The fruit was faire and pleasing to the eyes,
Apt to breed knowledge, and to make them wise;
Must they not taste so faire a fruit, not touch?
Yes, doe: Twill make you gods, and know as much
As he that made it: Thinke you, you can fall
Into deathes hands? Ye shall not dye at all.
Thus fell poore man: his knowledge proved such,
Better t'had bin he had not knowne so much:
Thus this old Serpent takes advantage still
On our defiers and distempered will.
Art thou growne Covetous? wouldst thou faine bee rich?
He comes and strikes thy heart with the dry itch
Of having: wealth will rouze thy heartlesse friends;
Make thee a potent Master of thy Ends;
'Twill bring thee honour; make thy suites at Law
Prosper at will, and keepe thy Foes in awe.
Art thou ambitious? He will kindle fire
In thy proud thoughts, & make thy thoughts aspire;
Hee'll come and teach thy honour how to scorne
Thy old acquaintance, whom thou hast outworne:
Hee'll teach thee how to Lord it, and advance
Thy servants fortunes with thy Countenance.
Wouldst thou enjoy the pleasures of the flesh?
Hee'll bring thee wanton Ladies to refresh
Thy drooping soule, Hee'll teach thine eyes to woo;
Instruct thee how to wooe; hee'll be thy Pander:
Hee'll fill thy amorous soule with the sweet passion
Of powerfull love, Hee'll give thee dispensation,
To sinne at pleasure, he will make thee slave
To thy owne thoughts; he'll make thee beg & crave
To be a drudge; hee'll make thy trecherous breath
Destroy thee, and betray thee to thy death.
Lord, if our Father *Adam* could not stay
In his upright perfection, one poore day;

How

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How can it be expected, we have power
To hold out Seige, one scruple of an hower:
Our Armes are bound with too unequall bands;
We cannot strive; We cannot loose our hands:
Great *Nazarite*, awake, and looke upon us:
Make haste to helpe; The Philistines are on us.

THE ARGVMENT.

She sues againe; Samson replies
the very truth: Her lips betray him:
They binde him; they put out his eyes,
and to the prison they convey him.

Sect. 12.

WIth that, the wanton, whose distrustfull eye
Was fixt upon reward, made this reply;
"Had the denyall of my poore request
"Proceeded from th'inexorable brest
"Of one, whose open hatred sought t'indanger
"My haunted life; Or had it bin a stranger,
"That wanted so much nature, to deny
"The doing of a common curtesie;
"Nay, had it bin a friend that had deceiv'd me,
"An ordinary friend, it ne'r had griev'd me:
"But thou, even thou, my bosome friend, that art
"The onely joy of my deceived heart;
"Nay thou, whose honey-dropping lips so often
"Did plead thy undissembled love, and soften
"My deare affection, which could never yeeld
"To easier termes, By thee, to be beguild?

"How

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« How often hast thou mockt my slender suite
« With forged fallhood? Hadst thou but bin mute,
« I ne'r had hop'd: but being fairly led
« Towards my prompt desiers, which were fed
« With my false hopes, and thy false-hearted tongue
« And then beguild? I hold it as a wrong:
« How canst thou say thou lov'st me? How can I
« Thinke but thou hat'st me, when thy lips deny
« So poore a Suite? Alas, my fond desire
« Had slak'd had not deny all blowne the fire:
« Grant then at last, and let thy open brest
« Shew that thou lov'st me, & grant my fair request:
« Speake, or speake not, thy *Delila* shall give o't
« To urge; her lips shall never urge thee more:
To whom the yeelding Lover thus betrai'd
His heart, being tortur'd unto death, and said;
« My Deare, my *Delila*; I cannot stand
« Against so sweet a pleader; in thy hand
« I here intrust, and to thy brest impart
« Thy *Samsons* life, and secrets of his heart;
« Know then my *Delila*, that I was borne
« A *Nazarite*; these locks were never shorne;
« No Razor yet came e'r upon my crowne; (gone:
« There lies my strength, with them my strength is
« Were they but shaven, my *Delila*; O, then
« Thy *Samson* should be weake as other men;
No sooner had he spoken, but he spred
His body on the floore, his drowzy head
He pillow'd on her lap; untill, at last,
He fell into a sleepe: and being fast,
She clipt his locks from off his careless head,
And beckning the Philistians in, she said;
« *Samson* awake; take strength and courage on thee;
« *Samson* arise; the Philistines are on thee:

Even

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Even as a Dove, whose wings are clipt for flying,
Flutters her idle stumps; and still's relying
Vpon her wonted refuge, strives in vaine,
To quit her life from danger, and attaine
The freedome of her aire-dividing plumes;
She struggles often, and the oft presumes
To take the Sanctuary of the open fields;
But, finding that her hopes are vaine, she yeelds:
Even so poore *Samson* (frighted at the sound,
That rouz'd him from his rest) forsooke the ground;
Perceiving the *Philistians* there at hand
To take him pris'ner, he began to stand
Vpon his wonted Guard: His threatning brasn
Brings forth the prologue to their following death:
He rouz'd himselfe, and, like a Lyon, shooke
His drowzy limmes; and with a cloudy looke,
(Foretelling boystrous and tempestuous weather)
Defi'd each one, defi'd them all together:
Now when he came to grapple, he uphear'd
His mighty hand, but now (alas, bereav'd
Of wonted power) that confounding arme
(That could no lesse than murther) did no harme;
Blow was exchang'd for blow, & wound for wound;
He that of late, disdained to give ground,
Flies back a pace, who lately stain'd the field
With conquer'd blood, does now begin to yeeld;
He that of late brake twisted Ropes in twaine,
Is bound with Packthred; he that did disdaine
To feare the power of an armed Band,
Can now walke prisoner in a single hand:
Thus have the trecherous Philistines betrai'd
Poore captive *Samson*: *Samson* now obey'd:
Those glowing eyes, that whirled death about,
Where ere they view'd, their cursed hands put out,

They

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They led him prisner, and convay'd him downe
To strong-wall'd *Azza*, (that *Philistian* towne,
Whose gates his shoulders lately bore away)
There, in the common prison, did they lay
Distressed *Samson*, who obtain'd no meate,
But what he purchas'd with his painfull sweat;
For every day they urg'd him to fulfill
His twelve houres taske, at the laborious Mill,
And when his wasted strength began to tire,
They quicken his bare sides with whips of Wire:
Fill'd was the towne with Joy, and Triumph: All,
From the high-Prince to th'Cobler, on the stall,
Kept holy-day; whilest every voyce became
Hoarse as the Trumpe of newes-divulging fame;
All tongues were fill'd with shouts: And every eare
Was growne impatient of the whisperer;
So generall was their Triumph, their applause,
That children shouted e'r they knew a cause:
The better sort betooke them to their knees,
Dagon must worship'd be: « *Dagon*, that frees
« Both Sea and Land; *Dagon*, that did subdue
« Our common Foe: *Dagon* must have his due:
« *Dagon* must have his praise; must have his prize:
« *Dagon* must have his holy Sacrifice:
« *Dagon* has brought to our victorious hand
« Proud *Samson*: *Dagon* has redeem'd our land:
« We call to *Dagon*; and our *Dagon* heares;
« Our groanes are come to holy *Dagons* eares;
« To *Dagon* all renowne and Glory be;
« Where is there such another *god* as He?

Meditat.

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Meditat. 22.

HOw is our story chang'd? O, more than strange
Effects of so small time! O, sudden change,
Is this that holy Nazarite, for whom
Heaven shew'd a Miracle on the barren wombe?
Is this that holy Thing, against whose Birth
Angels must quit their Thrones, and visit Earth?
Is this that blessed Infant, that began
To grow in favour so with God and man?
What, is this he, who (strengthen'd by heav'ns hand)
Was borne a Champion to redeeme the Land?
Is this the man, whose courage did contest
With a fierce Lyon, grapling brest to brest;
And in a twinkling tore him quite in sunder?
Is this that Conquerour, whose arme did thunder
Vpon the men of Askalon, the power
Of whose bent fist slew thirty in an hower?
Is this the daring Conquerour, whose hand
Thrasht the proud Philistines in their wasted Land?
And was this He, that with the helpe of none,
Destroy'd a thousand with a silly Bone?
Or he, whose wrists, being bound together, did
Breake Cords like flax, and double ropes like thrid?
Is this the man whose hands unhindg'd those Gates,
And bare them thence, with pillars, bars and Grates?
And is he turn'd a Mill-horse now? and blinde?
Must this great Conquerour be forc'd to grinde
For bread and water? Must this Heroe spend
His latter times in drudgery? must he end
His weary dayes in darknesse? Must his hyer,
Be knotted cords, and torturing whips of wyre?

Where

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Where heavn withdraws, the creaturs power ſhakes;
What miſerie's wanting there where God forſakes?
Had *Samſon* not abus'd his borrow'd power,
Samſon had ſtill remain'd a Conquerour:
The Philiſtines did act his part; No doubt,
His eyes offended, and they pluckt them out:
Heaven will be juſt: He puniſhes a ſin,
Oft in the member, that he findes it in.
When faithleſſe *Zacharias* did become
Too curious, his lips were ſtrucken dumbe:
Samſon whoſe luſtfull view did over-prize
Vnlawfull beautie, 's puniſht in his eyes;
Thoſe flaming eyes ſeduc'd his wanton minde
To act a ſinne; Thoſe eyes are ſtricken blinde;
The beauty he invaded, did invade him,
And that faire tongue, that bleſt him ſo, betraid him:
That ſtrength, intemperate luſt imploy'd ſo ill,
Is now a driving the laborious Mill;
Thoſe naked ſides, ſo pleas'd with luſts deſire,
Are now as naked, laſht with whips of wire:
Lord, ſhould'ſt thou puniſh every part in me;
That does offend, what member would be free?
Each member acts his part; they never lin
Vntill they joyne, and make a body'of ſin:
Make ſinne my burthen; Let it never pleaſe me;
And thou haſt promis'd, when I come, to eaſe me,

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

They make a feast: And then to crowne
their mirth, blind Samson is brought thither:
He pulls the mighty Pillers downe;
the building falls: All flame together.

Sect. 23.

THus when the vulgar Triumph (which does last
But seldome, longer than the newes) was past,
And *Dagons* holy Altars had surceast
To breathe their idle fumes: they call'd a feast,
A common feast; whose bounty did bewray
A common joy to gratulate the day;
Whereto the Princes, under whose command
Each Province was, in their divided land;
Whereto the Lords, Lieutenants, and all those,
To whom the supreme Rulers did repose
An under-trust; whereto the better sort,
Of Gentry, and of Commons did resort,
With mirth, and jolly triumph, to allay
Their sorrowes, and to solemnize the day;
Into the common Hall they come: The Hall
Was large and faire; Her arched roofe was all
Builded with massie stone, and overlaid
With pond'rous Lead; Two sturdy Pillers stai'd
Her mighty Rafters up; whereon relyed
The weighty burthen of her lofty pride.
When lusty dyet, and the frollick cup
Had rouz'd and rais'd their quickned spirits up,

And

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And brave triumphing *Bacchus* had displaid
His conquering colours, in their cheeks, they said;
« Call *Samson* forth; He must not worke to day;
« 'Tis a boone feast; wee'll give him leave to play;
« Does he grinde bravely? does our Mil-horse sweat?
« Let him lack nothing; what he wants in meate,
« Supply in lashes; He is strong and stout,
« And with his breath can drive the Mill about:
« He works too hard, we fear: Go down & free him;
« Say, that his Mistresse *Delila* would see him:
« The sight of him will take our howers short;
« Goe fetch him then to make our Honours sport:
« Bid him provide some Riddles; let him bring
« Some song of Triumph; he that's blinde, may sing
« With better boldnesse: Bid him never doubt
« To please: what matter though his eyes be out?
« 'Tis no dishonour, that he cannot see;
« Tell him the God of Love's as blinde as he.
With that they brought poore *Samson* to the Hall;
And as he past, he gropes to finde the wall;
His pace was slow; His feet were lifted high;
Each tongue will taunt him; every scornfull eye
Was fill'd with laughter; Some would cry aloud,
« He walks in state: his Lordship is growne proud:
Some bid his Honour, *Haile*, whil'st others cast
Reproachfull termes upon him; as he past,
Some would salute him fairely, and embrace
His wounded sides, then spit upon his face:
Others would cry; « For shame forbeare t'abuse
« The high and great redeemer of the Iewes:
Some gibe and flout him with their taunts & quips,
Whil'st others flurt him on the starting lips:
With that poore *Samson*, whose abundant griefe,
Not finding hopes of comfort or reliefe,

Resolv'd for patience: Turning round, he made
Some shift to feele his Keeper out, and said:
« Good Sir, my painfull labour in the Mill
« Hath made me bold (although against my will)
« To crave some little rest; If you will please
« To let the pillar but afford some ease
To my worne Limmes, your mercy shall relieve
« A soule that has no more but thankes, to give.
The Keeper yeelded: (Now the Hall was fill'd
With Princes, and their People that beheld
Abused *Samson*; whil'st the Roofe retain'd
A leash of thousands more, whose eyes were chain'd
To this sad object, with a dull delight,
To see this flesh-and-blood-relenting sight;
With that the pris'ner turn'd himselfe and pray'd
So soft, that none but heaven could heare, and said;
« My God, my God: Although my sinnes doe cry
« For greater vengeance, yet thy gracious eye
« Is full of mercy, O, remember now
« The gentle promise, and that sacred vow
« Thou mad'st to faithfull *Abram*, and his seed,
« O, heare my wounded soule, that has lesse need
« Of life, than mercy: Let thy tender care
« Make good thy plenteous promise now, and heare;
« See, how thy cursed enemies prevaile
« Above my strength; Behold, how poore and fraile
« My native power is, and, wanting thee,
« What is there, oh, what is there (Lord) in me?
« Nor is it I that suffer: My desert
« May challenge greater vengeance, if thou wert
« Extreme to punish: Lord, the wrong is thine;
« The punishment is just, and onely mine.
« For thy *Champion*, Lord, It is not me (thee:
« They strike at; Through my sides they thrust at

« Against

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« Against thy *Glory* 'tis their Malice lies;
« They aym'd at that, when they put out these eyes:
« Alas, their blood-bedabl'd hands would slie
« On thee, wert thou but cloath'd in flesh as I:
« Revenge thy wrongs, great God; O let thy hand
« Redeeme thy suffring honour, and this Land:
« Lend me thy power; renew my wasted strength,
» That I may fight thy battels; and at length,
« Rescue thy glory; that my hands may doe
« That faithfull service they were borne unto:
« Lend me thy power, that I may restore
« Thy losse, and I will never urge thee more.
Thus having ended, both his armes he laid
Vpon the pillars of the Hall, and said;
« Thus with the Philistines I resigne my breath;
« And let my God finde Glory in my death:
And having spoke, his yeelding body strain'd
Vpon those Marble pillars, that sustain'd (fall,
The pondrous Roofe; they crackt; and, with their
Downe fell the Battlements, and Roofe, and all;
And with their ruines slaughter'd at a blow
The whole Assembly; they that were below
Receiv'd their sudden deaths from those that fell
From off the top; whil'st none was left to tell
The horrid shreekes that fill'd the spacious Hall,
Whose ruines were impartiall, and slew all:
They fell, and with an unexpected blow,
Gave every one his death and buriall too.
Thus dy'd our *Samson*, whose brave death has won
More honour than his honour'd life had done:
Thus dy'd our Conquerour; whose latest breath
Was crown'd with Conquest, triumph'd over death:
Thus dy'd our *Samson*; whose last drop of blood
Redeem'd heav'ns glory, and his Kingdomes good:

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Thus dy'd heavens Champion, and the earths bright
The heavenly subject of this sacred Story : (Glory;
And thus th'impartiall hand of death, that gathers
All to the Grave, repos'd him with his fathers;
Whose name shall florish, and be still in prime,
In spight of ruine, or the teeth of Time;
Whose fame shall last, till heaven shall please to free
This Earth from Sinne, and time shall cease to be.

Meditat. 23.

VVAges of sinne is death : The day must come,
Wherein the equall hand of death must
The severall Items of mans fading glory, (summe
Into the easie totall of one Story :
The browes that sweat for Kingdomes, and renown,
To glorifie their Temples with a Crowne ;
At length grow cold, and leave their honour'd name
To flourish in th'uncertaine blast of Fame :
This is the height that glorious Mortals can
Attaine; this is the highest pitch of Man :
The quilted Quarters of the earths great Ball,
Whose uncoufined limits were too small
For his extreame Ambition to deserve,
Sixe foot of length, and three of bredth must serve :
This is the highest pitch that Man can flie :
And after all his Triumph, he must die.
Lives he in Wealth ? Does well-deserved store
Limit his wish, that he can wish no more ?
And does the fairest bounty of increase
Crowne him with plenty, and his dayes with peace?
It is a right hand blessing; But supply
Of wealth cannot secure him; He must die :

Lives

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Lives he in Pleasure? Does perpetuall mirth
Lend him a little Heaven upon his earth?
Meets he no sullen care, no sudden losse
To coole his joyes? Breathes he without a crosse?
Wants he no pleasure that his wanton eye
Can crave, or hope from fortune? He must die.
Lives he in Honour? Hath his faire desart
Obtain'd the freedome of his Princes heart?
Or may his more familiar hands disburse
His liberall favours from the royall purse?
Alas, his honour cannot soare too high,
For pale-fac'd death to follow: He must die.
Lives he a Conquerour? And doth heaven blesse
His heart with spirit, that spirit with successe;
Successe, with Glory; Glory, with a name,
To live with the Eternitie of Fame?
The progresse of his lasting fame may vie
With time; But yet the Conquerour must die.
Great, and good God: Thou Lord of life and death;
In whom, the Creature hath his being, breath;
Teach me to underprize this life, and I
Shall finde my losse the easier when I die:
So raise my feeble thoughts, and dull desire
That when these vaine and weary dayes expire,
I may discard my flesh with joy, and quit
My better part, of this false earth; and it
Of some more sinne; and for this transitory
tedious life, enjoy a life of Glory.

The end.

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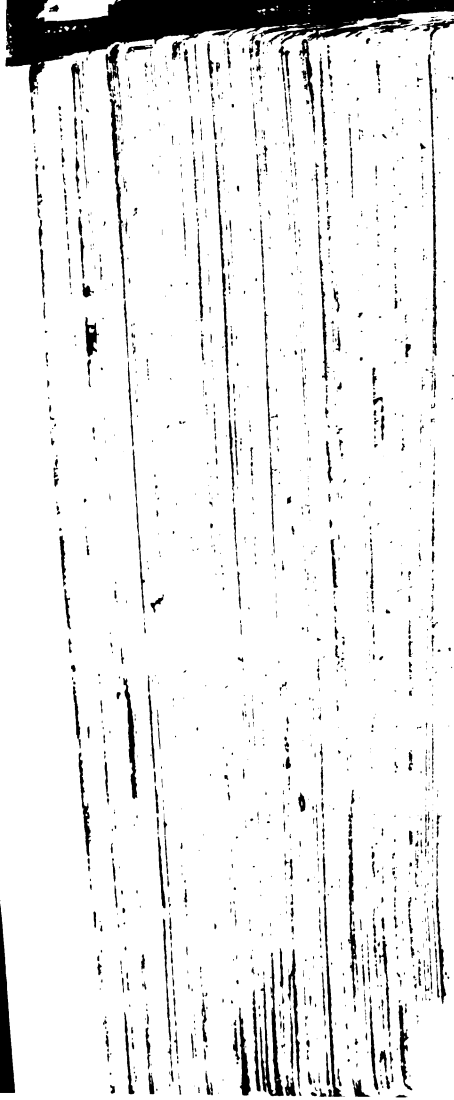

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Resist the Devill, etc. James 4. For if ye live after the flesh ye shall die: Rom: 8. 13.

For their worm shall not die neither shall their fire be quenched. Isay. 66. 24

The Holy Jerusalem had no need of the Sun etc: for ye glory of God did lighten it:

And he shall send his Angels with a great sound of a Trumpet Mat: 24. 31.

before Sions Sonnets

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357

SIONS
SONETS:

Sung

By SOLOMON the KING:

And

PERIPHRAS'D

By *Fra: Quarles.*

LONDON,

Printed by MILES FLESHER.

1634.

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To the READERS.

READERS, now you have them. May the end of my paines be the beginning of your pleasures. Excuse mee for soaring so high, else give mee leave to excuse my selfe; Indeed I flew with Eagles feathers; otherwise I had not flowne or falne. It is the *Song of Songs*, I here present you with: The Author, King SALOMON, the wisest of Kings; The matter, mysticall, the divinest of subjects; The speakers, CHRIST, the *Bridegroome*; the CHVRCH, the *Bride*; The end, to invite you all to the wedding.

Farewell.

AN

AN EPITHALME TO THE BRIDE-GROOME.

HOsanna *to the Highest. Ioybetide* (Bride;
The heavenly Bridegroome, *and his holy*
Let heaven above be fill'd with songs,
Let Earth triumph below;
For ever silent be those tongues,
That can be silent now.
You Rocks, and Stones, I charge you all to breake
Your flinty silence, if men cease to speake.
You that professe that sacred Art,
Or now, or never shew it,
Plead not, your Muse is out of heart,
Here's that creates a Poet.
Be ravisht Earth to see this contract driven,
'Twixt sinfull Man, and reconciled Heaven.
Dismount you Quier of Angels; come,
With Men, your joyes divide;
Heaven never shew'd so sweet a Groome,
Nor Earth so faire a Bride.

SIONS

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SIONS SONETS.

BRIDE.

SONET. I.

1.

O That the bounty of thoſe lips Divine,
Would ſeale their favours on theſe lips of mine,
That by thoſe welcome * kiſſes, I might ſee
The mutuall love betwixt my Love and me,
For truer bliſſe, no worldly joy allowes,
Than ſacred Kiſſes from ſo ſweet a Spouſe,
With which no earthly pleaſure may compare,
Rich Wines are not ſo delicate as they'r.

* *Senſible graces.*

2.

NOr Myrrh, nor Caſſia, nor the choyce perfumes
Of unctious Narde, or Aromaticke fumes
Of hot *Arabia* doe enrich the Aire
With more delicious ſweetneſſe, than the faire
Reports, that crowne the merits of thy Name,
With heavenly Lawrels of eternall fame;
Which makes the * Virgins fix their eyes upon thee,
And all that view thee, are enamour'd on thee.

* *Pure in heart.*

O,

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3.

O Let the beauty of thy Sun-like face
Inflame my soule, and let thy glory chace
Dislov'all thoughts: let not the World allure
My chaste desiers from a Spouse so pure;
But when as time shall place me on thy * Throne,
My feares shall cease, and interrupt by none,
I shall transcend the stile of Transitory,
And full of Glory, still be fill'd with glory.
* *The Kingdome of Heaven.*

4.

BVt you, my curious (and too nice) allyes,
That view my fortunes, with too narrow eyes,
You say my face is * black, and foule; 'tis true;
I'm beautious to my Love, though black to you;
My censure stands not upon your esteeme,
He sees me as I * am; you, as I seeme;
You see the clouds, but he discernes the Skie;
Know, 'tis my * maske that lookes so black, not I.
* *Through apparent infirmities.* * *Glorious in him.*
* *Weaknesse of the flesh.*

5.

VVHat if Afflictions doe dis-imbelish
My naturall glory, and deny the relish
Of my adjourned beauty, yet disdaine not
Her, by whose necessary losse, you gaine not;
I was inforc'd to * swelter in the Sunne,
* *Afflictions.*

And

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And * keepe a ſtrangers Vine, left mine alone;
I left mine owne, and kept a ſtrangers Vine;
The fault was * mine, but was * not onely mine.

* *Forced to Idolatrous ſuperſtitions.* * *By reaſon of my weakneſſe.* * *Being ſeduced by falſe prophets.*

6.

OThou, whoſe love I prize above my life,
More worthy farre t'enjoy a fairer wife,
Tell me, to what cool ſhade doſt thou reſort? (port
Where graze thy Sheepe, where doe thy Lambs diſ-
Free from the ſcorching of this * ſoultry weather?
O tell thy Love, and let thy Love come thither:
Say (gentle Shepheard) fits it thee to cheriſh
Thy private Flocks, and let thy true Love * periſh?

* *Perſecutions.* * *By Idolatry.*

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET. II.

ILluſtrious *Bride*, more radiant and more * bright,
Than th'eye of Noone, thrice fairer than the light;
Thou deareſt off-ſpring of my dying blood,
And treaſure of my ſoule, why haſt thou ſtood
Parching ſo long in thoſe ambitious beames?
Come, come & coole thee in theſe ſilver * ſtreames:
Vnſhade thy face, caſt back thoſe golden Locks,
And I will make thee * Miſtris of my Flocks.

* *Through my merits, and thy Sanctification.* * *The Doctrine of the true Prophets.* * *Teacher of my Congregations.*

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3.

OThou the Center of my choyce desires,
In whom I rest, in whom my soule respires;
Thou art the floure of beauty, and I prize thee
Above the world, howe'r the world despise thee:
The blinde imagines all things black by kinde,
Thou art as beautifull as they are blinde:
And as the fairest troopes of *Pharo's* steeds
Exceed the rest, so Thou the rest exceeds.

30

THy *cheek (the garden where fresh beauty plants
Her choycest flowers) no adorning wants;
There wants no relish of * diviner grace,
To summe compleatnesse, in so sweet a face;
Thy Neck without a blemish, without blot,
Than Pearles more orient, cleare from staine or spot;
Thy Gemms and Jewels full of curious art,
Imply the sacred treasures of thy heart.

* *Thy most visible parts.* * *Sanctification.*

4.

THe Sun-bright glory of thy resounding fame
Addes glory to the glory of thy Name;
The more's thy honour Love, the more thou striv'st
To honour me; thou gainest what thou giv'st:
My Father (whom our Contract hath made thine)
Will give thee large endowments of * Divine,
And everlasting treasure; Thus by me
Thou shalt be rich, that am thus rich in thee.

* *The riches of his holy Spirit.*

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BRIDE

BRIDE.

SONET. III.

OH, how my ſoul is raviſht with the joyes (voyce!
That ſpring like *Fountaines* from my true-loves
How cordiall are his lips! how ſweet his tongue!
Each word he breathes is a melodious ſong;
He abſent (ah) how is my glory dimme!
I have no beautie not deriv'd from Him;
What e'r I have, from Him alone I have,
And he takes pleaſure in thoſe gifts he gave.

2.

AS fragrant Myrrh, within the boſome hid,
Sents more delicious than (before) it did,
And yet receives no ſweetneſſe from that breſt,
That proves the ſweeter for ſo ſweet a gueſt:
Even ſo the favour of my deareſt Spouſe,
Thus priz'd and placed in my heart, endowes
My ardent ſoule with ſweetneſſe, and inſpires
With heavenly raviſhment, my rapt deſires.

3.

WHo ever ſmelt the breath of morning flowres
New ſweet'ned with the daſh of twilight (ſhowrs
Of poûded Amber, or the flowring Thyme,
Or purple Violets in their proudeſt prime,
Or ſwelling Cluſters from the Cypreſſe tree?
So ſweet's my Love; I farre more ſweet is Hee:
So faire, ſo ſweet, that Heavens bright eye is dimm,
And flowers have no ſent, compar'd with him.

BRIDE-

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BRIDEGROOME.

SONET. I III.

O Thou the joyes of my sufficed heart,
The more thou think'st me faire, the more thou (art;
Looke in the Chrystall mirrours of mine eyes,
And view thy beautie, there thy beautie lies;
See there th' unmated glory of thy Face,
Well mixt with Spirit, and divinest grace;
The eyes of Doves are not so faire as * thine:
O how those eyes inflame these eyes of mine!

* *The holy Prophets.*

BRIDE.

SONET. V.

MOst radiant and refulgent Lampe of light,
Whose midday beautie yet ne'r found a night,
'Tis thou, 'tis onely thou art faire; from Thee
Reflect those * rayes, that have enlightned me,
And as bright *Cinthias* borrow'd beames doe shine
From *Titan's* glory, so doe I from thine;
So dayly flourishes our fresh delight,
In daily * giving and receiving light.

* *Thy holy Spirit.* ^ *In giving grace and receiving glory.*

2.

NOr does thy glory shine to me alone;
What place, wherein thy glory hath not shone?
But O, how fragrant, with rich odour, smels (dwels?
That * sacred House, where thou my true Love

* *The Congregation of Saints.*

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Nor

Nor is it strange: How can those places bee
But fill'd with sweetnesse, if possest with thee!
My heart's a Heaven, for thou art in that heart,
Thy presence makes a Heaven, where e'r thou art.

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET VI.

THou soveraigne Lady of my select desires,
I, I am He, whom thy chaste soule admires:
The Rose for smell, the Lilly to the eye,
Is not so sweet, is not so faire as I:
My vailed beautie's not the glorious prize
Of common sight: * within, my beautie lies,
Yet ne'rthelesse my glory were but small,
If I should want, to honour thee withall.

* *Not in outward glory.* * *In inward graces.*

2.

NOr doe I boast my excellence alone, (none
But thine (deare Spouse) as whō, the world hath
So true to faith, so pure in love, as whom
Lives not a Bride, so fits so chaste a Groome;
And as the fairest Lilly doth exceed
The fruitlesse Bramble, or the foulest weede,
So farre (my Love) dost thou exceed the rest,
In perfect beauty of a loyall brest.

BRIDE.

SONET VII.

LOok how the fruitfull tree (whose laden boughs
With swelling pride, crowne Autumnes smiling
(Browes)

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Surpaſſes idle ſhrubs, even ſo in worth,
My love tranſcends the worthies of the earth:
He was my ſhore in ſhipwrack, and my ſhelter,
In ſtormes; my ſhade when I began to ſwelter;
If hungry, he was Food; and if oppreſt
With wrongs, my Advocate; with toyle, my reſt.

2.

I Thirſted; and full charged to the brinke,
He gave me * bowles of Nectar, for my drinke
And in his ſides, he broacht me (for a ſigne
Of deareſt love) a Sacramentall wine;
He freely gave; I freely dranke my fill;
The more I dranke, the more remained ſtill:
Did never Souldier to his Colours prove
More chaſte than I, to ſo intire a Love.

* *The Holy Scriptures.*

3.

O How his beauty ſets my ſoule on fire!
My ſpirits languiſh with extreme deſire;
Deſires exceeding limits, are too laviſh,
And wanting meanes to be effected, raviſh;
Then let thy * breath like flaggons of ſtrong wine,
Relieve and comfort this poore heart of mine;
For I am ſick, till time (that doth delay
Our Marriage) bring our joyfull Marriage day.

* *Thy ſweet promiſes.*

Till

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4.

TIll then, ô let my dearest Lord, by whom
These pleasing pains of my sweet sorrows come,
Performe his vowes, and with his dne resort,
Blesse me, to make the sullen time seeme short:
In his sweet presence may I still be blest,
Debarr'd from whom my soule can finde no rest;
O let all times be prosp'rous, and all places
Be witnesse to our undefil'd Embraces.

5.

ALL you, whose seeming favours have profest
The true affection of a loyall brest,
I charge you all by the true love you beare
To friendship, or what else ye count most deare,
* Disturbe ye not my Love, ô doe not reive
Him of his joyes, that is so apt to grieve;
Dare not to breake his quiet slumbers, lest
You rouze a raging Lyon from his rest.

* *Vexe not his spirit with your sinnes.*

6.

HArke, harke, I heare that thrice-celestiall voyce
Wherein my spirits, rapt with joyes, rejoyce;
A voyce, that tels me, my beloved's nigh;
I know the musick by the Majestie;
Behold he comes; 'Tis not my * blemisht face
Can slack the swiftnesse of his winged pace;
Behold he comes; His Trumpet doth proclaime,
He comes with speed; A truer love ne'r came.

* *The imperfections of my present estate.*

7.

BEhold the fleetneſſe of his nimble feet:
The Roe-Buck and the Hart were ne'r ſo fleet:
The word I ſpake flew not ſo ſpeedy from me,
As He, the treaſure of my ſoule comes to me,
He ſtands behinde my wall, as if in doubt
Of welcome: Ah, this * Wall debarres him out:
O how injurious is the Wall of ſinne,
That barres my Lover out, and bolts me in!

* *The weakneſſe of my fleſh.*

The BRIDE in the perſon of the BRIDEGROOME.

SONET VIII.

HArke, harke, me thinkes I heare my true love ſay,
Breake downe that envious barre & come away,
Ariſe (my deareſt Spouſe) and diſpoſſeſſe
Thy ſoule of doubtfull feares, nor overpreſſe
Thy tender ſpirits, with the dull deſpaire
Of thy demerits: (Love) thou art as faire,
As Earth will ſuffer: Time will make thee clearer,
Come forth (my Love) thâ whō my life's not dearer.

2.

COme forth (my joy) what bold affront of feare
Can fright thy ſoule, & I thy Champion here?
'Tis I that call, 'tis I, thy Bridegroome cals thee,
Betide it me, what ever evill befals thee:
The winter of thy ſharpe affliction's gone:
Why fear'ſt thou cold, and art ſo nere the Sunne?

I

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I am thy Sun, if thou be cold, draw nearer: (rer.
Come forth (my Love) then whom my life's not dea-

3.

Come forth (my deare) the spring of joyes invite (thee,
The * flowers cõtend for beautie to delight thee
Their sweet ambition's onely, which might be
Most sweet, most faire, because most like to thee:
The * Birds (sweet Heralds of so sweet a Spring)
Warble high notes, and *Hymenæus* sing:
All sing with joy, t'enjoy so sweet a Hearer:
Come forth (my love) then whõ my life's not dearer,
* *The Elect.* * *Angels.*

4.

The prosperous * Vine, which this dear hand did (plant
Tenders due service to so sweet a Saint:
Her hidden Clusters swell with sacred pride,
To * kisse the lips of so, so faire a Bride:
Masqu'd in their leafes, they lurke, fearing to bee
Descry'd by any, till first seene by thee.
The clouds are past, the heaven cannot be clearer
Come forth (dear Love) thẽ whõ my life's not dearer.
* *The Congregation of the faithfull.* * *To offer up the first fruites of obedience.*

5.

My Dove, whom daily * dangers teach new shifts,
That like a Dove, dost haunt the secret clifts
Of solitary Rockes: How e'r thou be
Reserv'd from others, be not strange to me.
* *Persecutions.*

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Call me to reſcue, and this brawny Arme
Shall quell thy Foe, and fence thy ſoule from harme;
Speake (Love;) Thy voyce is ſweet; what if thy face
Be drencht with teares; each teare's a ſeverall grace.

8.

ALL you that with proſperitie and peace,
To crowne our contract with a long encreaſe
Of future joyes, ô ſhield my ſimple Love
From thoſe that ſeeke her ruine, and remove
The baſe Oppoſers of her beſt deſignes;
Deſtroy the Foxes, that deſtroy her Vines,
Her Vines are fruitfull, but her tender Grapes
Are ſpoyl'd by Foxes, clad in humane ſhapes.

The BRIDE in her owne perſon.

SONET IX.

WHat greater joy can bleſſe my ſoule than this,
That my beloved's mine, and I am his!
Our ſoules are knit; the world cannot untwine
The joyfull union of his heart, and mine;
In him I live; in him my ſoule's poſſeſt
With heavenly Solace, and eternall reſt:
Heaven onely knowes the bliſſe my ſoule enjoyes,
Fond earth's too dull to apprehend ſuch joyes.

9.

THou ſweet perfection of my full delights,
Till that bright * Day, devoted to the rites
Of our ſolemniz'd Nuptials, ſhall come,
Come live with me, and make this heart thy Home.

* *The Day of Iudgement.*

Diſdaine

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Disdaine me not; Although my face appeare
Deform'd and cloudie, yet my heart is * cleare;
Make haste: Let not the swift-foot Roe-Buck flee
The following hound so fast, as thou to me.

* *By sanctification.*

3.

I Thought my Love had taken up his rest,
Within the * secret Cabin of my brest;
I thought the closed curtaines did immure
His gentle slumbers, but was too secure;
For (driven with love) to the false bed I * stept,
To view his slumbring beauty, as he slept,
But he was gone, yet plainely there was seene
The curious dint, where he had lately beene.

* *In my soule.* * *By strict examination.*

4.

IMpatient of his absence, thus bereaven
Of him, than whom, I had no other heaven,
I rav'd a while; not able to digest
So great a Losse, to lose so a faire a Guest:
I left no path untrae'd; no * place unsought;
No secret Cell unsearcht; no way unthought;
I ask'd the shade, but shadowes could not hide him;
I ask'd the World, but all the world deny'd him.

* *Amongst the wisest worldlings.*

5.

MY jealous Love, distemp'red with distraction,
Made fierce with feare, unapt for satisfaction,
Applyes fresh fuell to my flaming fires,
With Eagles wings supplies my quick desires

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Vp to the wals I trampled, where I ſpide
The * City watch, to whom with teares I cry'd,
Ah gentle Watchmen, you aloft deſcry
What's darke to us; did not my Love paſſe by?

* *The Miniſters of the word.*

6.

AT length, whē dull deſpaire had gain'd the grouñd
Of tyred hopes, my faith fell in a ſwound;
But He, whoſe ſympathiſing heart did finde
The tyrant paſſion of my troubled minde,
Forthwith appear'd: What Angels tongue can let
The world conceive our pleaſures, when we met?
And till the joyes of our eſpouſed hearts
Be made * compleat, the world ne'r more ſhal part's.

* *At the Reſurrection.*

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET X.

NOw reſts my love: Till now, her tender breſt
Wanting her joy, could finde no peace, no reſt;
I charge you all by the true love you beare
To friendſhip, or what elſe you count moſt deare;
Diſturbe her not, but let her ſleepe her fill,
I charge you all, upon your lifes be ſtill,
O may that labouring ſoule, that lives oppreſt
For me; in me receive eternall reſt.

2.

WHat curious face is this? what mortall birth
Cā ſhew a beauty, thus * unſtain'd with earth?

* *Through ſanctification by merits.*

What

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What glorious Angell wanders thus alone,
From earths foule dungeon, to my fathers throne?
It is my Love; my Love that hath deny'd
The world for me; It is my faireſt Bride:
How fragrant is her breath! How heavenly faire
Her Angel face! each glorifying the Ayre.

BRIDE.

SONET XI.

O How I'm * raviſht with Eternall bliſſe!
Who e'r thought heaven a joy cõpar'd to this?
How doe the pleaſures of this glorious Face
Adde glory to the glory of this place!
See how Kings Courts ſurmount poore Shepheards Cels,
So this the pride of *Salomon* excels;
Rich wreathes of Glory crowne his royall Head,
And troopes of Angels waite upon his bed.

* *By heavenly Contemplation.*

2.

THe Court of Princely *Salomon* was guarded
With able men at armes; their faith rewarded
With fading honours, ſubject to the fate
Of Fortune, and the jealous frownes of State;
But here th'harmonious Quire of heaven attend,
Whoſe prize is glory, glory without end,
Vnmixt with doubtings, or denegerous feare;
A greater Prince, than *Salomon* is here!

3.

THe Bridall bed of Princely *Salomon*,
(Whoſe beauty amaz'd the greedy lookers on,
Which

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Which all the world admired to behold)
Was but of Cedar, and her sted of God;
Her Pillars silver, and her Canopie
Of silkes, but richly stain'd with purple die;
Her curtaines wrought in workes, workes rarely led
By th' Needles art, such was the bridall bed.

4.

SVch was the Bridall bed, which Time, or Age
Durst never warrant from th'approbrious rage
Of envious fate; earth's measure's but a minute;
Earth fades; all fades upon it; all within it;
O, but the glory of this diviner place,
No age can injure, nor yet Time deface;
Too weak an object, for weake eyes to bide,
Or tongues t'expresse: Who ever saw't but dy'd?

5.

VVHoe'r beheld the royall Crowne set on
The nuptiall browes of princely *Salomon*?
His glorious pompe, whose honour did display
The noysed triumphs of his Marriage day?
A greater Prince than *Salomon* is here,
The Beauty of whose Nuptials shall appeare
More glorious, farre transcending his, as farre
As heavens bright lamp out-shines th'obscurest starr.

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET XII.

HOw orient is thy * beauty! How divine!
How darke's the glory of the earth, to thine!
Thy vailed * eyes out-shine heavens greater light,
Vnconquer'd by the shadie Cloud of night;

* *Through the gifts of my Spirit.* * *The modestie and purity of thy judgement.*

Thy

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Thy curious * Tresses dangle, all unbound
With unaffected order to the ground:
How orient is thy beautie! how divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!
* *Ornaments of necessary Ceremonies.*

2.

THy Ivory * Teeth in whitenesse doe out-goe
The downe of Swans, or winters driving snow;
Whose even proportions lively represent
Th'harmonious Musick of unite consent;
Whose perfect whitenesse Time could never blot;
Nor age (the Cankar of destruction) rot.
How orient is thy beauty! how divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!
* *Sincere Ministers.*

3.

THe ruby portals of thy ballanc'd * words,
Send forth a welcome reliſh, which affords
A heaven of bliſſe, and makes the earth rejoyce,
To heare the Accent of thy heavenly voyce;
The maiden-bluſhes of thy cheekes proclaime
A ſhame of guilt, but not a guilt of ſhame.
How orient is thy beauty! how Divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!
* *Doctrine of thy holy Prophets.* * *Modeſt graces of the Spirit.*

4.

THy * neck (unbeautifi'd with borrowed grace)
Is whiter than the Lillies of thy face,
If whiter may; for beauty, and for pow'r,
'Tis like the glory of *Davids* Princely Towre:
* *Magiſtrates.*

What

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What vaſſall ſpirit could deſpaire or faint,
Finding protection from ſo ſure a Saint?
How orient is thy beautie! how divine!
How darke's the glory of the earth to thine!

5.

THe deare-bought fruit of that forbidden Tree,
Was not ſo dainty as thy Apples bee,
Theſe curious Apples of thy ſnowy* breſts,
Wherin a Paradiſe of pleaſure reſts;
They breathe ſuch life into the raviſht* Eye,
That the inflam'd beholder cannot* die.
How orient is thy beauty! how divine!
How darke's the glory of the earth to thine!

* *The old and new Teſtaments.* * *The ſanctified and zealous Reader.* * *The ſecond death.*

6.

MY deareſt Spouſe, I'le* hie me to my home,
And till that long expected* day ſhall come,
The light whereof ſhall chaſe the night that ſhrouds
Thy vailed beauty in theſe envious* clouds;
Till then, I goe, and in my Throne, provide
A glorious welcome for my faireſt Bride;
Chapplets of conqu'ring Palme, & Lawrell boughs
Shall crowne thy Temples and adorne thy browes.

* *I will withdraw my bodily preſence.* * *The day of Iudgement.* * *Infirmities of the fleſh.*

7

VVOuld beauty faine be flatter'd with a grace
She never had? May ſhe behold thy face:
Envie would burſt, had ſhe no other taske,
Than to behold this face without a maske;

No

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No spot, no veniall blemish could she finde;
To feed the famine of her rancorous minde;
Thou art the flowre of beauties Crowne, and they're
Much worse than foule, that think thee lesse thã fair.

8.

FEare not (my Love) for when those sacred bands
Of wedlock shall conjoyne our promis'd hands,
Ile come and quite thee from this tedious * place,
Where thou art forc'd to sojourne for a space;
No forraine Angle of the utmost Lands,
Nor seas Abysse shall hide thee from my hands;
No night shall shade thee from my curious eye,
I'le rouze the graves, although grim death stand by.
* *This vaile of miserie.*

9.

ILlustrious beames shot from thy flaming * eye,
Made fierce with zeale, and soveraigne Majesty,
Have scorcht my soule, and like a fiery dart
Transfixt the Center of my wounded heart;
The Virgin sweetnesse of thy heavenly grace
Hath made mine eyes glad pris'ners to thy face;
The beauty of thine eye-bals hath bereft
Me of my heart: O sweet, ô sacred theft!
* *Thine eye of faith.*

10.

OThou, the deare Inflamer of mine eyes,
Life of my soule, and hearts eternall prize,

How

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How delectable is thy love! how pure!
How apt to raviſh, able to allure
A frozen ſoule, and with thy ſecret fire,
T'affect dull ſpirits with extreame deſire!
How doe thy joyes (though in their greateſt dearth)
Tranſcend the proudeſt pleaſures of the earth!

11.

THy lips (my deareſt Spouſe) are the full treaſures
Of ſacred * Poeſie, whoſe heavenly meaſures
Raviſh with joy the willing heart, that heares,
But ſtrike a deafneſſe in rebellious eares:
Thy words like milke and honey, doe requite
The ſeaſon'd ſoule with profit and delight:
Heavens higher Palace, and theſe lower places
Of dungeon-earth are ſweetned with thy graces.
* *Divine harmonie.*

12.

MY Love is like a Garden, full of flowers
Whoſe Sunny banks, & choice of ſhady bowres
Give change of pleaſures, pleaſures wall'd about
With armed Angels, to keepe ruine out;
And from her * breſts (* encloſed from the ill
Of looſer eyes) pure * Chriſtall drops diſtill,
The fruitfull ſweetneſſe of whoſe gentle ſhowres
Inrich her flowrs with beauty, & banks with flowrs.
* *The two Teſtaments.* * *Riddles to prophane Readers.* * *Celeſtiall Comforts.*

My

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13.

MY Love is like a Paradise beset
With rarest gifts, whose fruits (but tender yet)
The world nere tasted; dainties farre more rare
Than *Edens* tempting Apple, and more faire:
Myrrhe, Aloes, Incense, and the Cypresse tree
Can boast no sweetnesse, but is breath'd from thee;
Dainties for taste, and flowers for the smell
Spring all from thee, whose sweets all sweets excell.

BRIDE.

SONET XIII.

OThou (my deare) whose sweets all sweets excell
From whom my fruits receive their taste; their smell
How can my thriving * plants refuse to grow
Thus quickned with so sweet a * Sun as thou?
How can my flowers, which thy Ewers nourish
With showers of living waters, chuse but flourish?
O thou the spring, from whence these waters burst,
Did ever any taste thy streames, and thirst?
* *The faithfull.* * *The Sunne of righteousnesse.*

2.

AM I a Garden; may my flowers bee
So highly honour'd to be smelt by thee?
Inspire them with thy sacred breath, and then
Receive from them, thy borrow'd breath agen;
Frequent thy Garden, whose rare fruit invites
Thy welcome presence, to his choyce Delights;

Taste

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Taste where thou list, and take thy full repaste,
Here's that will please thy smell, thine eye, thy taste.

BRIDEGROOME.

Sonet XIIII.

THou sacred Center of my soule, in whom
I rest, behold thy wisht-for Love is come;
Refresht with thy delights, I have repasted
Vpon thy * pleasures; my full soule hath tasted
Thy * rip'ned dainties, and hath freely beene
Pleas'd with those fruits, that are (as yet) but * green;
All you that love the honour of my Bride,
Come taste her Vineyards, and be deifi'd

* *Obedience.* * *Strong workes of Faith.* * *The new fruits of the Spirit.*

BRIDE.

Sonet XV.

IT was a * night, a night as darke, as foule,
As that black Errour, that entranc'd my Soule,
When as my best beloved came and knockt
At my * dull gates, too too securely lockt;
Vnbolt (said he) these churlish dores (my Dove,)
Let not false * slumbers bribe thee from thy Love;
Heare him, that for thy gentle sake came hither,
Long injur'd by this * nights ungentle weather.

* *Too much securitie.* * *My heart.* * *The pleasures of the flesh.* * *Thy hard-hearted unkindnesse.*

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2.

I Heard the voyce, but the perfidious pleasure
Of my sweet slumbers could not finde the leasure
To ope my drowsie dores; my spirit could speake
Words faire enough; but ah, my flesh was weake,
And fond excuses taught me to betray
My sacred vowes to a secure delay.
Perfidious slumbers, how have you the might
To blinde true pleasures with a false delight!

3.

WHen as my Love, with oft-repeated knocks
Could not availe, shaking his dewy locks,
Highly displeas'd, he could no longer bide
My sleight neglect, but went away deny'd;
No sooner gone, but my dull soule discern'd
Her drowzy errour; my griev'd Spirit *yearn'd
To find him out; these seiled eyes that slept
So soundly fast, awak'd, much faster wept.

* *Repented.*

4.

THus rais'd and rouz'd from my deceitfull rest
I op'd my dores, where my departed Guest
Had beene; I thrust the churlish Portals from me,
That so deny'd my deerest Bridegroome to me;
But when I smelt of my returned hand,
My soule was rapt, my powers all did stand
Amazed at the* sweetnesse they did finde,
Which my neglected Love had left behinde.

* *The sweetnesse of his graces.*

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5.

I Op'd my doore, my myrrhe-diſtilling doore,
But ah, my Gueſt was gone, had given me o'r:
What curious Pen, what Artiſt can define
A mateleſſe ſorrow? Such, ah, ſuch was mine;
Doubts, and deſpaire had of my life depriv'd mee
Had not ſtrong hope of his returne reviv'd me.
I ſought, but he refuſed to appeare;
I call'd, but he would not be heard, nor heare.

6.

THus with the tyranny of griefe diſtraught,
I rang'd around, no place I left unſought,
No eare unask'd; the * watchmen of the City
* Wounded my ſoule, without remorſe or pity
To Virgin teares; They taught my feet to ſtray,
Whoſe ſteps were apt enough to loſe their way;
With taunts and ſcornes they checkt me, and derided
And call'd me Whore, becauſe I walkt unguided.
* *Falſe Teachers.* * *With their falſe doctrines.*

7.

YOu hallowed Virgins, you, whoſe tender hearts
E'r felt th'impreſſion of * Loves ſecret darts,
I charge you all, by the dear faith you owe
To Virgin pureneſſe, and your veſtall vow,
Commend me to my Love, if e'r you meet him,
O tell him that his love-ſick ſpouſe doth greet him;
O let him know, I languiſh with deſire
T'enjoy that heart that ſets this heart on fire.
* *Divine Love.*

VIRGINS

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VIRGINS.

SONET XVI.

O Thou the faireſt flowre of mortall birth,
If ſuch a beauty may be borne of earth,
Angell or Virgin, which? or both in one,
Angell by beauty, Virgin by thy moane,
Say, who is he that may deſerve theſe teares,
Theſe precious drops? who is't can ſtop his eares
At theſe faire lips? Speake Lady, ſpeake at large,
Who is't? for whom giv'ſt thou ſo ſtrict a charge?

BRIDE.

SONET XVII.

MY Love is the perfection of delight,
Róſes, and Doves are not ſo red, ſo white;
Vnpattern'd beauty ſummon'd every grace
To the compoſure of ſo ſweet a face;
His body is a Heaven, for in his breſt
The perfect Eſſence of a god doth reſt;
The brighter eye of heaven did never ſhine
Vpon another glory, ſo divine.

2.

HIs * head is farre more glorious to behold,
Than fruitfull Ophyres of refined Gold,
'Tis the rich Magazen of ſecret treaſure,
Whence Graces ſpring in unconfined meaſure;
His curl'd and dagling * Treſſes doe proclame
A *Nazarite*, on whom ne'r Razor came.

* *His Deitie.* * *His Humanitie.*

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Whose Raven-blacke colour gives a curious reliſh
To that which beauty did ſo much imbeliſh.

3.

LIke to the eyes of Doves are his faire * eyes,
Wherein ſterne Iuſtice, mixt with mercy; lies;
His eyes are ſimple, yet Majeſticall,
In motion nimble, and yet chaſte withall,
Flaming like fier, and yet burne they not,
Vnblemiſht, undiſtained with a ſpot,
Blazing with precious beames, and to behold,
Like to rich Dyamonds in a frame of gold.
* *His judgements and care of his Church.*

4.

HIS cheekes are like to fruitfull beds o'rgrowne
With Aromatick flowers newly blowne,
Whoſe odours, beauty, pleaſe the ſmell, the ſight,
And doubling pleaſures double the delight:
His * lips are like a chryſtall ſpring, from whence
Flow ſweetned ſtreames of ſacred Eloquence,
Whoſe drops into the eare diſtill'd, doe give
Life to * the dead, true joyes to * them that live.
* *The diſcovery of him in his word.* * *His promiſes.* * *Thoſe that die to ſinne.* * *That live to righteouſneſſe.*

5.

HIs * hãds are deckt with rings of * gold; the rings
With coſtly Iewels, fitting none but Kings.
* *His Actions.* * *With pureneſſe.*

Which

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Which (of themſelves though glorious, yet) receive
More glory from thoſe fingers, than they give;
His * breſts like Ivory, circled round about
With * veines, like Saphyres winding in and out,
Whoſe beautie is (though darkned from the eye)
Full of divine, and ſecree Majeſtie.
* *His ſecret Counſels.* * *Outwardly glorious.*

6.

His * Legs like pureſt Marble, ſtrong and white,
Of curious ſhape (though quick) unapt for flight;
His Feet (as gold that's oft refined) are
Like his upright proceedings, pure and faire;
His * Port is Princely, and his Stature tall,
And, like the Cedar, ſtout, yet ſweet withall:
O, who would not repoſe his life, his bliſſe,
Vpon a Baſe ſo faire, ſo firme as this?
* *His wayes conſtant, firme, and pure.* * *His whole carriage.*

7.

His mouth! but ſtay, what need my lips be laviſh
In choyce of words, when one alone will raviſh?
But ſhall, in briefe, my ruder tongue diſcover
The ſpeaking Image of my abſent Lover?
Let then the curious hand of Art refine
The race of vertues morall, and divine,
From whence, by heaven let there extracted be
A perfect Quinteſſence; even ſuch is He.

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VIRGINS.

SONET XVIII.

THrice fairer than the faireſt, whoſe ſad teares,
And ſmiling words have charm'd our eyes, our eares;
Say, whither is this prize of beauty gone,
More faire than kinde, to let thee weepe alone?
Thy tempting lips have whet our dull deſire,
And till we ſee him, we are all on fire:
Wee'll finde him out, if thou wilt be our guide:
The next way to the *Bridegroome* is the * *Bride*.

* *The Church is the way to Chriſt.*

BRIDE.

SONET XIX.

IF errour leade not my dull thoughts amiſſe,
My *Genius* tels me where my true Love is;
He's buſie labʼring on his * flowry bankes,
* Inſpiring ſweetneſſe, and * receiving thankes,
Watring thoſe plants, whoſe tender roots are * drie,
And pruning ſuch whoſe creſts aſpire * too high,
Tranſplanting, grafting, reaping fruits from ſome,
And covering others that are * newly come.

* *Congregation of the faithfull.* * *Giving graces.* * *Receiving glory.* * *Deſpairing ſoules.* * *Not yet throughly humbled.* * *Strengthning the weake in ſpirit.*

2.

WHat if the frailty of my feeble part
Lockt up the Portals of my drowſie heart?

He

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He knowes the weakneſſe of the fleſh incombers
Th'unwilling Spirit, with ſenſe-bereaving ſlumbers,
My hopes aſſure me in deſpight of this,
That my Beloved's mine, and I am his:
My hopes are firme (which time ſhall ne'r remove)
That he is mine by faith, I his by love

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET XX.

THy timely griefe, (my teares-baptized Love)
Compels mine eares to hear, thy teares to move;
Thy blubber'd beautie to mine eye appeares
More bright than 'twas: Such is the * ſtrength of
Beautie and Terror meeting in thine eye (teares:
Have made thy face the Throne of Majeſtie,
Whoſe awfull beames the proudeſt heart will move
To love for feare, untill it feare for love.

* *The force of repentance.*

2.

REpreſſe thoſe flames, that furnace from thine eye,
They raviſh with too bright a Tyranny;
Thy fires are too-too fierce: O turne them from me,
They pierce my ſoule, and with their rayes o'rcome
Thy curious Treſſes dangle, all unbound, (me,
With unaffected order, to the ground:
How orient is thy beauty! How divine!
How darke's the glory of the earth to thine!

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3.

THy Ivory * teeth in whitenesse doe out-goe
The downe of Swans, or winters driven Snow,
Whose even proportions lively represent
Th'harmonious musick of unite consent;
Whose perfect whiteneſſe time could never blot,
Nor age (the envious Worme of Ruine) rot:
How Orient is thy beauty! how divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!
* *Sincere Ministers.*

4.

THy Temples are the Temples of chaste love,
Where beauty sacrific'd her milke-white Dove,
Vpon whose Azure pathes are alwayes found
The heaven-borne Graces daunsing in a round:
Thy maiden * Blushes gently doe proclame
A * shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame:
How orient is thy beautie! how divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!
* *Thy visible parts.* * *Modestie and zeale.*

5.

YOu, you brave spirits, whose imperiall hand
Enforces, what your lookes cannot command,
Bring forth your pamper'd Queenes, the lustfull prize
And curious wrecks of your imperious eyes,
Surround the Circle of the earth, and levie
The faireſt Virgins in loves faireſt bevie;
Then take from each, to make one perfit grace,
Yet would my love out-shine that borrow'd face,

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6.

THou art ſhe, corrivalled with no other,
Thou glorious daughter of thy glorious Mother
The new *Ieruſalem*, whoſe Virgin birth
Shall deifie the * Virgins of the earth:
The Virgins of the earth have ſeene thy beautie,
And ſtood amaz'd, and in a proſtrate duty
Have ſued to kiſſe thine hand, making thine eyes
Their Lamps to light them, till the Bridegroom riſe.

* *The pure in heart.*

7.

HArke how the Virgins, hallow'd with thy fire,
And wonder-ſmitten with thy beames, admire,
Who, who is this (ſay they) whoſe cheeks reſemble
Auroras bluſh, whoſe eyes heavēs lights diſſemble?
Whoſe face is brighter than the ſilent Lampe
That lights the earth, to breathe her nightly damp;
Vpon whoſe brow ſits dreadfull Majeſtie,
The frowne whereof commands a victorie.

8.

FAire Bride, why was thy troubled ſoule dejected
When I was abſent? was my faith ſuſpected,
Which I ſo firmely plighted? Couldſt thou thinke
My Love could ſhake, or ſuch a vow could ſhrinke?
I did but walk among my tender Plants,
To ſmell their odours, and ſupply their wants,
To ſee my Stockes, ſo lately grifted, ſprout,
Or if my Vines began to burgeon out.

Though

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9.

THough gone was I, * my heart was in thy breſt,
Although to thee (perchãce) an unknown gueſt,
'Twas that that gave ſuch wings to thy deſire,
T'enjoy thy love, and ſet thy ſoule on fire;
But my retune was quick, and with a minde
More nimble (yet more conſtant) than the winde,
I came; and as the winged ſhaft doth flie
With undiſcerned ſpeed; even ſo did I.

* *My Spirit.*

10.

REturne, (O then returne) thou child of Peace,
To thy firſt joyes, O let thy teares ſurceaſe;
Returne thee to thy Love; let not the * night
With flatt'ring * ſlumbers, tempt thy true delight:
Returne thee to my boſome, let my breſt
Be ſtill thy Tent; Take there eternall reſt;
Returne, ô thou, in whoſe inchanted eye
Are darts enough to make an army flie.

* *Security* * *worldly pleaſures.*

11.

FAire Daughter of the higheſt King, how ſweet
Are th'unaffected graces of thy * Feet!
From every ſtep true Majeſtie doth ſpring,
Fitting the Daughter of ſo high a King:
Thy Waſt is circled with a * Virgin Zone,
Imbelliſht round with many a precious * Stone.

* *Thy wayes.* * *The girdle of truth.* * *The precious gifts of the Spirit.*

Wherein

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Wherein thy curious Workman did fulfill
The utmoſt glory of his diviner skill.

12.

THy * Navell, where thy holy Embrion doth
Receive ſweet nouriſhment, and heavenly
Is like a Chryſtall ſpring, whoſe freſh ſupply (growth
Of living waters, Sunne, nor Drought can dry:
Thy * fruitfull Wombe is like a winnow'd heape
Of pureſt graine, which heavēs bleſt hand did reape,
With Lillies fenc'd: True Embleme of rare treaſure,
whoſe grain denotes encreaſe; whoſe Lillies pleaſure.

* *whereby there is a receipt of ſpirituall Conceptions.* * *Increaſe of the faithfull.*

13.

THy dainty * Breſts, are like faire twins, both
In equall Majeſtie; in hue excelling (ſwelling
The new-falne ſnow upon th'untrodden mountains,
From whence there flowes, as from exuberous foun-
Rivers of heavenly *Nectar*, to allay (taines
The holy thirſt of ſoules: Thrice happy they,
And more than thrice, whoſe bleſt affections bring
Their thirſty palats to ſo ſweet a Spring.

* *The old and new Teſtament.*

14.

THy * Neck doth repreſent an Ivory Tower,
In perfect pureneſſe, and united power,

* *Magiſtrates.*

Thine

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Thine * Eyes (like pooles at a frequented gate
For every commer, to draw water at)
Are common treasures, and like chrystall glasses,
Shews each his lively visage, as he passes.
Thy * Nose, the curious Organ of thy Sent,
Wants nothing more, for use, for Ornament.

* *Teachers.* * *Glorious in all parts.*

25.

THy * Tyres of Gold (inricht with glorious Gems,
Rare Diamonds and Princely Diadems)
Adorne thy browes, and with their native worth
Advance thy glory, and set thy beauty forth:
So perfect are thy Graces, so divine,
And full of heaven, are those faire lookes of thine,
That I'm inflamed with the double fire
Of thy full beauty, and my fierce desire.

* *The Ceremonies of the Church.*

26.

O Sacred Symmetrie! O rare connection
Of many perfects, to make one perfection!
O heavenly Musick, where all parts doe meet
In one sweet straine, to make one perfect sweet!
O glorious members, whose each severall feature
Divine, compose so, so divine a Creature!
Faire foule, as all thy parts united be
Entire, so summ'd are all my joyes in thee.

Thy

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17

THy curious Fabricke, and erected ſtature
Is like the generous Palme, whoſe lofty nature
In ſpight of envious violence will aſpire,
When moſt ſuppreſt, the more it mounts the higher;
Thy lovely breſts, (whoſe beautie reinvites
My oft remembrance to her oft delights)
Are like the ſwelling Cluſters of the Vine;
So full of ſweetneſſe are thoſe breſts of thine.

18.

ART thou my Palme? My buſie hand ſhall nouriſh
Thy fruitfull roots, & make thy branches flouriſh:
Art thou my Vine? my skilfull arme ſhall dreſſe
Thy * dying plants; my living ſprings ſhall bleſſe
Thy * infant Buds; my blaſting breath ſhall quell
* Preſumptuous weeds, and make thy Cluſters ſwell:
And all that love thee ſhall attaine the favour
To taſte thy ſweetneſſe, and to ſmell thy ſavour.
* *Deſpairing ſoules.* * *Young Converts.* * *Oppoſers of the Truth.*

19.

THoſe Oracles that from thy lips proceed,
With ſweet Evangels, ſhall delight and feed
Th'attentive eare, and like the Trumpets voyce
Amaze faint hearts, but make brave ſpirits rejoyce:
Thy breath, whoſe Dialect is moſt divine, (ſhine;
Incends quick flames, where ember'd ſparks but
It ſtrikes the Pleaders Rhet'ricke with deriſion,
And makes the dulleſt ſoule a Rhetoritian.

BRIDE

BRIDE.

SONET XXI.

MY faith; not merits, hath assur'd thee, mine;
Thy Love, not my desert hath made me; thine:
Vnworthy I, whose drowsie soule rejected
Thy precious favours, and (secure) neglected
Thy glorious presence; how am I become
A Bride befitting so Divine a Groome!
It is no merit, no desert of mine,
Thy love, thy love alone hath made me thine.

2.

SInce then the bounty of thy deare election
Hath styl'd me thine, ô let the sweet reflection
Of thy illustrious beames, my soule inspire,
And with thy spirit, inflame my hot desire;
Vnite our soules; ô let thy Spirit rest
And make perpetuall home within my brest;
Instruct me so, that I may gain the skill,
To suite my service to thy sacred will.

3.

COme, come (my soules preserver) thou that art
Th'united joyes of my united heart,
Come, let us visit with the morning light,
Our prosperous * Vines; with mutuall delight,
Let's view those grapes, whose clusters being * prest
Shall make rich wines, to serve your Mariage feast,
That by the thriving plants it may appeare,
Our joyes perfecting Mariage draweth neare.

* *Congregation of the faithfull.* * *By affliction.*

Behold,

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4.

BEhold, my new * disclosed flowers present
Before thy gates, their tributary sent;
Reserve themselves for Garlands, that they may
Adorne the Bridegroome on his Mariage day:
My * Garden's full of * Trees, and every Tree
Laden with * fruit, which I devote to thee;
Eternall joyes betide that happy guest,
That tastes the dainties of the Bridegroomes feast.

* Young Converts. * Assemblies. * Faithfull. * Faith and good workes.

5.

OWould to God mine eyes (these fainting eyes)
Whose eager appetite could ne'r devise
A dearer object, might but once behold
My Love (as I am) clad in fleshly mould,
That each may corporally converse with other
As friend with friend; as sister with her brother,
O how mine eyes could welcome such a sight!
How would my soule dissolve with o'r-delight!

6

THen should this hand conduct my fairest Spouse,
To taste a banquet at my mothers * house;
Our fruitfull Garden should present thine eyes
With sweet delights; her trees should sacrifice
Their early fruits to thee; our tender Vine
Should chear thy palate with her unpress wine;

* The universall Church.

Thy

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Thy hand ſhould teach my living Plants to thrive;
And ſuch, as are a dying, to revive.

7.

THen ſhould my ſoule enjoy within this breſt
A holy Sabbath of eternall Reſt;
Then ſhould my cauſe, that ſuffers through deſpight
Of errour, and rude ignorance, have right;
Then ſhould theſe * ſtreames, whoſe tydes ſo often
Be ebb'd away from my ſuffuſed eyes, (riſe,
Then ſhould my ſpirits fill'd with heavenly mirth,
Triumph o'r Hell, and find a heaven on earth.

* *Teares and ſorrowes.*

8.

ALL you that wiſh the bountifull encreaſe
Of deareſt pleaſures, and divineſt peace,
I charge you all, (if ought my charge may move
Your tender hearts) * not to diſturbe my Love;
Vexe not his gentle Spirit, nor bereave
Him of his joyes, that is ſo apt to grieve;
Dare not to breake his quiet ſlumbers, leſt
You rouze a raging Lyon from his reſt.

* *Not to vexe and grieve his holy Spirit.*

9.

WHo ever lov'd, that ever lov'd as I,
That for his ſake renounce my ſelfe, deny
The worlds beſt joyes, and have the world forgone?
Who ever lov'd ſo deare, as I have done?

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I sought my Love, and found him * lowly laid
Beneath the tree of Love, in whose sweet shade
He rested; there his eye sent forth the fire,
That first inflam'd my amorous desire.

* *In humilitie.*

10.

MY deerest Spouse, ô seale me on the heart
So sure, that envious earth may never part
Our joyned soules; let not the world remove
My chaste desiers from so choyce a Love;
For, ô, my Love's not slight, her flames are serious
Was never death so powerfull, so imperious:
My jealous zeale is a consuming fire,
That burns my soule, through feare and fierce desire.

11.

FIres may be quencht; and flames though ne'r so (great,
With many drops shall faint, and lose their heat:
But these quick fires of love, the more suppreſt,
The more they flame in my inflamed breſt;
How darke is Honour! how obscure and dim
Is earths bright glory, but compar'd with him!
How foule is Beauty! what a toyle is Pleasure!
How poore is Wealth! how base a thing is treasure!

12.

I Have a * Sister, which by thy divine (thine;
And bounteous Grace, our Marriage shall make
She is mine owne, mine onely sister, whom
My Mother bare, the youngest of her wombe:

* *The Church of the Gentiles then uncalled.*

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Shee's yet a *childe, her beauty may improve,
Her brests are small, and yet too greene for love;
When time and yeares shall adde perfection to her,
Say (dearest Love) what honour wilt thou doe her?

* *vncall'd to the truth.*

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET XXII.

IF she be faire, and with her beauty, prove
As chaste, as loyall to her virgin-Love,
As thou hast beene; then in that high degree
Ile honour her, as I have honour'd thee:
Be she as constant as her Vestall vow,
And true to her devoted faith, as thou;
Ile crowne her head, and fill her hand with power,
And give a Kingdome to her for a Dower.

BRIDE.

SONET XXIII.

WHen time shall ripen these her greene desires,
And holy Love shal breathe her heav'nly fires
Into her Virgin brest, her heart shall bee
As true to love, as I am true to thee:
O, when thy boundlesse bounty shall conjoyne
Her equall-glorious Majestie, with mine,
My joyes are perfect, then in sacred bands,
Wedlock shall couple our espoused hands

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BRIDEGROOME.

SONET XXIIII.

I Am thy Gardner, thou my fruitfull Vine,
Whose rip'ned Clusters swell with richest Wine;
The Vines of *Salomon* were not so faire,
His Grapes were not so precious as thine are;
His Vines were subject to the vulgar will
Of hired bands, and mercinary skill;
Corrupted Carles were merry with his Vines,
And at a price return'd their batter'd wines.

2.

BVt mine's a Vineyard, which no ruder hand
Shall touch, subjected to my sole command;
My selfe with this laborious arme will dresse it,
My presence with a busie eye shall blesse it;
O Princely *Salomon*, thy thriving Vine
Is not so faire, so bountifull as mine:
Thy greedy sharers claime an earned hire,
But mine's reserv'd, and to my selfe entire.

3.

OThou that dwellest * where th'eternall fame
Of my renowne so glorifies my name,
Illustrious bride, in whose celestiall tongue,
Are sacred Spels t'enchant the ruder throng;
O let thy lips like a perpetuall story:
Divulge my graces, and declare my glory;

* *In the great congregation.*

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Direct those hearts, that errour leads astray,
Dissolve the * Waxe, but make obdure the * Clay.

* *The penitent.* * *The presumptuous.*

BRIDE.

SONET XXV.

MOst glorious Love, and honourable Lord,
My heart's the vowed servant of thy Word,
But I am weake, and as a tender Vine,
Shall fall, unpropt by that deare hand of thine:
Assist me therefore that I may fulfill
What thou commandst, and then command thy wil;
O leave thy Sacred Spirit in my brest,
As earnest of an everlasting Rest.

The end.

SIONS

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SIONS ELEGIES.

Wept

BY *JEREMIE* THE PROPHET;

And

PERIPHRAS'D

By

FRA. QVARLES.

LONDON,

Printed by MILES FLESHER.

1634.

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41.
4. 27.
20.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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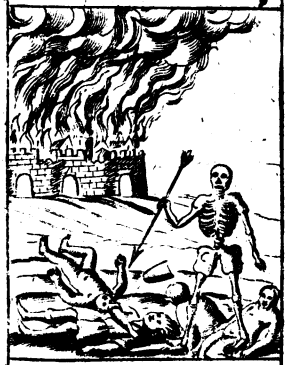
They that be slain with the sword are better than they y^t be slain with Hunger: Lam: 4. 9



Even as Sodom and Gomorr: ah etc. suffering y^e vengeance of Eternall fire Jude 7.

He hath hedged me about that I cannot get out: he hath made my Chain heavie Lament: 3. 7

For these things I weep, mine eye runneth down with water, Lament 1. 16.

before Sions Elegies

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To the READER.

IF *the ruines of* Troy, Rome, Thebes, *or* Carthage *have beene thought a ſubject worthy the imployment of more ſerious Pennes, to entaile the remembrance thereof to poſteritie, how much more worthy the paines of a livelier pen than mine, is this ancient, moſt true, and never enough to bee lamented deſolation, and Captivity of* Jeruſalem; Jeruſalem, *the holy City of* GOD; Jeruſalem, *the type of the Catholike Church?*

After eighteene months ſiege, in the eleventh yeere of Zedekiah, *the ninth day of the fourth month, (which was the eighteenth yeare of* Nebuchadonozor *over* Babylon) *the Princes of* Babylō *ſurprized and tooke this brave City of* Jeruſalem: *preſently after which,* Nabuzaradā *the Generall of the* Babylonian *Army (commanded by* Nebuchadonozor) *ſpoyled the Temple, carried away the Veſſels of Gold and Silver, that were conſecrated to Gods ſervice, and the great Lavar given by K.* Salomon, *and burned the Temple, the firſt day of the next moneth, which was one and twenty dayes after the ſurprizall: 470 yeares, ſixe months, and ten dayes after the foundation thereof; 1062 years,*

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sixe moneths, ten dayes after the departure of the people out of Ægypt; 1950 *yeares, sixe months, ten dayes after the Deluge: and* 3513. *yeares, sixe moneths, ten dayes after the Creation of* Adam. *Thus, and then was the Citie of* Jerusalem *taken, and for seventie yeares remained the Iewes in this Captivity: And this, in briefe, is the generall occasion why, and the time when these Lamentations were composed. Reader, I tender to thy consideration two things: First, the Penman: Secondly, the Art and Method of this* Threnodia. *As for the first, it was penned by* Jeremie *the Prophet, the sonne of* Hilkiah, *a Priest: and undoubtedly endighted by the Spirit of God; some thinke it was written when the Prophet was in prison; others when he was with* Godoliah *at* Maspah: *but whether at the one place or the other, it is not much materiall to discourse.*

Secondly, as touching the Art and Method, it is short and concise, as being most naturall to so lamentable a subject. Cicero *sayes,* Lamentationes debent esse concisæ, & breves, quia cito lachryma exarescit, & difficile est auditores, aut lectores, in illo effectu summæ commiserationis, diu tenere. *The method is truly elegious, not bound to any ordinary set forme, but wildly depending upon the sudden subject, that new griefes present, and indeed the deepest sorrowes cannot bee but distracted from all rules of method, the neglect of which*

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is veniall in such ejaculations as these, as which in all the Scriptures, there is none so copious, none so ardent; concerning which Gregory Nazianzene *confesses,* Threnos Jeremiæ nunquam a se siccis oculis lectos esse. *Yet some thinke there is a Method kept, but too fine and intricate, for our grosse apprehensions: Touching this point, Saint Ambrose* lib. 8. Epist. ad Just. *sapes,* Demus, eas secundum artem non scripsisse, at certè secundum gratiam scripsisse fatendum est, quæ omnem artem longè superat, *and with this I rest.*

You shall observe, that the foure first Chapters of these Lamentations carry a strict order in the Originall, for every Verse throughout every Chapter begins with a severall letter of the Hebrew Alphabet, except the third Chapter, wherein the first, and every third Verse onely is tyed to a letter, and continues the Alphabet through; which forme the Prophet used, partly for Eloquence, partly for Memorie sake; meaning either literally thus: that it ought to be perfect as the Alphabet in memory, or Hieroglyphically thus, that as the Alphabet is the Radix of all words, so the miseries of the Iewes, were the combination of all miseries.

For the same Causes, I likewise here in my Periphrase, have observed the same forme, and continue the Alphabet in English, as the Propet did in the Hebrew, desirous to bee his shadow as much as I can.

It

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It appeares by the ſtrictneſſe of the Order, that theſe Lamentations were Originally writ in Verſe, and as ſome thinke in Sapphicks, but many of our learned Neotericks deny, that any writings of the Iewes carry, now, any direct or certaine Lawes of Poeſie, though (they confeſſe) ſome ruinous Accents, here and there diſcovered makes them imagine, they write ſome things in verſe; but now, it ſeemes that GOD, in diſperſing them, hath likewiſe diſſolved, and ſtrucke dumbe their muſicke. Farewell.

TO

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TO THE TRVE THEANTHROPOS,

Jesus Christ,

THE SAVIOVR OF THE WORLD:

His Servant implores his *favourable assistance.*

THOu *Alpha* and *Omega*, before whom
Things *past* & present, & things yet to *come*,
Are all alike; O prosper my designes,
And let thy spirit inrich my feeble lines;
Revive my passion; let mine eye behold
Those sorrowes present, which were wept of old:
Strike

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Strike ſad my Soule, and give my Pen the Art
To move; and me an underſtanding heart.
O, let the Accent of each word make knowne,
I mixe the Teares of *Sion*, with mine owne:
Preſerve all ſuch as beare true hearts to *Sion*,
We are thy *Lambes*, ô be thou ſtill our *Lion*.

SIONS

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SIONS ELEGIES.

Threnodia. I.

ELEG. 1.

AH griefe of Times! Ah, fable times of Griefe,
Whose torments finde a voyce, but no reliefe!
Are these the buildings? these the Towre and state,
That all th'amazed Earth stood wondring at?
Is this that Citie, whose Eternall Glory
Could finde no period, for her endlesse story?
And is she come to this? Her buildings raz'd,
Her Towers burnt? Her Glory thus defac'd?
O sudden Change! O world of Alterations!
She, she that was the Prince, the Queen of Nations
See, how she lies, of strength, of all, bereav'd,
Now paying Tribute, which she once receiv'd.

ELEG. 2.

BEhold! her eyes, those glorious eyes, that were
Like two faire Sunnes in one celestiall Sphære,
Whose radiant beames did once, reflect so bright,
Are now ecclipsed, and have lost their light,

And

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And seeme like Ilands, about which appeares
A troubled Ocean, with a Tide of Teares;
Her servant Cities (that were once at hand,
And bow'd their servile necks to her command,)
Stand all aloofe, as strangers to her mone,
And give her leave to spend her teares alone,
Her neighbours flatter, with a false reliefe,
And with a kisse, betray her to her griefe.

ELEG. 3.

COmpast around with Seas of briny teares,
Iudah laments, distraught with double feares;
Even as the fearfull Partridge, to excuse her
From the fierce Gos-hawk, that too close pursues her,
Fals in a Covert, and her selfe doth cover
From her unequall Foe, that sits above her:
Meane while the treason of her quick Retrivers,
Discovers novell dangers, and delivers
Her to a second feare, whose double fright
Findes safety nor in staying, nor in flight:
Even so is *Iudah* vext, with change of woes,
Betwixt her home-bred and her forraine Foes.

ELEG. 4.

DId not these sacred Cawsies, that are leading
To *Sion*, late seeme pav'd, with often treading?
Now secret Dens, for lurking Theeves to meet;
Vnpresst unlesse by sacrilegious feet;
Sion the Temple of the highest God
Stands desolate, her holy steps untrod;

Her

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Her Altars are defac'd, her Virgin fires
Surceaſe, and with a ſtinke her ſnuffe expires; (cries,
Her Prieſts have chang'd their Hymnes to ſighs and
Her Virgins weepe forth Rivers from their eyes:
O *Sion*, thou that wert the Childe of mirth,
Art now the ſcorne and by-word of the Earth.

ELEG. 5.

ENcreas'd in power, and high Cheviſance
Of armes, thy Tyrant foemen doe advance
Their craftie creſts; he, he that was thy father, (ther
And crown'd thee once with bleſſings, now doth ga-
His troops to work thy end; him, who advanc'd thee
To be *Earths* Queen, thy ſins have bent againſt thee
Strange ſpectacle of griefe! Thy tender frie,
Whom childhood taught no language, but their cry
T'expreſſe their infant griefe, theſe, wretched theſe
By force of childiſh teares; could not appeaſe
The ruthleſſe ſword, which deafe to all their cries,
Did drive them captives from their mothers eyes.

ELEG. 6.

FAire Virgin *Sion*, where (ah) where are thoſe
Pure cheekes, wherein the Lilly and the Roſe
So much contended lately for the place,
Till both compounded in thy glorious face?
How haſt thou blear'd thoſe ſun-bright eies of thine,
Thoſe beames, the royall Magazens of divine
And ſacred Majeſtie, from whoſe pure light
The purblinde worldlings did receive their ſight?

Thy

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Thy fearfull Princes leave their fenceleſſe Towers,
And flie like Harts before their ſwift purſuers;
Like light-foot Harts they flie, not knowing where,
Prickt on with Famine, and diſtracted Feare.

ELEG. 7.

GAll'd with her griefe, *Ieruſalem* recals
To minde her loſt delights, her Feſtivals,
Her peacefull freedome, and ful joyes, in vaine
Wiſhing what Earth cannot reſtore againe;
Succour ſhe ſought and beg'd, but none was there
To give the Almes of one poore trickling teare;
The ſcornfull lips of her amazed Foes
Deride the griefe of her diſaſtrous woes;
They laugh, and lay more ample torments on her,
Diſdaine to looke, and yet they gaze upon her,
Abuſe her Altars, hate her Offerings,
Prophane her Sabbaths, and her holy Things.

ELEG. 8.

HAdſt thou, (*Ieruſalem*) ô, had thy heart
Beene loyall to his love, whoſe once thou wert,
O, had the beames of thy unveiled eye
Continu'd pure; hadſt thou beene nice, to trie
New pleaſures, thus thy glory ne'r had waſted,
Thy wals till now, like thy Reproach, had laſted.
Thy Lovers, whoſe falſe beauties did intice thee,
Have ſeene thee naked, and doe now deſpiſe thee;
Drunke with thy wanton pleaſures, they are fled,
And ſcorne the bountie of thy loathed bed;

Left

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Left to thy guilt (the ſervant of thy ſin)
Thou ſham'ſt to ſhew, what once thou gloried'ſt in.

ELEG. 9.

Ieruſalem is all infected over
With Leproſie, whoſe filth, no ſhade can cover,
Puft up with pride, unmindfull of her end,
See how ſhe lies, devoid of help or friend.
Great Lord of Lords (whoſe mercy farre tranſcends
Thy ſacred Iuſtice) whoſe full hand attends
The cries of empty Ravens, bow downe thine eares
To wretched *Sion*, *Sion* drown'd in teares;
Thy hand did plant her, (Lord) ſhe is thy Vine,
Confound her foes, they are her foes and thine.
Shew wonted favour to thy holy hill,
Rebuild her wals, and love thy *Sion* ſtill.

ELEG. 10.

KNees, falſly bent to Dagon, now deſile
Her waſted Temple, rudely they diſpoile
Th'abuſed Altars, and no hand relieves;
Her houſe of prayer is turn'd a den of theeves;
Her coſtly robes, her ſacred treaſure ſtands,
A willing prey to Sacrilegious hands,
Her Prieſts are ſlaine, and in a lukewarme flood,
Through every chanell runnes the Levites blood;
The hallowed Temple of the higheſt God,
Whoſe purer foot-ſteps were not to be trod,
With unprepared feet, before her eye,
Is turn'd a Grove for baſe Idolatry.

ELEG. II.

LIngring with Death and Famine, *Iudah* groans,
And to the ayre breathes forth her ayrie moanes,
Her fainting eyes waxe dim, her cheekes grow pale,
Her wandring steps despaire to speed, and faile,
She faints, & through her trembling lips half dead,
She whispers oft the holy name of bread:
Great God, let thy offended wrath surcease,
Behold thy servants, send thy servants peace,
Behold thy Vassals, groveling on the dust;
Be mercifull (deare God) as well as just;
'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone that sent this griefe,
'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone can send reliefe.

ELEG. 12.

MY tongue's in labour with her painfull birth,
That findes no passage; Lord, how strange a (dearth
Of words concomitates a world of woes!
I neither can concedale, nor yet disclose:
You weary Pilgrimes, you whom change of Climes
Have taught you change of Fortunes, and of Times,
Stay, stay your feeble steps, and cast your eyes
On me, the Abstract of all miseries.
Say (Pilgrimes) say, if e'r your eyes beheld
More truer Iliads; more unparallel'd,
And mateleſſe evils, which my offended God
Reulcerates, with his enraged Rod.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 13.

NO humane power could, no envious Art
Of mortall man, could thus subject my heart;
My glowing heart to these imperious fires:
No earthly sorrow but at length expires;
But these my Tyrant-torments doe extend
To infinites, not having ease, nor end;
Loe, I the Pris'ner of the highest God,
Inthralled to the vengeance of his Rod,
Lie bound in fetters, that I cannot flie,
Nor yet endure his deadly strokes, nor die:
My joyes are turn'd to sorrows, backt with feares,
And I (poore I) lie pickled up in teares.

ELEG. 14.

O! How unsufferable is the waight
Of sinne! How miserable is their state
The silence of whose secret sinne conceales
The smart, till Justice to Revenge appeales!
How ponderous are my crimes, whose ample scrowle
Weighs down the pillars of my broken Soule!
Their sower, masqu'd with sweetnes, overswai'd me,
And with their smiling kisses they betrai'd me,
Betrai'd me to my Foes, and what is worse,
Betrai'd me to my selfe, and heavens curse,
Betrai'd my soule to an eternall griefe,
Devoid of hope, for e'r to finde reliefe.

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ELEG. 15.

PErplext with change of woes, where e'r I turne
My fainting eyes, they find fresh cause to mourn,
My griefes move like the Planets, which appeare
Chang'd from their places, constant to their sphære;
Behold, the earth confounding-arme of Heaven
Hath cow'd my valiant Captaines, and hath driven
Their scattered forces up and downe the street,
Like worried shoepe afraid of all they meet.
My younger men, the seed of propagation,
Exile hath driven from my divided Nation;
My tender Virgins have not scap'd their rage,
Which neither had respect to youth, nor age.

ELEG. 16.

QVick change of torments equal to those crimes,
which past unthoght-of in my prosp'rous times;
From hence proceed my griefs, (ah me) from hence
My Spring-tide sorrowes have their influence;
For these my soule dissolves, my eyes lament,
Spending those teares, whose store will ne'r be spent;
For these my fainting spirits droope, and melt
In anguish, such as never mortall felt;
Within the selfesame flames I freeze, and fry,
I roare for helpe, and yet no helpe is nigh;
My sons are lost, whose fortunes would relieve me,
And onely such triumph that hourely grieve me.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 17.

REnt from the glory of her loſt renowne,
Sion laments; her lips(her lips o'rflowne
With floods of teares) ſhe prompteth how to breake
New languages, inſtructs her tongue to ſpeake
Elegious Dialects; ſhe lowly bends
Her duſty knees upon the earth, extends
Her brawneleſſe armes to them, whoſe ruthleſſe eies
Are red, with laughing at her miſeries.
Naked ſhe lies, deform'd, and circumvented,
With troopes of feares, unpitied, unlamented.
A loathſome draine for filth, deſpis'd, forlorne,
The ſcorne of Nations, and the childe of ſcorne.

ELEG. 18.

SOwre wages iſſue from the ſweets of ſinne,
Heavens hand is juſt, this treacherous heart hath
The author of my woes : 'Tis I alone; (bin
My ſorrows reape, what my foule ſinnes have ſowne;
Often they cry'd to heaven, e'r heaven reply'd,
And vengeance ne'r had come, had they ne'r cry'd;
All you that paſſe, vouchſafe your gracious eares,
To heare theſe cries; your eyes to view theſe teares;
They are no heat-drops of an angry heart,
Or childiſh paſſions of an idle ſmart,
But they are Rivers, ſpringing from an eye,
Whoſe ſtreames no joy can ſtop, no griefe draw dry.

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ELEG. 19.

TVrne where I lift, new cauſe of woes preſents
My poore diſtracted ſoule with new laments;
Where ſhall I turne, ſhall I implore my friends?
Ah, ſummer friendſhip with the Summer ends;
In vaine to them my groanes, in vaine my teares,
For harveſt friends can finde no winter eares;
Or ſhall I call my ſacred Prieſts for ayd?
Alas! my pined Prieſts are all betraid
To Death and Famine; in the ſtreets they cryed
For bread, & whil'ſt they ſought for bread they died,
Vengeance could never ſtrike ſo hard a blow,
As when ſhe ſends an unlamented woe.

ELEG. 20.

VOuchſafe (great God) to turne thy tender eyes
On me poor wretch: Oh let my midnight cries
(That never ceaſe, if never ſtopt with teares)
Procure an audience from thy gracious eares;
Behold thy creature, made by change of griefe,
The bareſt wretch, that ever beg'd reliefe;
See, ſee, my ſoule is tortur'd on thy rack
My bowels tremble, and my heartſtrings crack;
Abroad, the ſword with open ruine frights me;
At home, the ſecret hand of Famine ſmites me;
Strange fires of griefe! How is my ſoule oppreſt,
That finds abroad no peace, at home no reſt!

ELEG.

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ELEG. 21.

WHere, where art thou, ô sacred *Lamb* of peace,
That promis'd to the heavy laden, ease?
Thee, thee alone, my often bended knee
Invokes, that have no other helpe but thee;
My foes (amazed at my hoarse complaining)
Scoffe at my oft repeated cries, disdaining
To lend their prosp'rous hand, they hisse and smile,
Taking a pleasure to behold my spoile:
Their hands delight to bruise my broken reeds,
And still persist to prick that heart that bleeds;
But there's a Day (if Prophets can divine)
Shall scourge their sins, as they have scourged mine.

ELEG. 22.

YOu noysome weeds, that lift your Crests so high,
When better plants, for want of moysture die,
Thinke you to flourish ever? and (unspide)
To shoot the flowers of your fruitlesse pride?
If plants be cropt, because their fruits are small,
Thinke you to thrive, that beare no fruit at all?
Looke downe (great God) and frō their places teare
These weeds that suck the juice, should make us bear
Vndew'd with showers, let them see no Sun,
But feele those frosts that thy poor plants have done.
O cleanse thy Garden, that the world may know
We are the seeds that thy right hand did sow.

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Threnodia II.

ELEG. 1.

ALas! my torments, my diſtracted feares
Have no commerce with reaſonable teares:
How hath Heavens abſence darkned the renowne
Of *Sions* glory! with one angry frowne
How hath th'Almighty clouded thoſe bright beams
And chang'd her beauties ſtreamers into ſtreames!
Sion, the glory of whoſe refulgent Fame
Gave earneſt of an everlaſting name,
Is now become an indigeſted Maſſe,
And ruine is where that brave glory was:
How hath heaven ſtrucke her earth-admired name
From th'height of honour, to the depth of ſhame;

ELEG. 2.

BEautie, nor ſtrength of building could entice,
Or force revenge from her juſt enterpriſe;
Mercy hath ſtopt her eares, and Iuſtice hath
Powr'd out full vials of her kindled wrath;
Impatient of delay, ſhe hath ſtrucke downe
The pride of *Sion*, kickt off *Iudah's* Crowne;
Her ſtreets unpeopl'd, and diſperſt her powres,
And with the ground hath levell'd her high towres;
Her Prieſts are ſlaine, her captiv'd Princes are
Vnranſom'd priſoners; ſlaves her men of warre;
Nothing remaines of all her wonted glory,
But ſad memorials of her tragick ſtory.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 3.

CONfuſed horror and confounding ſhame
Have blurr'd the beauty, and renowned name
Of righteous *Iſrael*; *Iſrael's* fruitfull land,
Entaild by Heaven; with the uſurping hand
Of uncontroled Gentiles, is laid waſte,
And with the ſpoyle of ruine is defac'd;
The angry mouth of Iuſtice blowes the fires
Of haſty vengeance, whoſe quick flame aſpires,
With fury to that place, which heaven did ſever,
For *Iacob* and his holy ſeed for ever;
No part, no ſecret angle of the Land,
Which beares no marke of heavens enraged hand.

ELEG. 4.

DArts, thrild frō heaven, tranſix my bleeding heart
And fill my ſoule with everlaſting ſmart,
Whoſe feſtring wound no fortune can recure;
Th'almighty ſtrikes but ſeldome, but ſtrikes ſure;
His ſinowy arme hath drawne his ſteely bow,
And ſent his forked ſhafts to overthrow
My pined Princes, and to ruinate
The weakned Pillars of my wounded State;
His hand hath ſcourg'd my deare delights, acquited
My ſoule of all wherein my ſoule delighted;
I am the mirror of unmasked ſinne,
To ſee her (dearely purchas'd) pleaſures in.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 5.

EVen as the Pilot, whose sharpe keele divides
Th'encountring waves of the *Cicilian* Tides,
Tost on the lists of death, striving to scape
The danger of deep-mouth'd *Charybdis* rape,
Rebuts on *Scylla*, with a forc'd careere,
And wrecks upon a lesse suspected feare;
Even so poore I, contriving to withstand
My Foemans, fall into th'Almighties hand;
So I, the childe of ruine, to avoid
Lesse dangers, by a greater am destroy'd:
How necessary, ah! how sharp's his end,
That neither hath his God, nor man to friend!

ELEG. 6.

FOrgotten *Sion* hangs her drooping head,
Vpon her fainting brest; Her soule is fed (her
With endlesse griefe, whose torments had depriv'd
Long since of life, had not new paines reviv'd her:
Sion is like a Garden, whose defence
Being broke, is left to the rude violence
Of wastfull Swine, full of neglected waste;
Nor having flowre for smell, nor herbe for taste;
Heaven takes no pleasure in her holy Feasts,
Her idle Sabbaths, or burnt fat of beasts;
Both State and Temple are dispoyl'd and fleec't
Of all their beauty; without Prince or Priest.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 7.

GLory, that once did Heavens bright Temple fill,
Is now departed from that sacred Hill;
See, how the emptie Altar stands disguis'd,
Abus'd by Gentiles, and by heaven despis'd;
That place wherein the holy One hath taken
So sweet delight, lies loathed and forsaken;
That sacred place, wherein the precious Name
Of great *Iehovah* was preserv'd, the same
Is turn'd a Den for Theeves; an open stage
For vice to act on; a defiled Cage
Of uncleane birds; a house of priviledge
For sinne, and uncontrolled sacriledge.

ELEG. 8.

HEaven hath decreed; his angry brest doth boyle,
His time's expired, and he's arm'd to spoyle;
His secret Will adjourn'd the righteous doome
Of threatned *Sion*, and her time is come;
His hand is arm'd with thunder, from his eyes
A flame more quick than sulphurous *Etna*, flies;
Sion must fall: That hand which hath begun,
Can never rest, till the full worke be done.
Her wals are sunke, her Towres are overthrowne,
Heaven will not leave a stone upon a stone;
Hence, hence the floods of roaring *Iudah* rise;
Hence *Sion* fils the Cisternes of her eyes.

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ELEG. 9.

JOy is departed from the holy Gates
Of deare *Ieruſalem*, and peace retraits
From waſted *Sion*; her high wals, that were
An armed proofe againſt the brunt of feare,
Are ſhrunke for ſhame, if not withdrawne for pity,
To ſee the ruine of ſo brave a City;
Her Kings, and outlaw'd Princes live conſtrain'd
Hourely to heare the name of heaven profan'd;
Manners and Lawes, the life of government
Are ſent into eternall baniſhment;
Her Prophets ceaſe to preach; they vow, unheard:
They howle to heaven, but heaven gives no regard.

ELEG. 10.

KIng, Prieſt, and People, all alike are clad
In weeds of Sackcloth, taken from the ſad
Wardrobe of ſorrow, proſtrate on the earth,
They cloſe their lips, their lips eſtrang'd to mirth:
Silent they ſit, for dearth of ſpeech affords
A ſharper Accent for true griefe, than words.
The Father wants a Sonne, the Sonne a mother;
The Bride her Groom: the brother wants a brother;
Some, Famine: Exile ſome: and ſome the ſword
Hath ſlaine: All want, when *Sion* wants her Lord:
How art thou all in all! There's nothing ſcant
(Great God) with thee, without thee all things want.

ELEG.

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ELEG. II.

LAunch forth my ſoule, into a ſea of teares,
Whoſe ballanc'd Bulke no other Pilot ſteares
Then raging ſorrow, whoſe uncertaine hand,
Wanting her Compaſſe, ſtrikes on every ſand;
Driven with a ſtorme of ſighs, ſhe ſeekes the haven
Of reſt, but like to *Noahs* wandring Raven,
She ſcowres the Maine : and, as a Sea-loſt Rover,
She roames, but can no land of peace diſcover :
Mine eyes are faint with teares, teares have no end,
The more are ſpent, the more remaine to ſpend :
What Marble (ah) what Adamantine eye,
Can looke on *Sions* ruine, and not cry ?

ELEG. 12.

MY tongue ? the tongues of Angels, are too faint
T'expreſſe the cauſes of my juſt complaint;
See how the palefac'd ſucklings roare for food,
And frō their milkleſſe Mothers breſt, draw blood :
Children ſurceaſe their ſerious toyes, and plead
With trickling teares, Ah mothers, give us bread :
Such goodly Barnes, and notoure graine of Corne ?
Why did the ſword eſcape's : Why were we borne
To be devour'd and pin'd with famine? fave us :
With quick reliefe, or take the lives you gave us :
They cry'd for bread that ſcarce had breath to cry,
And wanting meanes to live, found meanes to die.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 13.

NEver, ah! never yet did vengeance brand
A State with deeper ruine than thy Land;
Deare *Sion*, how could mischiefe beene more keene,
Or struck thy glory with a sharper spleene?
Whereto (*Ierusalem*) to what shall I
Compare this thy unequall'd misery?
Turne backe to ages past; Search deepe Records:
Theirs are, thine cannot be expresst in words:
Would, would to God my lives cheape price might (be
Esteem'd of value, but to ransome thee;
Would I could cure thy griefe; but who is able
To heale that wound that is immedicable?

ELEG. 14.

O *Sion*, had thy prosperous soule indur'd
Thy Prophets scourge, thy joies had bin secur'd,
But thou (ah thou) hast lent thine itching eare
To such as claw'd, and onely such wouldst heare;
Thy Prophets, 'noynted with unhallow'd oyle,
Rub'd where they should have launcht, and did be-
Thy abused faith, their fawning lips did crie (guile
Peace, peace, alas, when there was no peace nigh;
They quilted silken curtaines for thy crimes,
Beside thy God, and onely pleas'd the times:
Deare Sion, oh! hadst thou but had the skill
To stop thine eares; thou hadst beene Sion still.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 15.

PEople that travell through thy wasted Land,
Gaze on thy ruines, and amazed stand,
They shake their spleenfull heads, disdaine, deride
The sudden downfall of so faire a pride;
They clap their joyfull hands, and fill their tongues
With hisses, ballads, and with Lyrick songs;
Her torments give their empty lips new matter,
And with their scornfull fingers point they at her;
Is this (say they) that place, whose wonted fame
Made troubled earth to tremble at her name?
Is this that State? are these those goodly Stations?
Is this that mistris, and that Queene of Nations?

ELEG. 16.

QVeacht are the dying Embers of compassion,
For empty sorrow findes no lamentation:
When as thy harvest flourisht with full eares,
Thy sleightest griefe brought in a tide of teares;
But now, alas, thy Crop consum'd, and gone,
Thou art but food for beasts to trample on;
Thy servants glory in thy ruine, those
That were they private friends, are publike foes;
Thus, thus (say they) we spit our rankrous spleene,
And gnash our teeth upon the worlds faire Queene;
Thrice welcome this (this long expected) day,
That crownes our conquest, with so sweet a prey.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 17.

REbellious *Iudah!* Could thy flattering crimes
Secure thee from the dangers of the times?
Or did thy summer Prophets e'r foresay
These evils, or warn'd thee of a winters day?
Did not those sweet-lipt Oracles beguile
Thy wanton eares, with newes of wine and Oyle?
But heaven is just: what his deepe counsell will'd,
His Prophets told, and Iustice hath fulfill'd:
He hath destroy'd; no secret place so void,
No Fort so sure, that heaven hath not destroy'd.
Thou land of *Iudah!* how's thy sacred throne
Become a Stage, for heathen to trample on!

ELEG. 18.

SEE, see, the curs'd Gentiles doe inherit
The Land of promise, where heavens Sacred Spirit
Built Temples for his everlasting Name,
There, there, th'usurping Pagans doe proclaime
Their idle Idols, unto whom they gave
That stolen honor which heav'ns Lord should have:
Winke *Sion*; O let not those eyes be stain'd
With heavens dishonour, see not heaven profan'd;
Close, close thine eyes, or if they needs must be
Open, like flood-gates, to let water flee,
Yet let the violence of their flowing streames
Obscure thine open eyes, and maske their beames.

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ELEG. 19.

TRust not thy eye-lids, leſt a flattering ſleepe
Bribe them to reſt, and they forgeet to weepe:
Powre out thy heart, thy heart diſſolv'd in teares;
Weepe forth thy plaints in the Almightie eares;
Oh let thy cries, thy cries to heaven addreſt,
Diſturbe the ſilence of thy midnight reſt;
Prefer the ſad petitions of thy ſoule
To heaven, ne'r cloſe thy lips till heaven condole
Confounded *Sion*, and her wounded weale;
That God that ſmit, oh move that God to heale;
Oh, let thy tongue ne'r ceaſe to call, thine eye
To weepe, thy penſive heart ne'r ceaſe to cry.

ELEG. 20.

VOuchſafe, ô thou eternall Lord of pity,
To looke on *Sion*, and thy deareſt City,
Confus'd *Ieruſalem*, for thy *Davids* ſake,
And for that promiſe which thy ſelfe did make
To halting *Iſrael*; loe, thy hand hath forc'd
Mothers (whom lawleſſe Famine hath divorc'd
From deare affection) to devoure the bloomes,
And buds, that burgeond from their painfull wombs;
Thy ſacred Prieſts and Prophets, that while-ere
Did howrely whiſper in thy neighbring eare,
Are ſalne before the Sacrilegious ſword,
Even where, even whilſt they did unfold thy word.

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ELEG. 21.

WOunded, and wasted by th'eternall hand
Of heaven, I grovell on the ground; my Land
Is turn'd a *Golgotha*; before mine eye,
Vnsepulchred my murthred people lie;
My dead ly rudely scattred on the stones,
My Cauſies all are pav'd with dead mens bones;
The fierce Destroyer doth alike forbeare
The maidens trembling, and the Matrons teare,
Th'imperiall sword spares neither Foole nor Wise,
The old mans pleading, nor the Infants cries:
Vengeance is deafe and blinde, and she respects
Nor Young, nor Old, nor Wise, nor Foole, nor Sexe.

ELEG. 22.

YEares heavy laden with their months, retire;
Months, gone their date of nũbred dayes, expire;
The dayes, full houred, to their period tend;
And howers, chac'd with light-foot Minutes, end;
Yet my undated evils, no time will minish,
Though years & months, though dayes and howers finish:
Feares flock about me, as invited guests
Before the Portals at proclaimed feasts;
Where heavẽ hath breath'd, that man, that state must fall,
Heaven wants no thunderbolts to strike withall:
I am the subject of that angry Breath,
My sonnes are slaine, and I am mark'd for death.

Threnodia

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Threnodia III.

ELEG. 1.

ALL you, whose unprepared lips did taste
The tedious Cup of sharpe affliction, cast
Your wondring eyes on me, that have drunke up
Those dregs, whereof you onely kist the Cup:
I am the man, 'gainst whom th'Eternall hath
Discharg'd the lowder volley of his wrath;
I am the man, on whom the brow of night
Hath scowl'd, unworthy to behold the light;
I am the man, in whom th'Almighty shewes
The dire example of unpattern'd woes;
I am that Prisner ransome cannot free;
I am that man, and I am onely he.

ELEG. 2.

BOndage hath forc'd my servile necke to faile
Beneath her load; Afflictions nimble Flayle
Hath thrasht my soule upon a floore of stones,
And quasht the marrow of my broken bones,
Th'assembled powers of Heaven enrag'd, are eager
To root me out; Heavens souldiers doe beleager
My worried soule, my soule unapt for fleeing,
That yeelds, o'rburthen'd with her tedious being;
Th'Almighties hand hath clouded all my light,
And clad my soule with a perpetuall night,
A night of torments, and eternall sorrow,
Like that of Death, that never findes a morrow.

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ELEG. 3.

CHain'd to the brazen pillars of my woes,
I ſtrive in vaine. No mortall hand can looſe
What heaven hath bound; my ſoule is wall'd about,
That hope can not get in, nor feare get out;
When e'r my wav'ring hopes to heaven addreſſe
The feeble voice of my extreame diſtreſſe,
He ſtops his tired eares, without regard
Of Suit, or Suitor, leaves my prayers unheard,
Before my faint and ſtumbling feet he layes
Blockes, to diſturbe my beſt adviſed wayes;
I ſeeke my peace, but ſeeke my peace in vaine;
For every way's a Trap; each path's a Traine.

ELEG. 4.

DIſturbed Lyons are appeas'd with blood,
And ravenous Bears are milde, not wanting food,
But heaven, ah! heaven will not implored be:
Lyons and Beares are not ſo fierce as He:
His direfull vengeance (which no meane confines)
Hath croſt the thriving of my beſt deſignes:
His hand hath ſpoil'd me, that e'rwhile advanc't me,
Brought in my foes, poſſeſt my friends againſt me;
His Bow is bent, his forked Rovers flie,
Like darted haile-ſtones from the darkned skie,
Shot from a hand that cannot erre, they be
Transfixed in no other marke, but me.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 5.

EXil'd from heaven I wander too and fro,
And seeke for streames, as Stags new stricked doe,
And like a wandring Hart I flee the Hounds,
With Arrowes deeply fixed in my wounds;
My deadly hunters with a winged pace,
Pricke forwards, and pursue their weary chace,
They whoope, they hollow me, deride and flout me,
That flee from death, yet carry death about me:
Excesse of torments hath my soule deceiv'd
Of all her joyes, of all her powres bereiv'd,
O curious griefe, that hast my soule brim-fill'd
With thousand deaths, and yet my soule not kill'd!

ELEG. 6.

FOllow'd with troopes of feares, I flie in vaine,
For change of places breeds new change of paine;
The base condition of my low estate,
My exalted Foes disdaine and wonder at:
Turne were I list, these, these my wretched eyes,
They finde no objects, but new miseries;
My soule, accustom'd to so long increase
Of paines, forgets that shee had ever peace;
Thus, thus perplext, thus with my griefes distracted,
What shall I doe? Heavens powers are compacted
To worke my eternall ruine; To what friend
Shall I make moan, when heaven conspires my end?

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ELEG. 7.

GReat God! what helpe (ah me) what hope is left
To him, that of thy presence is bereft?
Absented from thy favour, what remaines,
But sense and sad remembrance of my paines?
Yet hath affliction op'ned my dull eare,
And taught me what in weale I ne'r could heare;
Her scourge hath tutor'd me with sharpe corrections
And swag'd the swelling of my proud affections;
Till now I slumbred in a prosp'rous dreame,
From whence awak'd, my griefes are more extream;
Hopes newly quickned, have my soule assur'd,
That griefes discoverd, are one halfe recur'd.

ELEG. 8.

HAd not the milder hand of mercy broke
The furious violence of that fatall stroke,
Offended Iustice struck, we had beene quite
Lost in the shadowes of eternall night;
Thy mercy Lord, is like the morning Sunne,
Whose beames undoe, what sable night hath done;
Or like a streame, the current of whose course,
Restrain'd a while, runnes with a swifter force;
Oh, let me swelter in those sacred beames,
And after bathe me in these silver streames;
To thee alone my sorrowes shall appeale;
Hath earth a wound, too hard for heaven to heale?

ELEG.

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ELEG. 9.

IN thee (deare Lord) my pensive soule respires,
Thou art the fulnesse of my choyce desires;
Thou art that sacred spring, whose waters burst
In streames to him, that seekes with holy thirst;
Thrice happy man, thrice happie thirst to bring
The fainting soule to so, so sweet a spring.
Thrice happy he, whose well-resolved brest
Expects no other ayde, no other rest;
Thrice happy he, whose downy age had bin
Reclaim'd by scourges from the prime of sinne,
And early season'd with the taste of Truth,
Remembers his Creator in his youth.

ELEG. 10.

KNowledge concomitates Heavens painfull rod,
Teaches the soule to know her selfe, her God,
Vnseiles the eye of faith, presents a morrow
Of joy, within the sablest night of sorrow;
Th'afflicted soule abounds in barest need,
Sucks purest honey from the foulest weed,
Detests that good, which pamper'd reason likes,
Welcomes the stroke, kisses the hand that strikes;
In roughest Tides his well-prepared brest,
Vntoucht with danger, findes a haven of rest;
Hath all in all, when most of all bereaven;
In earth, a hell, in hell he findes a Heaven.

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ELEG. 11.

LAbour perfected, with the evening ends,
The Lamp of heaven (his course fulfill'd) descends;
Can workes of nature seeke, and find a rest;
And shall the torments of a troubled brest,
Impos'd by natures all-commanding God,
Ne'r know an end, ne'r finde a period?
Deare soule despaire not, whet thy dull beliefe
With hope; heavens mercy will o'rcome thy griefe
From thee, not him proceeds thy punishment,
Hee's slow to wrath, and speedy to relent;
Thou burnst like gold, consumest not like fuell;
O, wrong not Heavē, to thinke that Heaven is cruell.

ELEG. 12.

MOuntains shal move, the Sun his circling course
Shall stop, tridented *Neptune* shall divorce
Th'embracing floods from their beloved Iles,
Ere heaven forgets his servant, and recoyles
From his eternall vow: Those, those that bruise
His broken reeds, or secretly abuse
The doubtfull Title of a rightfull Cause,
Or with false bribes, adulterate the Lawes,
That should be chaste, these, these, th'Almighty hath
Branded for subjects of a future wrath;
Oh may the just man know, th' Eternall hastens
His plagues for trials; loves the childe he chastens,

ELEG.

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ELEG. 13.

NO mortall power, nor ſupernall might,
Not *Lucifer*, nor no infernall ſpright,
Nor altogether joyn'd in one commiſſion
Can thinke or act without divine permiſſion;
Man wils, Heaven breathes ſucceeſſe, or not, upon it;
What good, what evill befals, but Heaven hath done (it?
Vpon his right hand Health and Honors ſtand,
And flaming ſcourges on the other hand:
Since then the States of good or evill depend
Vpon his will, (fond mortall) thou attend
Vpon his Wiſdome; Why ſhould living Duſt
Complaine on heaven, becauſe that Heaven is juſt?

ELEG. 14.

OLet the ballance of our eaven poiſ'd hearts
Weigh our afflictions with our juſt deſerts,
And eaſe our heavy ſcale; Double the graines
We take from ſinne, Heaven taketh from our paines;
Oh let thy lowly bended eyes not feare
Th'Almighties frowns, nor husband one poor tear;
Be prodigall in ſighes, and let thy tongue,
Thy tongue eſtrang'd to heaven, cry all night long;
My ſoule thou leav'ſt, what thy Creator did
Will thee to doe, haſt done what he forbid;
This, this hath made ſo great a ſtrangeneſſe be
(If not divorce) betwixt thy God, and thee.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 15.

PRepar'd to Vengeance, and resolv'd to spoile,
Thy hand (just God) hath taken in thy toyle
Our wounded soules; that arme which hath forgot
His wonted mercy, kils and spareth not;
Our crimes have set a barre betwixt thy Grace,
And us: thou hast ecclipst thy glorious face,
Hast stopt thy gracious eare, lest prayers inforce
Thy tender heart to pity and remorse:
See, see great God, what thy deare hand hath done;
We lie like drosse, when all the gold is gone,
Contemn'd, despis'd, and like to Atomes, flie
Before the Sunne, the scorne of every eye.

ELEG. 16.

QVotidian fevers of reproach and shame,
Have chill'd our honour and renowned Name;
We are become the by-word and the scorne
Of heaven and earth; of heaven and earth forlorne;
Our captiv'd soules are compast round about,
Within with troopes of feares, of Foes without;
Without, within, distrest; and in conclusion,
We are the hapless children of confusion;
Oh how mine eyes, the rivers of mine eyes
O'rflow these barren lips, that can devise
No Dialect, that can expresse or borrow
Sufficient Metaphors, to shew my sorrow!

ELEG.

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ELEG. 17.

RIvers of mariſh teares have over-flowne
My blubber'd cheeks; my tógue can find no Tone
So ſharp as ſilence, to bewaile that woe,
Whoſe flowing Tides an ebb could never know:
Weepe on (mine eyes) mine eyes ſhall never ceaſe;
Speake on (my Tongue) forget to hold thy peace;
Ceaſe not thy teares; cloſe not thy lips ſo long,
Till heavē ſhall wipe thine eyes, & heare thy tongue:
What heart of Braſſe, what Adamantine breſt
Can know the torments of my ſoule, and reſt?
What ſtupid braine, (ah me!) what marble eye
Can ſee theſe, theſe my ruines, and not cry?

ELEG. 18.

SO hath the Fowler with his fley deceits,
Beguil'd the harmleſſe bird; ſo with falſe baits.
The treacherous Angler ſtrikes his nibbling prey;
Even ſo my foes my guiltleſſe ſoule betray;
So have my fierce purſuers, with cloſe wiles
Inthralled me, and gloried in my ſpoyles;
Where undermining plots could not prevaile,
There miſchiefe did with ſtrength of arme aſſaile;
Thus in afflictions troubled billowes toſt,
I live; but 'tis a life worſe had than loſt:
Thus, thus o'rwhelm'd, my ſecret ſoule doth cry,
I am deſtroy'd, and there's no helper nigh.

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ELEG. 19.

Thou great Creator, whose diviner breath
Preserves thy creature, joy'st not in his death,
Looke downe from thy eternall Throne, that art
The onely Rocke of a despairing heart:
Looke down from heaven (O thou) whose tender eare
Once heard the trickling of one single teare;
How art thou now estranged from his crie,
That sends forth Rivers from his fruitfull eye?
How often hast thou with a gentle arme,
Rais'd me from death, and bid me feare no harme:
What strange disaster caus'd this sudden change?
How wert thou once so neare, and now so strange!

ELEG. 20.

Vanquisht by such as thirsted for my life,
And brought my soule into a legall strife,
How oft hast thou (just God) maintain'd my cause
And crost the sentence of their bloody Lawes?
Be still my God, be still that God thou wert,
Looke on thy mercy, not on my desert,
Be thou my Iudge betwixt my Foes and me;
The Advocate betwixt my soule and thee; (vanc'd;
'Gainst thee (great Lord) their arme they have ad-
And dealt that blow to thee, that thus hath glanc'd
Vpon my soule; smite those that have smit thee,
And for thy sake, discharge their spleene at me.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 19.

... whose diviner breath
... cature, ... not in his death,
... eternall Throne, that art
... a despairing heart: (eare
... O thou whose tender
... of one single teare;
... stranged from his crie,
... from his fruitfull eye?
... with a gentle arme,
... and bid me feare no harme:
... caus'd this sudden change?
... so neare, and now so strange!

ELEG. 20.

... as thirsted for my life,
... soule into a legall strife,
... God) maintain'd my cause
... of their bloody Lawes?
... that God thou wert,
... not on my desert,
... betwixt my Foes and me;
... my soule and thee; (vanc'd
... ord) their arme they have ad-
... to thee, that thus hath glanc'd
... those that have smit thee,
... harge their spleene at me.

ELEG.

ELEG. 21.

WHat squint-ey'd scorne, what flout, what wry-(mouth'd scoffe
That sullen pride e'r tooke acquaintance of,
Hath scap'd the fury of my Foemans tongue,
To doe my simple Innocency wrong?
What day, what hower; nay, what shorter season
Hath kept my soule secuer from the treason
Of their corrupted counsels, which dispensed
Dayes, nights and howers, to conspire my end?
My sorrowes are their songs, and as sleight fables,
Fill up the silence of their wanton tables;
Looke downe (just God) and with thy powre divine
Behold my Foes; they be thy foes and mine.

ELEG. 22.

YET sleeps thy vengeance? can thy Iustice be,
So slow to them, and yet so sharpe to me?
Dismount (just Iudge) from thy Tribunall Throne,
And pay thy Foemen the deserved loane
Of their unjust designes; make fierce thy hand,
And scourge thou thē, as they have scourg'd my lād;
Break thou their Adamantine hearts, & pound them
To dust, and with thy finall curse confound them;
Let horror seize their soules, ô may they be
The scorne of Nations, that have scorned thee;
O, may they live distrest, and die bereaven
Of earths delights, and of the joyes of heaven.

ELEG.

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Threnodia IIII.

ELEG. 1.

ALas! what alterations! Ah, how ſtrange
Amazemẽt flowes from ſuch an uncouth change
Ambitious Ruine! could thy razing hand
Finde ne'r a ſubject but the holy Land?
Thou ſacrilegious Ruine, to attempt
The houſe of God, was not heaven houſe exempt
From thy accurſed Rape? Ah me! behold,
Sion, whoſe pavement of refulgent gold,
So lately did reflect, ſo bright, ſo pure,
How dimme, how drowſie now, (ah!) how obſcure!
Her ſacred ſtones lie ſcatter'd in the ſtreet,
For ſtumbling blocks before the Levites feet.

ELEG. 2.

BEhold her Princes, whoſe victorious browes
Fame oft had crowned with her Lawrell boughs.
See how they hide their ſhame confounding creſts,
And hang their heads upon their fainting breſts,
Behold her Captaines, and brave men at armes,
Whoſe ſpirits fired at warres loud alarmes,
Like worried sheepe how flee they at the noyſe
Of Drummes, and ſtartle at the Trumpets voyce!
They faint, and like amazed Lyons, ſhow
Their fearfull heeles; if Chaunticleere but crow;
How are the Pillars (*Sion*) of thy ſtate
Transform'd to clay, and burniſht gold ſo late!

ELEG.

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ELEG. 3.

CAn furious Dragons heare their helpleſſe brood
Cry out, and fill their hungry lips with food?
Hath Nature taught fierce Tygers to apply
The breſt unto their younglings empty cry?
Have ſavage beaſts time, place, and natures helpes;
To feed and foſter up their idle whelpes?
And ſhall the tender babes of *Sion* crie,
And pine for food, and yet their Mothers by?
Dragons, and Tygers, and all ſavage beaſts
Can feed their young, but *Sion* hath no breaſts:
Diſtreſſed *Sion*, more unhappy farre,
Than Dragons, ſavage Beaſts, or Tygers are!

ELEG. 4.

DEath thou purſueſt, if from death thou flee,
Or if thou turn'ſt thy flight, death follows thee:
Thy ſtaffe of life is broke; for want of bread,
Thy City pines, and halfe thy Land is dead;
The ſon t'his father weepes, makes fruitleſſe moane
The father weepes upon his weeping ſonne:
The brother cals upon his pined brother,
And both come crying to their hungry mother:
The empty Babe, in ſtead of milke, drawes downe
His Nurſes teares, well mingled with his owne;
Nor chãge of place, nor time with help ſupplies thee
Abroad the Sword, famine at home deſtroyes thee.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 5.

EXceſſe and Surfet now have left thy Coaſt,
The laviſh Gueſt now wants his greedy Hoſt,
No wanton Cooke prepares his poynant meate,
To teach a ſatiate palate how to eate;
Now *Bacchus* pines, and ſhakes his feeble knees,
And pamper'd *Envy* looks as plumpe as Hee's;
Diſcolour'd *Ceres*, that was once ſo faire;
Hath loſt her beauty, ſing'd her golden haire;
Thy Princes mourne in rags; aſham'd t'infold
Their leaden ſpirits in a caſe of Gold;
From place to place thy Stateſmen wandring are;
On every dung-hill lies a man of warre.

ELEG. 6.

FOule *Sodome*, and inceſtuous *Gomorah*,
Had my deſtruction; but ne'r my ſorrow;
Vengeance had mercy there; her hand did ſend
A ſharpe beginning, but a ſudden end;
Iuſtice was milde, and with her haſty flaſhes
They fell, and ſweetly ſlept in peacefull Aſhes;
They felt no rage of an inſulting Foe,
Nor Famins pinching furie, as I doe;
They had no ſacred Temple to defile;
Or if they had, they would have helpt to ſpoile;
They dy'd but once, but I, poore wretched I,
Die many deaths, and yet have more to die.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 7.

GOld from the Mint; Milk, from the uberous Cow;
Was ne'r so pure in substance, nor in show,
As were my *Nazarites*, whose inward graces
Adorn'd the outward lustre of their faces;
Their faces robb'd the Lilly, and the Rose,
Of red and white; more faire, more sweet thã those.
Their bodies were the magazens of perfection,
Their Skins unblemisht, were of pure complexion,
Through which their Saphire-colour'd veines de-
The Azure beauty of their naked pride; (scride
The flaming Carbuncle was not so bright,
Nor yet the rare discolour'd Chrysolite.

ELEG. 8.

HOw are my sacred *Nazarites* (that were
The blazing planets of my glorious Sphære)
Obscur'd and darkned in Afflictions cloud?
Astonisht at their owne disguize, they shrowd
Their foule transformed shapes in the dull shade
Of sullen darknesse; of themselves afraid;
See how the brother gazes on the brother,
And both affrighted, start, and flie each other;
Blacke as their Fates, they crosse the streets unkend,
The Sire, his Son; the friend disclaimes his friend;
They, they that were the flowres of my Land,
Like withered Weeds, and blasted Hemlocke stand.

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ELEG. 9.

IMperuous Famine, Sister to the Sword,
Left hand of Death, Childe of th'infernall Lord,
Thou Torturer of mankinde, that with one stroke,
Subject'st the world to thy imperious yoake:
What pleasure tak'st thou in the tedious breath
Of pined mortals? Or their lingring death?
The Sword, thy generous brother's not so cruell,
He kils but once, fights in a noble Duell,
But thou (malicious Furie) dost extend
Thy spleene to all, whose death can finde no end;
Alas! my hapleſſe weale can want no woe,
That feeles the rage of Sword, and famine too.

ELEG. 10.

KInde is that death, whose weapons doe but kill,
But we are often slaine, yet dying still;
Our torments are too gentle, yet too rough
They gripe too hard, because not hard enough;
My people teare their trembling flesh, for food,
And frō their ragged wounds they suck forth blood;
The Father dies, and leaves his pined Coarse,
T'inrich his Heire with meate; The hungry Nurse
Broyles her starv'd suckling on the hasty coales,
Devoures one halfe, and hides the rest in holes.
O Tyran famine! that compell'st the Mother,
To kill one hungry Childe to feed another!

ELEG.

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ELEG. 11.

LAment, O ſad *Ieruſalem*, lament;
O weepe, if all thy teares be yet unſpent,
Weepe (waſted *Iudah*) let no drop be kept
Vnſhed, let not one teare be left unwept;
For angry heaven hath nothing left undone,
To bring thy ruines to perfection;
No curſe, no plague the fierce Almighty hath
Kept backe, to ſumme the totall of his wrath;
Thy Citie burnes; thy *Sion* is diſpoyl'd;
Thy wives are raviſht, and thy maides defil'd;
Famine at home; the ſword abroad deſtroyes thee;
Thou cry'ſt to heav'n, & heav'n his eare denies thee.

ELEG. 12.

MAy thy dull ſenſes, (ô unhappy Nation,
Poſſeſt with nothing now but deſolation)
Collect their ſcatter'd forces, and behold
Thy novell fortunes, ballanc'd with the old;
Couldſt thou, ô could thy proſprous heart conceive,
That mortall pow'r, or art of State could reive
Thy illuſtrious Empire of her ſacred glory,
And make her ruines the *Threnodian* ſtory
Of theſe ſad times, and ages yet to be?
Envie could pine, but never hope to ſee
Thy buildings cruſht, and all that glory ended,
Which Man ſo fortifi'd, and Heav'n defended.

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ELEG. 13.

NE'r had the ſplendor of thy bright renowne
Been thus extinguiſht *(Iudah;)* Thy faſt Crown
Had ne'r beene ſpurn'd from thy Imperiall brow,
Plenty had nurs'd thy ſoule, thy peacefull plough
Had fill'd thy fruitfull Quarters with encreaſe,
Hadſt thou but knowne thy ſelfe, and loved peace;
But thou haſt broke that ſacred truce, concluded
Betwixt thy God, and thee; vainly deluded
Thy ſelfe with thine owne ſtrength, with deadly feud
Thy furious Prieſts and Prophets have purſu'd
The mourning Saints of *Sion*, and did ſlay
All ſuch as were more juſt, more pure than they.

ELEG. 14.

OHow the Prieſts of *Sion*, whoſe pure light
Should ſhine to ſuch, as grope in Errors night,
And blaze like Lamps before the darkned eye
Of Ignorance, to raiſe up thoſe that lie
In dull deſpaire, and guide thoſe feet that ſtray,
Ay me! How blinde, how darke, how dull are they!
Fearc rage and fury drives them through the ſtreet,
And, like to mad men, ſtabbe at all they meet;
They weare the purple Livery of Death,
And live themſelves, by drawing others breath;
Say *(wafted Sion)* could Revenge behold
So foule an Acted Scene as this, and hold?

ELEG.

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ELEG. 15.

PRophets, and sacred Priests, whose tongues while-
Did often whisper in th' Eternals eare, (ere
Disclos'd his Oracles, found ready passage
'Twixt God and Man, to carry heavens Embassage,
Are now the subjects of deserved scorne,
Of God forsaken, and of man forlorne;
Accursed Gentiles are asham'd to know,
What *Sions* Priests are not asham'd to doe;
They see and blush, and blushing flee away,
Fearing to touch things so defil'd as they;
They hate the filth of their abomination (nation.
And chace them forth from their new conquer'd

ELEG. 16.

QVite baniisht from the joyes of earth, and smiles
Of heaven, and deeply buried in her spoyles,
Poore *Iudah* lies; unpittied, disrespected;
Exil'd the world; of God, of man rejected,
Like blasted eares among the fruitfull wheat,
She roames dispers't, and hath no certaine seat;
Her servile neck's subjected to the yoake
Of bondage, open to th' impartiall stroke
Of conquering Gentiles, whose afflicting hand
Smites every nooke of her disguised Land;
Of Youth respectlesse, nor regarding Yeares,
Nor Sex, nor Tribe; like scourging Prince and Peers.

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ELEG. 17.

REnt and depoſed from Imperiall ſtate,
By heavens high hand, on heaven we muſt await;
To him that ſtruck our ſorrowes muſt appeale;
Where heaven hath ſmit, no hand of man can heale;
In vaine our wounds expected mans reliefe,
For diſappointed hopes renew a griefe;
Egypt oppreſt us in our fathers loynes,
What hope's in Egypt? Nay, if Egypt joynes
Her force with *Iudah*, our united powres
Could ne'r prevaile 'gainſt ſuch a foe as our's;
Egypt, that once did feele heav'ns ſcourge for grieving,
His flock, would now refinde it for relieving.

ELEG. 18.

SO the quick-ſented Beagles, in a view,
O'r hill and dale the fleeing chaſe purſue,
As ſwift-foot death and ruine follow me,
That flees, afraid, yet knowes not where to flee:
Flee to the fields? there with the ſword I meet;
And like a Watch, Death ſtands in every ſtreet;
No covert hides from death; no Shade, no Cels
So darke, wherein not Death and Horror dwels:
Our dayes are numbred, and our number's done,
The empty Houre-glaſſe of our glorie's runne:
Our ſinnes are ſumm'd, and ſo extream's the ſcore,
That heaven could not doe no leſſe, nor hell do more.

Digitized by Google ELEG.

ELEG. 19.

TO what a downfall are our fortunes come,
Subjected to the sufferance of a doome,
Whose lingring torments Hell could not conspire
More sharpe! than which hell needs no other fire:
How nimble are our Foemen to betray
Our soules? Eagles are not so swift as they:
Where shall we flee? or where shall sorrow finde
A place for harbour? Ah, what prosp'rous winde
Will lend a gale, whose bounty ne'r shall cease,
Till we be landed on the Ile of peace?
My foes more fierce than empty Lions are;
For hungry Lyons, woo'd with teares, will spare.

ELEG. 20.

VSurping Gentiles rudely have engrost
Into their hands those fortunes we have lost,
Devoure the fruits that purer hands did plant,
Are plumpe and pampred with that bread we want,
And (what is worse than death) a Tyran treads
Vpon our Throne; Pagans adorne their heads
With our lost crownes; their powers have disjointed
The members of our State, and Heavens Anoynted
Their hands have crusht, & ravisht from his throne,
And made a slave for slaves to tread upon;
Needs must that flock be scattred and accurst,
Where wolves have dar'd to seize the Shepherd first.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 21.

WAxe fat with laughing (*Edom*;) with glad eies
Behold the fulneſſe of our miſeries;
Triumph (thou Type of Antichriſt) and feed
Thy ſoule with joy, to ſee thy brothers ſeed
Ruin'd, and rent, and rooted from the earth,
Make haſte and ſolace thee with early mirth;
But there's a time ſhall teach thee how to weepe
As many teares as I; thy lips as deepe
Shall drinke in ſorrowes Cup, as mine have done,
Till then cheare up thy ſpirits, and laugh on:
Offended Iuſtice often ſtrikes by turnes;
Edom, beware, for thy next neighbour burnes.

ELEG. 22.

YE E drooping ſonnes of *Sion*, ô ariſe,
And ſhut the flood-gates of your flowing eyes,
Surceaſe your ſorrowes, and your joyes attend,
For heaven hath ſpoke it, and your griefes ſhal end;
Beleeve it *Sion*; ſeeke no curious ſigne,
And wait heav'ns pleaſure, as heav'n waited thine;
And thou triumphing *Edom*, that doſt lie
In beds of Roſes, thou whoſe proſp'rous eye
Did ſmile, to ſee the Gates of *Sion* fall,
Shalt be ſubjected to the ſelfe-ſame thrall;
Sion, that weepes, ſhall ſmile, and *Edoms* eye,
That ſmiles ſo faſt, as faſt ſhall ſhortly cry.

ELEG.

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The Prophet IEREMY his Prayer for the distressed people of *Ierusalem* and *Sion*.

GReat God, before whose all-discerning eye,
The secret corners of mans heart doe lie
As open as his actions, which no Clowd
Of secresie can shade; no shade can shrowd;
Behold the teares, ô hearken to the Cries
Of thy poore *Sion*; Wipe her weeping eyes,
Binde up her bleeding wounds, ô thou that art
The best Chirurgeon for a broken heart:
See how the Barbarous Gentiles have intruded
Into the Land of promise, and excluded
Those rightfull Owners from their just possessions,
That wander now full laden with oppressions;
Our Fathers (ah) their savage hands have slaine,
Whose deaths our Widow-mothers weepe in vaine;
Our Springs, whose Chrystall plenty once disburst
Their bounteous favours to quench every thirst;
Our liberall Woods, whose palsie-shaken tops,
To every stranger bow'd their yeelding lops,
Are sold to us that have no price to pay,
But sweat and toyle, the sorrowes of the day:
Oppressors trample on our servile neckes,
We never cease to groane, nor they to vexe;
Famine and dearth have taught our hands t'extend
To *Ashur*, and our feeble knees to bend
To churlish *Pharoe*: Want of bread compels
Thy servants to beg Almes of Infidels;
Our wretched Fathers sinn'd, and yet they sleepe
In peace, and have left us their sonnes to weepe;

We,

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We, we extracted from their sinfull loynes,
Are guilty of their sinnes; their *Ossa* joynes
To our high *Pelion*; Ah! their crimes doe stand
More firmely entailed to us, than our Land:
We are the slaves of servants, and the scorne
Of slaves; of all forsaken and forlorne;
Hunger hath forc'd us to acquire our food,
With deepest danger of our dearest blood;
Our skins are wrinkled, and the fruitlesse ploughs
Of want have fallow'd up our barren browes:
Within that *Sion*, which thy hands did build,
Our Wives were ravisht, and our maids defil'd:
Our Savage Foe extends his barbarous rage
To all, not sparing Sexe, nor Youth, nor Age:
They hang our Princes on the shamefull trees
Of death; respect no Persons, no Degrees:
Our Elders are despised, whose gray hayres
Are but the Index of their doating yeares;
Our flowring youth are forced to fulfill
Their painfull taskes in the laborious Mill;
Our children faint beneath their loads, and cry,
Oppresst with burdens, under which they lie;
Sages are banisht from judiciall Courts,
And youth takes no delight in youthfull sports:
Our joyes are gone, and promise no returning, (ning;
Our pleasure's turn'd to pain, our mirth to mour-
Our hand hath lost his sword; our Head his Crown;
Our Church her glory; our weale her high renowne.
Lord, we have sinn'd and these our sins have brought
This world of griefe; (ô purchase dearely bought!)
From hence our sorrowes, and from hence our fears
Proceed; for this our eyes are blinde with teares;
But that (aye that) which my poor heart doth count
Her sharpest torture, is thy sacred Mount,

Sacred

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Sacred Mount *Sion*; *Sion*, that divine
Seat of thy glory's raz'd; her tender Vine,
Laden with ſwelling Cluſters, is deſtroy'd,
And Foxes now, that once thy Lambs enjoy'd.
But thou (ô thou Eternall God) whoſe Throne
Is permanent, whoſe glory's ever one,
Vnapt for Change, abiding ſtill the ſame,
Though earth cõſume, & Heaven diſſolve her frame,
Why doſt thou, (ah!) why doſt thou thus abſent
Thy glorious face? Oh, wherefore haſt thou rent
Thy mercy from us? O! when wilt thou be
Atton'd to them that have no truſt but Thee.
Reſtore us (Lord) and let our ſoules poſſeſſe
Our wonted peace; O, let thy Hand redreſſe
Our waſted fortunes; let thine eye behold
Thy ſcattered Flock, and drive them to their Fold;
Canſt thou reject that people, which thy Hand
Hath choſe, and planted in the promis'd Land?
O thou (the Spring of mercy) wilt thou ſend
No eaſe to our Afflictions, no end?

The end.

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AN

ALPHABET OF ELEGIES,

VPON

The much and truly lamented death of that famous for Learning, Piety, and true Friendſhip, Doctor

AILMER.

A great favourer, and faſt friend to the Muſes, and late Arch-deacon of

LONDON.

Imprinted in his Heart, that ever loves his Memory.

Written by FRA. QVARLES.

Cum privilegio { *Am* / *Dol* } *oris.*

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori.

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READERS,

GIve me leave to performe a necessary duty, which my affection owes to the blessed memory of that reverend Prelate, my much honoured friend, Doctor *Ailmer*: Hee was one, whose life and death made as full and perfect a Story of worth and goodnesse, as earth would suffer, and whose pregnant vertues deserve as faithfull a Register, as earth can keepe: In whose happy remembrance, I have here trusted these Elegies to time and your favours: Had hee beene a Lampe to light me alone, my private griefes had beene sufficient; but being a Sunne, whose beams reflected on all, all have an interest in his memory; to which end I recommend these memorials to the publike, in testimony of my undissembled affection, and true pietie that I owe to so great an example of Vertue and Learning.

F. Q.

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ELEG. 1.

ALL you whose eyes would learne to weepe draw neare,
And hear, what none, without full teares can heare;
Come marble eyes, as marble as your hearts,
I'le teach you how to weepe a teare in parts;
And you falſe eyes, that never yet let fall
A teare in earneſt, come, and now ye ſhall
Send forth ſalt fountaines of the trueſt griefe,
That ever ſought to language for reliefe:
But you, you tender eyes, that cannot beare
An Elegie, wept forth, without a teare,
I warne you hence; or, at the moſt, paſſe by,
Leſt while you ſtay, you ſoone diſſolve, and die.

ELEG. 2.

BVt ſtay: (ſad *Genius*) How doe griefes tranſport
Thy exil'd ſenſes? Is there no reſort
To fork'd *Panaſſus* ſacred Mount? No word,
No thought of *Helicon*? No Muſe implor'd?
I did invoke; but there was none repli'd;
The nine were ſilent, ſince *Mecænas* dy'd:
They have forſaken their old Spring: 'tis ſaid,
They haunt a new one, which their tears have made:
Should I moleſt them with my loſſe? 'Tis knowne,
They finde enough to relament their owne:
I crave no ayde, no Deitie to infuſe
New matter: Ah: True ſorrow needs no Muſe.

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ELEG. 3.

CAll back (bright *Phœbus*) your sky-wandring (steeds,
Your day is tedious, and our sorrow needs
No Sun: when our sad soules have lost their light,
Why should our eyes not finde perpetuall night?
Goe to the nether world, and let your rayes
Shine there: Bestow on them our share of dayes;
But say not, Why: left when report shall shew
Such cause of griefe, they fall a grieving too,
And pray the absence of your restlesse wayne,
Which then must be return'd on us againe.
Deare *Phœbus* grant my suit, if thou deny't,
My teares shall blinde me, and so make a night.

ELEG. 4.

DEath, art thou grown so nice? can nothing please
Thy curious palate, but such Cates as these?
Or hath thy ravenous stomach beene o'rpress
With common diet at thy last great feast?
Or hast thou fed so neare that there is none
Now left but delicates to feed upon?
Or was this dish so tempting, that no power
Was left in thee to stay another hower?
Or didst thou feed by chance, and not observ'd
What food it was, but tooke as Fortune carv'd?
'Tis done. Be it or Fortunes act or thine,
It fed the one, whose want made Millions pine.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 5.

ENvie now burst with joy, and let thine eyes
Strut forth with fatnesse: let thy Collops rise
Pampred and plumpe: Feed full for many yeares
Vpon our losse: be drunken with our teares:
For he is dead, whose Soule did never cease
To crosse and violate your malicious peace:
He's dead; but in his death hath overthrowne
More vices than his happy life had done:
In life he taught to die; and he did give
In death a greater example how to live:
Though he be gone, his fame is left behinde:
Now leave thy laughing, Envy, and be pin'd.

ELEG. 6.

FArewell those eyes, whose gentle smiles forsooke
No misery, taught Charity how to looke:
Farewell those cheerefull eyes, that did e'rwhile,
Teach succour'd misery how to blesse a smile:
Farewell those eyes whose mixt aspect, of late
Did reconcile humility and state:
Farewell those eyes, that to their joyfull guest,
Proclaim'd their ordinary fare, a feast;
Farewell those eyes, the head-furs, late, whereby
The graves fail'd secure, from eye to eye:
Farewell deare eyes, bright Lamps, O who can tell
Your glorious welcome, or our sad farewell!

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ELEG. 7.

GOe glorious Saint! I knew 'twas not a shrine
Of flesh, could lodge so pure a soule as thine;
I saw it labour (in a holy scorne
Of living dust and ashes) to be sworne
A heavenly Quirister: It sigh'd and groan'd
To be dissolv'd from mortall, and enthron'd
Among his fellow Angels, there to sing
Perpetuall Anthems to his heavenly King:
He was a stranger to his house of Clay;
Scarce own'd it, but that necessary stay
Miscall'd it his; and onely zeale did make
Him love the building for the builders sake.

ELEG. 8.

HAd Vertue, Learning, the Diviner Arts,
Wit, judgement, wisdome, (or what other parts
That make perfection, and returne the minde
As great as earth can suffer) beene confin'd
To earth, had they the Patent to abide
Secure from change, our *Ailmer* ne'r had dy'd:
Fond earth forbeare and let thy childish eyes
Ne'r weep for him, thou ne'r knew'st how to prize
Shed not a teare blinde earth; for it appeares:
Thou never lov'dst our *Ailmer* by thy teares:
Or if thy flouds must needs o'rflow their brim,
Lament, lament thy blindnesse, and not him.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 9.

I Wondred not to heare so brave an end,
Because I knew who made it could contend
With death, and conquer, and in open chace
Would spit defiance in his conquered face;
And did: Dauntlesse he trod him underneath,
To shew the weaknesse of unarmed death:
Nay, had report, or nigard Fame deny'd
His name, it had beene knowne twas *Aylmer* dy'd.
It was no wonder, to heare rumour tell,
That he which dy'd so oft, once dy'd so well:
Great Lord of life, how hath thy dying breath
Made man, whō death had conquer'd, cōquer death!

ELEG. 10.

KNowledge (the depth of whose unbounded main
Hath been the wreck of many a curious braine,
And from her (yet unreconciled) schooles
Hath fill'd us with so many learned fooles)
Hath tutor'd thee with rules that cannot erre,
And taught thee how to know her selfe, and her;
Furnisht thy nimble soule in height of measure,
With humane riches and divinest treasure,
From whence, as from a sacred spring, did flow
Fresh Oracles, to let the hearer know
A way to glory; and to let him see,
The way to glory, is to study thee.

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ELEG. II.

LOoke how the body of heavens greater light
Inriches each beholder with his bright
And glorious rayes, untill the envious Weſt
Too greedy to enjoy ſo faire a gueſt,
Cals him to bed, where raviſht from our ſight,
He leaves us to the ſolemne frownes of night:
Even ſo our Sunne in his harmonious ſpeare
Enlightned every eye, rapt every eare,
Till in the early ſunſet of his yeares
He dy'd, and left us that ſurvive, in teares;
And (like the Sunne) in ſpight of death and fate,
He ſeemed greateſt in his loweſt ſtate.

ELEG. 12.

MOleſt me not, full ſighs and flowing teares,
You ſtorms & ſhowres of nature, ſtop your eares,
Fond fleſh and blood, againſt the ſtrong temptation
Of ſullen griefe, and ſenſe-bereaving paſſion:
Ceaſe to lament; Let not thy ſlow-pac'd numbers
Diſturbe his reſt, that ſo, ſo ſweetly ſlumbers;
The child of vertue is aſleepe, not dead;
He dies, alone, whom death hath conquered:
Why ſhould we ſhed a teare for him? or why
Lament we, whom we rather, ſhould envie!
He lives, he lives a life ſhall never taſte
A change, ſo long as Crownes of glory laſt.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 13.

NO, no, he is not dead; The mouth of fame,
Honors ihrill Herald, would preserve his name,
And make it live in spight of death and dust,
Were there no other heaven, no other trust.
He is not dead: The sacred Nine deny,
The soule that merits Fame, should ever die:
He lives; and when the lateſt breath of fame
Shall want her Trumpe, to glorifie a name,
He shall survive, and these selfe-closed eyes,
That now lie slumbring in the dust, shall rise,
And fill'd with endlesse glory, shall enjoy
The perfect vision of eternall joy.

ELEG. 14.

OBut the dregs of flesh and blood! how close
They grapple with my soule, and interpose
Her higher thoughts; which, yet but young of wing,
They cause to stoope and strike at every thing;
Passion presents before their weakned eye,
Judgement and better reason standing by:
I must lament, Nature commands it so:
The more I strive with teares, the more they flow;
These eyes have just, nay double cause of moane,
They weep the common losse, they weep their own:
He sleepes indeed; then give me leave to weepe
Teares fully answerable to his sleepe.

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ELEG. 15.

PArdon my teares, if they be too too free,
And if thou canst not weepe, I'le pardon thee,
Dull Stoick; if thou laugh to heare his death,
I'le weepe, that thou wert born to spend that breath
Thou dry-brain'd Portick, whose Athenian brest
(Transcending passion) never was oppresst
With griefe; o had your flinty Sect but lost
So rare a prize, as we lament and boast,
Your hearts had crost your Tenet, and disburst
As many drops as we have done, or burst;
No marvell that your marble braines could crosse
Her lawes, that never gave you such a losse.

ELEG. 16.

QVick-soul'd *Pythagoras*, o thou that wert
So many men, and didst so oft revert
From shades of death, (if we may trust to fame)
With losse of nothing but thy buried name;
Hadst thou but liv'd in this our *Aylmers* time,
Thou wouldst have dy'd once more to live in him;
Or had our *Aylmer* in those dayes of thine,
But dy'd, and left so glorious, so divine
A soule as his, how would thy hasty brest
Have gasp'd to entertaine so faire a guest!
Which if obtained, had (no doubt) supplide thee
With that immortall state thy Syre deny'd thee.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 17.

RAre ſoule, that now ſits crowned in that Quire
Of endleſſe joy, fill'd with celeſtiall fire;
Pardon my teares, that in their paſſion would
Recall thee from thy kingdome, if they could;
Pardon, ô pardon my diſtracted zeale;
Which, if condemn'd by reaſon, muſt appeale
To thee, whoſe now lamented death, whoſe end
Confirm'd the deare affection of a friend;
Permit me then to offer at thy herſe
Theſe fruitleſſe tears, which if they prove too fierce
O pardon, you, that know the price of friends;
For teares are juſt that nature recommends.

ELEG. 18.

SO may the faire aſpect of pleaſed heaven
Conform my noon of dayes, & crown their even;
So may the gladder ſmiles of earth preſent
My fortunes with the height of joyes, content;
As I lament with unaffected breath,
Our loſſe (deare *Ailmer*) in thy happy death:
May the falſe teare, that's forc'd, or ſlides by Art,
That hath no warrant from the ſoule, the heart,
Or that exceeds not natures faint commiſſion,
Or dares (unvented) come to compoſition;
O, may that teare in ſtricter judgement riſe
Againſt thoſe falſe, thoſe faint, thoſe flattering eyes.

ELEG.

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ELEG. 19.

THus to the world, and to the spacious eares
Of fame, I blazon my unboasted teares;
Thus to thy sacred dust, thy Vrne, thy Herse
I consecrate my sighes, my teares, my Verse;
Thus to thy soule, thy name, thy just desert
I offer up my joy, my love, my heart;
That earth may know, and every eare that heares,
True worth and griefe were parents to my teares:
That earth may know thy dust, thy Vrne, thy Herse,
Brought forth & bred my sighes, my tears, my verse;
And that thy soule, thy name, thy just desert,
Invites, incites my joy, my love, my heart.

ELEG. 20.

VNconstant earth! Why doe not mortals cease
To build their hopes upon so short a Lease?
Vncertaine lease, whose terme but once begun,
Tels never when it ends, till it be done:
We dote upon thy smiles, not knowing why:
And whilest we but prepare to live, we die:
We spring like flowers, for a dayes delight,
At noone, we flourish, and we fade at night:
We toyle for Kingdomes, conquer crownes, & then
We that were Gods but now, now lesse than men:
If wisedome, learning, knowledge cannot dwell
Secure from change, vaine bubble earth, farewell.

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ELEG. 21.

WOuldst thou, when death had done, deserve a glory
Should staine the memory of great *Pompeyes*
Conquer thy selfe; example be thy guide; glory?
Die just, as our selfe-conquering *Ailmer* dy'd.
Wouldst thou subdue more kingdoms, gain no crowns
Than that brave *Hero Cæsar* conquer'd townes?
Then conquer death; Example be thy guide.
Die just as our death-conquering *Ailmer* dy'd:
But wouldst thou win more worlds thã he had done
Kingdomes, that all the earth had over-runne?
Then conquer heaven; Example be thy guide;
Dye just as our heaven-conquering *Ailmer* dy'd.

ELEG. 22.

YEares, fully laden with their monthes, attend
Th'expired times acquitance, and so end:
Months gone their dates of numbred dayes, require
Bright *Cynthia's* full discharge, and so expire;
Dayes deeply ag'd with howers, lose their light,
And having runne their Stage, conclude with night:
And howers, chac'd with light-foot minutes, flie,
Tendring their labour to a new supply;
Yet *Ailmers* glory never shall diminish, finish:
Though years and months, though dayes and howers
Yet *Ailmers* joyes for ever shall extend, end.
Though years, and months, though dayes and howers

FINIS
Doloris nullus.

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His Epitaph.

Aske you, why ſo many a teare
Burſts forth; Ile tell you in your eare:
Compell me not to ſpeake aloud,
Each would then be too too proud,
Eyes that cannot vye a teare,
Forbeare to aske, you may not heare:
Gentle hearts that overflow
Have onely priuiledge to know:
In theſe ſacred Aſhes, then,
Know (Reader) that a man of men
Lyes covered: Fame and laſting glory
Make deare mention of his ſtory:
Nature when ſhe gave him birth,
Op'd her treaſure to the earth,
Put forth the modell of true merit,
Quickned with a higher ſpirit:
Rare was his life; His lateſt breath
Saw, and ſcorn'd, and conquerd death:
Thankleſſe Reader, never more
Urge a why, when teares runne o'r:
When you ſaw ſo high a Tyde,
You might have knowne 'twas *Ailmer* dy'd.

Obijt, Ian. vj. MDCXXV.

Vivet poſt funera Virtus.

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AN ELEGIE

VPON

THE REVEREND, learned, and my honoured FRIEND,

DOCTOR WILSON, OF the Rolles.

By FRA. QVARLES.

LONDON,
Printed for IOHN MARRIOT.
1634.

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4. 27.
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TO MY MVCH HONOVRED FRIEND,

Robert Cæsar,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQVIER;

Sonne to the right Honourable Sr JVLIVS CAESAR, Knight, Master of the Rolls, and one of his Majesties most Honourable Privie *Councell.*

SIR,

HAD the hand of Death but shooke, when it levelled at this reverend Doctor, the Dart had struck either you or me; for, at his last meale, made at your Honourable Fathers Table (which hee

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out-lived not two houres) hee ſate betweene us, healthfull and chearfull. The Cuſtome of the Ægyptians was at their ſolemne Feaſts, to bring in death by Proxy; here he came in Perſon. GOD keepe him long from the upper end of this Table: As I, who ſate by his left hand, preſume to be his Poſt; ſo you, who ſate on his right, vouchſafe to be my Patron; to whom I devote this Elegie, as a Monument of his excellent worth, and my entire love, who am

Yours in the true affection

of a faithfull heart,

FRA. QVARLES.

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AN ELEGIE.

1.

I Cannot hold; My day growes darke and dull;
My troubled Ayre is damp: my clouds are full;
The windes are ſtill; my ſtormy ſighes are ſpent;
I muſt powre downe; my ſoule muſt burſt or vent:
No Azure dapples my bedark'ned skies;
My Paſſion has no April in her Eyes:
I cannot ſpend in miſts: I cannot mizzle:
My fluent braines are too ſevere to drizzle
Sleight drops; my prompted fancy cannot ſhowre,
And ſhine within an howre.

2.

YEt thoſe that weepe on truſt, that feed their eares
With ſad reports, & ground their Inkhorne tears
On babbling Fame, whoſe wiſdomes are perplext
To draw forth learned Coments from the Text
Of unknowne worth, that uſe t'embalme the dead
With drops of courſe, and Art (drops lively ſhed
From copied paſſion) ô let ſuch perfume
Suſpitious lines with skill; whilſt I preſume
On ſtrength of Nature; Sorrow can infuſe
A ſpirit without a Muſe.

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3.

I Need no Art to set a needlesse glosse
Vpon true griefe, or beautifie a losse
With rak'd invention; My rude Pen forbeares
To burnish sorrow, or to polish teares;
No farre-fetch'd Metaphor shall smooth or slick
My ruffled straine, no strict review shall tick
My rugged lines; our slow pac'd feet shall tread
A careless garbe, and being sadly led,
Shall blunder on, like those, whose steps are turning
To the sad house of mourning.

4.

COme reader come, Put off thy common weed,
And dresse thy soule in sables; come and feed
Thy Lungs with lib'rall sighs, and drench thine eyes
With holy water; let thy fountaines rise
And fill thy sanguine Cisternes to the brim:
Spread forth thy widened Armes, and learn to swim
In thine owne teares, or else their hasty streames
May chance to overwhelme thee in th'extreames
Of boystrous passion; Passion has no bounds;
It conquers, or compounds.

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5.

THis day our darkned Hemisphеare has loſt
A glorious ſtarre, whoſe brightneſſe did, almoſt,
Appeare another Sunne, whoſe heaven-bred rayes
Shot forth ſuch Flames at darkneſſe, that our dayes,
Vnſoil'd with ſhades, did ſeeme to overthrow
Hell Gates, and make another heaven below:
But now our heaven is clouded, our bright ſtarre
Is raviſht hence; our Iſraels Weſterne Carre
Hath loſt a wheele; and we have chang'd our light
To ſhades; our day to night.

6.

THis day a Starre is ſaine, whoſe golden head
Guilt every eye with flame, whoſe luſtre led
The wandring Wiſemen of the world to ſee
The ſacred object of a bended knee:
That Starre, by whoſe faire conduct we addreſt
To view that babe, new borne in every breſt;
That gracious Starre, which glorified our ſpheare;
That fill'd each eye with object, every eare
With Oracle; That Starre has loſt her light,
And cloath'd our eyes with night.

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7.

THis day a Pillour's fallne, that did support
The holy Rafters of faire *Sions* Court;
A great Coloſſe, whoſe marble-shoulders bore
So large a ſhare, that euen the ſacred floore
Did ſtartle, and her conſecrated wall
Did ſhake and tremble at the ſudden fall:
Our Pillour's downe, that Pillour which became
By day, our Iſraels Cloud; by night, her flame:
What eye that loves our *Syon* can behold
Such ruines, and yet hold?

8.

Great pale-fac'd Tyrant, child of mans tranſgreſſion,
O could thy cruelty finde no expreſſion
More milde than this? In ſuch a time to beare
A Shepheard hence, and the bold Wolfe ſo neare?
What arme ſhal reſcue us? what crook ſhall guide us?
What hand ſhall fold us? or what Cave ſhall hide us?
O, what heroick heart will interpoſe
Betwixt our lifes, and our blood-thirſty foes?
Great pale-fac'd Tyrant, 'tis our Shepheards heart
That bleeds; but ours, that ſmart.

But

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9.

BVt what can teares availe? or what relieſe
Can ſad complaint expect! Can whining griefe
Vnlock the brazen Gates of grifly death,
And warme his Aſhes with a ſecond breath?
Husband thy ſighs; hoord up thy fluent teares
For thine owne uſe: Thy well-examin'd yeares
Will finde a juſt occaſion to diſpend
More drops than thy poore Stock can recommend;
Leave him to reſt; His bleſt eſtate appeares
No ſubject for thy teares.

10.

GOe glorious ſoule, and lay thy Temples downe
In *Abrams* boſome, in the ſacred Downe
Of ſoft Eternitie; be full poſſeſt
With holy Armefulls of Angellike reſt:
Put on thy Milke-white Robe, and take the prize
Of promis'd glory; let the gladder eyes
Of ſmooth-fac'd Cherubims, enrich'd with ſmiles,
Dart beames of everlaſting joy; the whiles
Poore we transforme our teares into a truſt,
To ſpring a Phœnix from a Phœnix duſt.

Merces peccati mors eſt; & jamna vita.

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MILDREIADOS.

TO

THE BLESSED MEMORY OF THAT faire Manuſcript of Vertue and unblemiſht Honour,

MILDRED,

LA. LVCKYN;

The late Wife of Sr. *William Luckyn*, of little *Waltham* in the County of *Eſſex*, BARONET:

Daughter to Sr *Gamaliell Capell* of Rookwoods Hall in the ſaid County, Knight.

Conſecrated and written by FR. QVA.

LONDON;

Printed for IOHN MARRIOT.

1634.

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41.
4. 27.
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TO MY HONOVRABLE AND DEARE FRIEND,

Sr VVilliam Luckyn, BARONET.

SIR,

TO whom can these leaves owe themselves, but you? whose the Author is; and to whom the blessed life and death of this Sainted Lady hath been, and is (to my knowledge) a religious, and a continued Meditation. Shee was yours: And the termes whereon you parted with her, was no ill Bargaine. Having double Intrest (and, in that, a treble Blessing) for more than twelve yeares, could you expect lesse than to lose the Principall? But Almighty GOD hath shewne himselfe so gracious a Dealer,

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that wee looke for extraordinary Pennyworths at his bountifull Hand. Your wisedome knows practically that our Affections must keep silence when his Will's the Speaker: He knew her fitter for Heaven than Earth, and therefore transplanted her. Hee found her full ripe, and therefore gathered her. I present what here is to you, wherein you shall receive but the selfesame by Number and by Measure; which, before, you had by Weight. Be pleased to accept it from the hand of him that makes a Relique of her Memory, and is

Your most affectionate friend

to serve you,

FRA. QVARLES.

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AN ELEGIE.

1.

ARe all Quils dead? Or be they buried deepe
In black-mouth'd *Lethe's* bottomlesse Abysse?
How come our Poets, that were wont to keepe
Sorrows sad Vigils strictly, so remisse?
Are they growne dull or drowzy? Can soft sleepe
Charme them at such a needfull Time as this?
Or has dumbe Griefe found out a newer fashion
To character her thoughts, and clothe her Passion,
Then eye-bedabling teares, or printed Lamentation?

2.

BE what it will be, reader; I must pay
My vowes to Vertues Altar, must be bold
To scorne Example, and to tread that way
Which blunt Affection leads: Or new, or old,
I value not: I have a Word to say,
That all the world must heare: I cannot hold.
Great Spirit of Truth; If this Threnodian story
Entend her Honour with thy losse of Glory,
Strike dumb these lips; strike dead these knees that fall
(before ye.

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3.

COme, sweet Infuser of Diuine Straines,
From whom the streames of hallowed Passion flow,
Dart thy bright beames into my raviſh'd Braines;
Enlarge my straightned thoughts, that they may ſhow
To all the world, from Princes, downe to Swaines,
What heav'nly Pow'rs, and warbling Angels know:
Guide thou my hand; Inſpire my Quill and me (be
With Truth and Art; Thou know'ſt, thoſe tears that
Dropt for the death of Saints, are conſecrate to Thee.

4.

DIſturbe me not you loads of Fleſh and Blood,
You nat'rall Parents of unnat'rall Paſſion;
Sinke not mine Eyes in that tempeſtuous flood,
Which hurries Faith from her appointed ſtation;
Hence lumpiſh griefe, that onely ſerves to brood
The mungrell whelpes of dunghill Contemplation;
Hence all that's earthy; O, my ſoule, refine
Thy droſſy thoughts (or be no thoughts of mine)
And, like our ſubject, prove no leſſe, than all divine.

Even

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5.

EVen such was She: Her richly furnish'd breſt
As a faire Temple, and her heart, a Shrine,
Guarded with Troops of Angels, where did reſt
A Glory nine times greater than the Nine:
Her ſoule was fill'd with Heav'n, and full poſſeſt
With heav'nly Raptures; She was all divine:
She was a Harmony, where ev'ry Part
Was ſung by Graces, ſo compos'd by Art,
It rour'd up ev'ry eare, it raviſht ev'ry heart.

6.

FOr ever blaſted be thoſe narrow Eyes,
That looke a ſquint upon this holy Shrine;
Thrice be thoſe lips accurs'd, that dare diſguize
The Sacred Temple of the glorious Trine;
Still may thoſe eares be fed with Iarres and Lies,
That cannot reliſh Muſick ſo Divine:
Who ere thou be, that dare attempt to ſpot
So pure a Name, ô may it prove thy lot,
For ever to be knowne the Thing that ſhe was not.

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7.

GVſh forth mine Eyes, and when your floods be ſpent,
Borrow new Tides from Paſſions Oratory;
Take ſtreames on truſt, untill your Flood-gates vent
The Common ſtock, and weep an Allegory;
If hearts turne ſtones, make very ſtones relent,
And helpe to beare the Burthen of thy Story:
O, here's a Subject that ſhall force and teare
The Portals of an Adamantine eare;
Yet ſooner breake a heart, perchance, the broach a teare.

8.

HAd ſhee bin onely that, which ſerves to raiſe
The name of woman to a common height;
Had ſhe bin onely that, which, now a dayes,
With ſome Allowance makes perfection weight;
She had deſerv'd her ſhare of common praiſe,
Perchance, and had bin priz'd above her rate,
But ſhe was All; her ſubſtance had no Skumme,
She was a perfect Quinteſſence; in whom
All others Items met, and made one Totall ſumme.

In

9.

IN Birth, her Blood was Noble; In her life
Severely pious; ſweet in Converſation;
A happy Parent; and a loyall Wife;
In words, diſcreet; Divine in Contemplation
Slow to admit, apt to compoſe a ſtrife;
Secret in Almes; and full of milde Compaſſion;
Potent and free in *Canaans* Oratory;
In life and death a rare ſelected Story;
In life, a Saint in Grace; In death, a Saint in Glory.

10.

KNowledge that often puffs the ſpungy Braine,
Gave her the Treaſure of a lowly breſt;
Wiſdome, that, once abus'd, turnes Trap and Traine,
Built in her ſimple heart the Turtles neſt;
Riches, that cloathe the brow with proud diſdaine,
Made her appeare farre leſſer than the leaſt;
She had true knowledge, wiſedome, wealth; in which
Sh'enjoy'd her God; his glory was her pitch;
True knowledge made her wiſe; True wiſdome made her Rich.

Ladies,

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II.

LAdies, let not your emulous stomacks swell,
To heare Perfection crown'd: There may accrew
Some honour to your names: If you excell,
Ioves Bird has fruitfull wings, which daily mue
More sprightly Quils than ours; dye you as well,
(Heav'n grant ye may) they'll doe no leffe for you:
Till then expect it not; know, halfe your Glory
Shines at your death; But dead, they shal restore ye,
From your forgotten Dust, & write your perfect story.

II.

MAy this rare Patterne dwell before your eye,
When time shal please t'unclaspe your fleshly (Cage;
Her holy death will teach ye all to die,
And scorne the malice of Infernall rage;
She dy'd at halfe her dayes; and know ye, why?
She was a Rule prepos'd to Youth, to Age;
She was a Light, that glorified our dayes;
Obscur'd, alone, by our inferiour Praise;
The vertue of the world was but her Periphrase.

Now

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13.

NOw blow thy Trumpe, and see if Envy durst
Presume to snarle, or vent her frothy Gall;
Fame, blow aloud: Let Envy snarle her worst;
Doe; let her fret, and fume, and foame, and fall
Stark mad: Blow louder, till the bedlim burst,
And stinck, and taint her News-corrupting Hall;
Blow Fame, & spare not: If some base-bred tongue,
That wants a name to lose, should chance to wrong
Thy honour'd Trumpets breath, then make thy blast
(more strong.

14.

OBut this light is out: What wakefull eyes
E'r mark'd the Progresse of the Queene of light,
Rob'd with full Glory in her Austrian skies,
Vntill, at length, in her young Noone of night,
A swarth Tempestuous Cloud doth rise, and rise,
And hides her lustre from our darkned sight:
Even so too early Death (that has no eares,
Open to suits) in her scarce Noone of yeares,
Dasht out our light, and left the Tempest in our teares.

Patents

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15.

PAtents of humane lifes are ſhort, and drawne;
Without a Clauſe, and with a ſecret Date;
Our day is ſpent, before it ſcarcely dawne,
Each Vrn's appointed, come it ſoone or late;
The courſe-grain'd Lockrom, and the white-skin Lawne
Are both ſubjected to the ſelfeſame Fate:
Fate throwes at all; Death ſips of ev'ry blood;
Had ſhe but ſlaine the bad, and ſpar'd the Good,
Our Quill had ſpar'd this Ink; our eyes had ſpar'd this
(Flood.

16.

QVick-finger'd Death's impartiall, and let's flie
Her ſhafts at all; But aimes with fouler ſpite
At fairer Markes; She, now and then, ſhoots by
And hits a Foole, but levells at the White:
She often pricks the Eagle in the Eye,
And ſpares the Carkas of the flagging Kite.
Queenes drop away, when blue-leg'd *Maukin* lives;
Drones thrive, whē Bees are burnt within their Hives;
And Courtly *Mildred* dies, when Country *Madge* ſur-
(vives.

Retract

17.

REtract that word, false Quill: O let mine Eyes
Redeeme that language with a thousand teares:
Our *Mildred* is not dead: How passion lies!
How ill that sound does relish in these eares!
Can she be dead, whose conqu'ring soule defies
The Bands of death, and worse than death, the feares?
No, no, she sits enthron'd, and smiles to see
Our childish passions; she triumphs, while we,
In sorrow, blaze her death, that's death- & sorrow-free.

18.

SWeet soule, forgive the Treason of my Pen,
Which makes thy State the subject of a Teare;
And, with false whining, kils thee once agen;
Forgive our folly, or disdaine to heare;
Thou art an Angell; we, alas, but Men,
Our words are Nonsense in thy purer eare:
We craule below, while thou sitt'st crown'd above,
Fill'd with the peace of Heav'ns Trivne Iehove;
Yet, in our Childish teares, accept our childish love.

Thou

19.

THou sitt'st attended with those heav'nly Bands,
That bring our Tydings to th'Eternall Throne:
Thy blood-washt soule, now views and understands
That glorious One in Three, that Three in One;
To th'safe protection of whose sacred hands,
Thy gasping lips convei'd their latest groane:
Thou seest those Glorious Persons, whereunto
Thy dying breath did tender, and bestow
The care of thy dear Spouse, and Babes, & *th'Infant too.*

20.

VNdoubted Peace, and sempeternall Joy
Rests thy faire Soule in everlasting Blisse;
Compar'd to thine, how I contemne this Toy,
(This life) and all this silly world cals, This!
As all adventures, may those hands convoy
My soule, (which carried thine) where thy soule is:
Blest Heire of life, If such a Thing could bee,
That heav'ns pearle Portals should be close to Thee,
What should become of Man! what should become of
(me!

Words

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21.

WOrds call in words: & from this fruitfull Thame,
As from a Spring, floods issue forth; and meet,
And swell into a Sea: Streame joynes with streame:
Our weary Numbers have regain'd new feet,
And bring in Stuffe more fit to load a Reame,
Than to be lodg'd within a slender Sheet:
The thirsty Soule, whose trembling fingers touch
The swelling Boale, may soone transgresse; and such
That ne'r can speak enough, may easily speake too much.

22.

YEt, one word more; And then my Quill and I
Will woo *Apollo*, and begg leave to play:
Youth, learne to live; and deeper Age, to die;
This heav'n-fled Saint hath scor'd ye both, the way:
Your Rule's above, but your Example's by;
Heav'n sets not earth such Copies ev'ry day.
Her vertues be your Guide; They lie before ye;
So shall ye adde more Honour to her Story,
And gaine your selves a Crowne; and gain her Crowne (more Glory.

The end.

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Her EPITAPHE.

We brag no Vertues, and we beg no teares;
O Reader, if thou hast but Eyes and Eares
It is enough; But tell mee, why
Thou com'ſt to gaze? Is it to pry
Into our Coſt, or borrow
A Copie of our ſorrow?
Or doſt thou come
To learne to die,
Not knowing whō
To practiſe by?
If this be thy deſire,
Thē draw thee one ſtep nigher.
Here lyes a Preſident; a rarer
Earth never ſhew'd, nor heav'n a fairer;
She was—But roome forbids to tel thee what;
Summe all perfection up, and She was, That.

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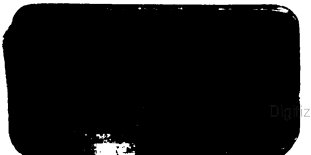

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